The Outlook

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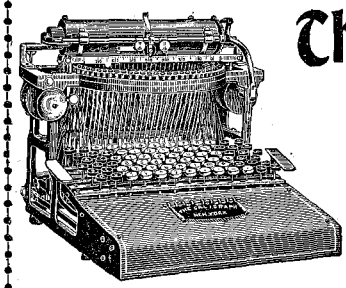

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The Outlook

Published Every Saturday

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THE tariff debate in the House of Representatives last week was intellectually mediocre, yet was decidedly interesting from several points of view. The first point of interest was the marked absence of interest exhibited. Even upon the opening day of the debate there was no pressure for admittance to the galleries. It was a clear sign of waning interest in tariff discussion. It was not, however, a sign of waning faith in protective tariffs. In fact, that which was most surprising to the Eastern readers of the debate was the repeated declaration on the part of Western Republicans that the primary meaning of Mr. McKinley's election was the popular demand for a return to the protectionism of the McKinley Law. General Grosvenor, of Ohio, went so far as to declare that "every intelligent man who participated in the campaign, and went from one State to another, is conscious now of the fact that more than a million voters, who had been humbugged by the specious cry of the communists for a tax upon wealth and enterprise, and the hope for better times through a debased currency, nevertheless voted for William McKinley because of his position on the tariff question." General Grosvenor himself expressed the conviction that the present bill provided for the ultimate expenditure among the laborers of the United States of "more than $300,000,000 per annum now sent abroad." Mr. Dolliver, of Iowa, who made perhaps the cleverest speech in favor of the Dingley Bill, was hardly less enthusiastic in his predictions of resulting prosperity. That such predictions should continue to be made when the campaign is over, and no votes are to be influenced by them, signifies widespread and strong conviction that higher tariffs to raise the prices of certain articles will increase the amount of money received by all the producers of our land. On the Democratic side, what was most notable about the speeches was the general repudiation of the foundation principle of the Wilson Bill—free trade in raw materials. The new Democratic leader, Mr. Bailey, of Texas, takes the position that whatever protection is permitted must be accorded without discrimination to town and country, and Mr. McLaurin, of South Carolina, demanded a tariff on cotton and a higher tariff on rice, to neutralize the "sectionalism" of the present bill.

❀

The Arbitration Treaty will probably reach a final vote in the Senate this week. The discussion on the Chilton amendment proposed last week shows the growing jealousy in the Senate against the power of initiative as to foreign policy vested in the executive. Senator Chilton's amendment goes further than a somewhat similar amendment reported by the Committee on Foreign Affairs, in that it incorporates in the Treaty itself the statement that the United States agrees to submit to arbitration only those questions which the Senate shall decide to be fit subjects for such arbitration. As we have already pointed out, the Arbitration Treaty simply formulates an agreement that the two nations shall submit to arbitration questions in dispute when diplomatic negotiations have failed, and then proceeds to state how the Tribunals shall be constituted for the hearing of cases of certain kinds. There is no "reservation" to Great Britain to decide through its Foreign Office whether a particular case should be submitted, as has been widely and ignorantly asserted. In this respect the two nations have pre-

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cisely the same rights. The present difficulty lies in the fact that some Senators fear that the Senate's constitutional right to reject or accept a treaty, if not safeguarded by a special clause, might be lost sight of. On the other hand, it is said that this constitutional right would be exercised once for all if the Senate by ratifying the general Treaty should agree to submit to arbitration all cases belonging to the described classes. To decide, thereafter, whether a particular case belonged to one of those classes, it is said, is not in any way a natural part of the Senate's function of ratifying or rejecting treaties, for such a decision would not be in itself a treaty. In fact the force of the Arbitration Treaty is, of necessity, not coercive, but moral. The two nations put themselves upon honor, as it were, to act in a certain way under certain circumstances. To refuse so to act when the occasion arose would be patently dishonorable, and would expose the nation refusing to international disgrace. In this, in the providing of a convenient set of machinery for peacefully settling disputes, and in the expressed earnest desire to use peaceful methods whenever possible, lie the really substantial advantages of this attempt to promote international arbitration. These advantages are well worth obtaining, and now or later on the principle involved will be recognized.

❀

The Fifty-fourth Congress was the third "billion-dollar Congress." Its total appropriations exceeded those of its three predecessors by eleven, twenty-six, and eight millions respectively. President Cleveland's action in refusing to sign three of the appropriation bills on account of their extravagance was fully justified by Chairman Cannon's own statement that the bills included some claims "questionable" and "based on fraud," and that the appropriations were "in excess of the legitimate demands of the public service." One bill Congress itself failed to pass. We have seen no serious attempt to controvert President Cleveland's views. Yet these same bills have now been passed by the House with no change and with hardly any discussion. It is said that the need for appropriations increases with the growth of the country; but when we remember that the total appropriations of the Fifty-first, Fifty-second, and Fifty-third Congresses were universally regarded as extravagant, and note that in ten years our total appropriations have increased by about two hundred and twenty-five millions (comparing the Fiftieth and Fifty-fourth Congresses), we see how little force there is in this argument. Chairman Cannon rightly urges that the President and his Secretaries should be more careful to submit estimates closely calculated to meet actual expenditure, and that the Senate cease to "load up" appropriation bills by inserting provisions to pay all sorts of claims not properly belonging to the bills under discussion. To these reforms should be added the abandoning of the log-rolling and mutual aid schemes now so common in both House and Senate. Under the present business depression, public economy, as President McKinley pointed out in his inaugural address, is imperative. The interest in tariff discussion should not be allowed to serve as an excuse for letting reckless and wasteful appropriation bills slip through without opposition. If such bills do pass, the country will look to the President to remember his own injunctions of economy.

❀

The Greater New York Charter Bill passed both branches of the Legislature last week by majorities of four to one. On the Republican side it was a party measure, and on the Democratic side the opposition which developed was of the most perfunctory sort. As the bill is almost certain to receive the sanction of the Mayors of the cities consolidated, and as its repassage would be well-nigh inevitable even if the Mayors' sanction were withheld, the new charter is practically the law. There remains, indeed, strong opposition to it in this city, but this opposition is not itself hopeful of accomplishing anything. The most important objection urged is that consolidation will decrease the tax-rate in Brooklyn, at the cost of increasing it in New York. There is no doubt that such will be the effect of the new charter; but the citizens of Brooklyn urge with justice that downtown New York is as much the business district of Brooklyn as of Harlem, and

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that its immensely valuable property ought to form a part of the taxing district of the whole metropolis. There are also other objections to the adoption of the charter. Its elaborate provisions have been studied by few, and many of them are approved by still fewer. Hardly any one defends the proposed bi-partisan police commission; only a small minority defend the provision for two chambers in the city legislature; a decided majority believe that too little home rule has been accorded to the city, and a still greater majority are confident that the meager powers given to the municipal legislature will not attract a high grade of men into this branch of the service. But, with all this, nearly every one concedes that the new charter concedes more home rule than the present; that the new legislature is likely to be of a better order than the present Boards of Aldermen; and that another commission, if appointed, would not be likely to enlist as much ability or public spirit as the present one. The new charter is, therefore, accepted as in the line of progress, though the great city of 3,300,000 which is established will not be relieved of the healthful necessity of continuing to think about the wisdom of its municipal arrangements.

❀

We have already greeted with approval and hopefulness the new movement for non-partisan municipal government in New York City. At the formal organization of the Citizens' Union, on Monday night of last week, Mr. James Carter struck the right note when he said: "Such a movement as this should not be directed against any one political party, or against any party. It is not designed to repel or to pull down, but to put up something. It is to maintain that no one political party has any proper jurisdiction over our municipal affairs." The movement is essentially constructive rather than destructive. As Mr. Carter added, there has never been a time when the well-meaning people of this city could not by united effort have carried the election. Mr. Elihu Root pointed out that the first purpose of the Citizens' Union is to put in the field a ticket on a purely municipal platform, and no longer to allow other issues to obscure municipal issues; and ex-Mayor Hewitt emphatically declared that the question has a wider scope than that of rescuing a city from bad government; it goes back to the question whether the people are capable of self-government. We are glad to see that the best of the New York Republican papers, the "Tribune," not only approves the objects of the Citizens' Union, but remarks that no one who joins it will thereby sever his relations with his political party. There is good reason to hope that the city election next November will result in putting into office men who are in no wise trammeled by party or personal pledges, and who have solely in view the object of sound and economical administration of municipal affairs.

❀

The Court of Appeals of New York State has unanimously decided in favor of the constitutionality of the act providing for the municipal construction of a rapid-transit system in this city. The Court holds that the furnishing of rapid transit is an enterprise for the promotion of public interests, and belongs in the same category as the supplying of water. The city, it is declared, has the right to discharge this function itself, as well as the right to delegate it to private corporations. Now that this decision is rendered by the highest court in the State, the Rapid Transit Commissioners expect soon to be able to issue bonds and secure bids for the construction of an underground system to be operated by electricity. The estimated cost of the plan recommended by the Commission and approved by the Board of Aldermen is $30,000,000, or $20,000,000 less than the limit fixed by the rapid transit act. Trains will be run at the rate of a mile in three minutes, so that persons at work in the neighborhood of the City Hall may live ten miles away and yet reach that point in half an hour at a cost of five cents. The carrying out of this plan will thus add enormously to the accessible area of the city, and lessen the pressure for quarters in the down-town district.

❀

Last week mass-meetings were held in both New York and Chicago to protest against the cruel and degrading treatment

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of seamen in our merchant marine, and to urge the passage of laws to remedy the worst of existing abuses. Two recent events served to awaken the popular interest exhibited. One was the decision of the Supreme Court that under present laws sailors could be arrested in American ports and forced by criminal procedure to return to their vessels to serve out the terms for which their contracts called. Justice Harlan held that this unusual treatment of seamen was "involuntary servitude," and was no more in accord with the Thirteenth Amendment than the Mexican *peon* system—compelling debtors to work for creditors until their debts were discharged—or the Chinese system of coolie labor, both of which had been declared unconstitutional. The majority of the Court, however, held—and we do not question the justice of their ruling—that the Thirteenth Amendment was not intended to apply to seamen, that the Act of 1793 for the recovery of "fugitive" sailors was still constitutional, and that sailors even in our own ports have not the right of men in other occupations to quit work at their discretion without liabil ty to criminal prosecution. This decision was one of the events that aroused the interest of the labor world. The other event was one which appealed to a much wider public. A fortnight since the vessel T. F. Oakes reached this port with her entire crew sick with scurvy. Six of them have died. As this disease is altogether preventable, and the pitiful condition of this crew was due to the failure of the captain to provide decent food, the case appealed to classes usually indifferent to the alleged sufferings of laborers. The present agitation, it is hoped, will lead to the passage by the Senate of the bills which passed the House at the last session, giving seamen in port the same right to quit work as landsmen, suppressing the systems under which seamen are employed through sailors' boarding-houses and kept forever in debt to these boarding-houses, and requiring that they be given food of the quantity and quality required in the New York Penitentiary.

❀

Last week markets were somewhat demoralized by the Supreme Court railway decision, by the floods in the Mississippi Valley, by the iron-orepool disruption, and by the European situation. Discussing the consequences to the United States of a European war, the London "Statist" says that we would benefit from the needs of the belligerents by selling to them food and munitions, that there would probably be a sharp rise in wheat, freights, ships, iron, coal, and wages; it would not be until the end of the war, however, that the waste of wealth and the industrial disorganization would be fully felt. The first effect of the Dingley Tariff Bill is seen in many industries and countries. Here the greatest activity has been in the wool market, where larger sales for four weeks have just taken place than ever before for a like period. In Canada there is a continuance of the extra lumber trade. The possibility of a tariff bill is now being discussed there, reducing the duties on goods imported from Great Britain, maintaining the present scale on goods imported from the United States, and containing a reciprocity clause permitting the reduction of various schedules should our tariff on Canadian goods be lowered. In this connection it is interesting to note in the "Tables of Trade and Navigation" (recently printed by order of Parliament, and correcting previous erroneous estimates) that, for the last fiscal year, Canadian exports to Great Britain amounted to over $66,000,000, and to the United States over $44,000,000; imports from Great Britain were about $33,000,000, and from the United States over $58,000,000. In England and France the conditions growing out of the proposed new tariff have resulted in a rush of exports. Every industry seems pushing the work, and ship-owners find difficulty in handling the business offered, their regular ships having been filled with cargoes long in advance of dates of sale.

❀

Some sensation has been made in the undergraduate body of Harvard University by the new method which has been adopted in that institution of dealing with students who are found guilty of handing in written work not their own. Hereafter a student who is found guilty of this offense will be suspended from college and his name will be posted on the college bulletin-boards. The report of Dean

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Briggs to President Eliot, which we find quoted in a recent issue of the "Yale Alumni Weekly," sustains this somewhat radical disciplinary step of the Administrative Board of the University. For some unknown reason, while the standards of honor and gentlemanly conduct are high among all college students, and an undergraduate who violates these standards is almost inevitably subjected to the contempt of his fellow-students, "cribbing," or cheating in examinations, recitations, and theme-writing, is often considered neither immoral nor dishonorable. A student who lies to or cheats his fellow-students rarely escapes swift and sure condemnation. But if he "cribs," or copies, or plagiarizes in his college work, his trick is regarded as a mere evasion to which little culpability is attached. This state of affairs has been generally ignored both by faculty and undergraduates in American colleges. Harvard proposes to treat it as it should be treated. Dean Briggs pertinently says:

"If a man, invited to lecture before a society of gentlemen, reads, without acknowledgment, another man's work, everybody knows where to put him. His offense is not 'breach of the rules,' but fraud. He may not say in words, 'I wrote this lecture,' his very presence says it, and if he did not write the lecture he is a dishonest man. The motive may be money, or glory, or pressure for time and dread of failure—no matter. Those gentlemen have done with him.

"So with a student who hands in as his own for his own credit, marked with his own signature, a composition copied from another man's work. No matter what his motive; no matter how agreeable he is; no matter how much he is benumbed with the torpor of public opinion; no matter whether he is generally upright with his fellows and is going by and by to be upright with everybody—for the time being and in this particular act he is a liar. If he admits that, in one of those weak moments which come to shame all men but the strongest, he has done a dishonest act which he bitterly repents and for which he is willing to bear the penalty, he may be respected; otherwise, though by friends he may well be forgiven, he must not, till time and thought have changed him, be counted trustworthy."

The authorities of Harvard are undeniably right in assuming this attitude, and we believe that the sense of honor of college students is, on the whole, so high and so keen that as soon as this view of the matter is brought clearly before them they will accept it as their own.

❀

Turkey and Greece continue to make preparations for war and to send troops to the frontier; the insurgents and the Greek troops are still in possession of Crete, with the exception of a few towns, some of which are very sharply besieged; the fleets of the Great Powers continue to blockade the island; the concert of Europe continues unworkable, and the blockade of Greece continues to be postponed. Meanwhile the delay is apparently favorable to the Greeks. Among other things, the tension on the good nature of the Turk has been so great that he has broken, as usual, under the pressure, and about seven hundred people have been slaughtered in Anatolia. This incident, although very familiar, and followed, as usual, by diplomatic protests and threats, has made it still more difficult for the Powers to help the Turks in Crete. In fact, it is apparently definitely settled that, whatever may happen to Greece, Turkey is permanently out of Crete. At no distant date the Turkish troops will probably be obliged to leave the island. Meanwhile the English grow more and more restive under the situation which puts an English fleet at the service of Turkey. Popular opinion runs with a steadily widening current against the Turk and for the Greek. Even in Germany there are deep and loud mutterings of antipathy to the Kaiser's policy. There is some talk of settling the vexatious question by the purchase of Crete from Turkey; but, much as the Sultan needs money and little as he cares for the Greek islands, such a transaction would probably destroy his prestige in the eyes of his own subjects. It will probably be necessary to find some other way. That the Powers are endeavoring to find a way of getting both the Turkish and the Greek troops out of Crete, and assuring the independence of the island, is now quite evident. The game is so complicated that it is impossible to make any intelligent predictions with regard to its end. One thing, however, is certain, and that is that the brilliant and audacious move of Greece has not only disconcerted the veteran players, but is likely to force that conclusion which has been so long postponed.

❀

When the present trouble in Crete began, the belief was widely held that Greece had a secret understanding with Russia. That

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belief, however, has been rudely destroyed. Evidences multiply that the foreign policy of Russia is not only as persistent as of old, but as implacable. That policy recognizes neither friendship nor sentiment. It goes straight to its end. It has infinite patience; it can wait for decades; but nothing swerves it from its purpose. Russia means to hold not only Constantinople but a considerable part of the Turkish Empire, which Greece is ambitious to recover. It looks very much as if England had been outwitted at Constantinople as in China, and as if some sort of secret understanding existed between Russia and Turkey. There is good ground for the belief that Russia has agreed for the time being to preserve what is commonly known as the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, and that Turkey, by way of compensating Russia for the postponement of some of her plans, has ceded the peninsula of Mount Athos, together with an island in the Mediterranean Sea. The name of this island is not known. It may be Crete, or Rhodes, or Mitylene, or Lemnos. What Russia wants is not only free access to the Mediterranean, but a strong, fortified position in that sea, and that end she will secure without reference to slaughter in Armenia or oppression in Crete. A rather interesting and very characteristic fact has recently come out with regard to the Greek monastery on Mount Athos. About fourteen years ago two thousand Russian monks took possession of that pile of buildings. It now turns out that these monks were veteran soldiers; that the monastery is a storehouse of artillery and ammunition, and has become a thoroughly equipped Russian fortress. As Mount Athos bears very much the relation to the Thracian and Macedonian coasts which Gibraltar bears to the coasts of the western Mediterranean, the importance of the Russian occupation of Mount Athos and the meaning of it become very clear. Russia is going her own way, and neither diplomatic remonstrances nor the claims of humanity in Armenia and Crete make the least impression upon her.

❀

The South African question is interesting the English quite as much as the Eastern question. The examination of Dr. Jameson last week brought out no new facts; his statement was characteristically frank and clear. He declared that the design of the leaders of the reform movement in Johannesburg was to obtain a popular vote and elect a President, and that the force which he led into that country was intended solely to maintain order. In his judgment, the conditions in the Transvaal had become insupportable to foreigners, and there was no remedy but revolt. Dr. Jameson declared that these views were founded upon his own personal investigation of the situation of affairs, and of public opinion in the Transvaal; that these investigations led to the preparation of the forces of the British South Africa Company to be in readiness to render aid in case of revolt at Johannesburg. The leaders of the movement had come to the conclusion that the only way to obtain reforms was to obtain a change of administration, and that the only way to effect this was to have a force at Johannesburg which should practically compel President Kruger to submit the question of government to the entire population. Upon this understanding Dr. Jameson led the Company's forces into the Transvaal, with the full knowledge and consent of Mr. Rhodes.

❀

The examination of Mr. Schreiner, the former Attorney-General of Cape Colony, excited still more popular interest. Mr. Chamberlain's questioning seemed to indicate an implacable hostility toward the Transvaal. It was Mr. Chamberlain's aim evidently to prove from this witness repeated breaches on the part of the Transvaal of its treaty with England, and the consistent opposition of the Transvaal to all reform measures. Mr. Chamberlain is determined to put the Transvaal in the position of trying to evade its treaty obligations, for the purpose, apparently, of making out a case which will justify aggressive action on the part of England in South Africa. This intention was so clear that people are asking whether Mr. Chamberlain means to bring on a war in that part of the world. He marshaled fact after fact to illustrate the grievances of foreigners in the Transvaal, and the continual antagonism of the Boer to the English, and his whole manner was char-

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acterized by an almost passionate vehemence. It is believed that Mr. Chamberlain would not have gone so far unless he intends to go further.

❀

The first test of Liberal strength under the recent extension of the suffrage in Austria has brought unexpected disaster to the party which has widened the basis of suffrage. The new Reichstag will contain 425 members; probably less than 100 seats will be divided between the Liberals and the Social Democrats, the balance of the seats being divided between the Clericals, the Poles, the Feudalists, and other groups, and affording an ample majority for Count Badeni, the Prime Minister. It is not easy to understand this result at such a distance from the scene of action and with such imperfect knowledge as can be obtained regarding the cross-currents of opinion and feeling which have undoubtedly had a great deal to do with the result. The limited extension of the suffrage was in itself a disappointment to a great number of people. Then the Liberals made the mistake of identifying themselves with the Social Democrats. The latter had anticipated an immense gain, expecting to secure no less than fifty among the seventy-two new members who were to come in under the new law. As a matter of fact, they secured only twenty seats. They will have the satisfaction of knowing that Count Badeni's problem of uniting the different factions will be one of growing difficulty, for there are very bitter divisions of feeling among the different groups which he will have to bring together. It will require not only his unscrupulous management, but still more the unfailing tact and good sense of the Emperor, to make the situation tolerable.

❀

As has been well said, the first session of the eighth Dominion Parliament was devoted to the closing up of the Tory books. If we may judge from the Governor-General's speech in opening the second session on Thursday of last week, that session will be devoted to launching the Liberal Ministry's programme. This speech is not to be taken as an expression of the Governor-General's opinion, though it well might be: it is the pronouncement of the Liberal Premier. The Governor-General, the Earl of Aberdeen, read the speech first in English and then in French, and there were some features in it which certainly deserved this double emphasis. He first called attention to the fact that, immediately after the last session, the Provincial Government of Manitoba was invited to confer with the Dominion Ministers regarding the grievances arising out of the Manitoban Education Act passed in 1890, the Roman Catholic minority still claiming State aid to separate schools. Three members of the Manitoban Government came to Ottawa, and finally a settlement was reached which Lord Aberdeen considers the best arrangement obtainable under the existing conditions of this disturbing question. It is intimated that Parliament will not be asked to legislate on the matter, it being supposed that the school question, which has been in politics for seven years, is now definitely settled. The greater part of Lord Aberdeen's speech was devoted to matters of commerce. His announcement of the new tariff bill claimed that it would provide the necessary revenue, and, while having due regard to industrial interests, would make the fiscal system more satisfactory to the masses of the people. Nothing was said about our new tariff or about reciprocity.

❀

Lord Aberdeen proposes three projects looking to an improvement in the transportation of Canadian products. He declares that the enlargement of the St. Lawrence canals should not longer be deferred. They are to be deepened to fourteen feet, if possible, by the spring of 1899. In that year, therefore, we may expect "the race between Montreal and New York for the grain trade of the West," which the Premier, the Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, recently prophesied, for there will be a public waterway of fourteen feet or more from Port Arthur to Montreal. Lord Aberdeen also announces the completion of arrangements which will enable the Intercolonial Railway to reach Montreal. The only question in the matter seems to be whether the terms will be advantageous to the public inter-

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est. Thirdly, the Governor-General confirms the news that the Government has arranged a complete system of cold-storage accommodation at creameries, on railways, at ports, and on steamers, by which perishable products can be preserved at the desired temperature during the entire journey from the point of production to Great Britain. Other interesting propositions were those of a bill abolishing the present unsatisfactory Franchise Act, and adopting for the election of members of the House of Commons the franchises of the several provinces (the provincial franchises should be made uniform throughout the Dominion, however); and of a measure enabling the taking of a popular vote on the subject of liquor prohibition. It is possibly significant that no reference was made to the boundary question between Alaska and British Columbia; nevertheless the Governor-General states that the Behring Sea Claims Convention has completed taking the evidence submitted to it by the two Governments. A final and satisfactory adjudication, it is anticipated, will now speedily be reached. Canadian receipts from ordinary sources continue to be inadequate to meet the charges against the revenue. Lord Aberdeen hopes that the revision of the tariff and the application of economy in Government administration will restore the equilibrium between income and expenditure.

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M. Brunetière

Special interest attaches to the visit in this country of M. Brunetière, who is to give a series of lectures at the Johns Hopkins University. M. Brunetière is one of the most distinguished contemporary men of letters. It is not invidious to say that he is the foremost living French critic. Born at Toulon in 1849, but with the blood of Brittany in his veins, he combines in a rare degree the qualities of the men of these two sections—steadfastness, seriousness, and endurance, and ardor, sensitiveness, and passion. M. Brunetière had a long apprenticeship. He began his active life as a teacher, but in 1875 became connected with the "Revue des Deux Mondes," where, as assistant editor of the foremost literary publication in the world, he showed enormous power of work and ability in many kinds. In 1887 he received the coveted distinction of membership in the French Academy. As a critic he stands on a very substantial basis of scientific knowledge. He has the accuracy and the sense of reality which are the best results of the scientific spirit; he has great independence; and, above all, he has sanity. It is no small evidence of his force, as well as his artistic skill and his instinct for literature, that he has won and kept the influence and authority which are now universally conceded to him. For he has spoken with the utmost frankness of certain movements in contemporary French literature which have almost held the field at various times during the last twenty years.

He has spoken with great freedom of men like Victor Hugo, Flaubert, and Zola. He has given the weight of his great authority to sound manners, sound ideas, and sound morals in an age of decadents, fads, extravagances, and morbid interests and styles of every imaginable kind. No amount of talent, no force of popularity, has for a moment blinded his eyes to the essentially moral or artistic weakness of a writer or a school. He has refused to believe that art and morals, in the fundamental, not in the conventional sense, can be divorced. He has stood for the integrity of art as against all manner of tricks and devices, and he has stood for the integrity of human life when it has been assailed by those who have endeavored permanently to dissever beauty and morality. His seriousness has been expressed through a style of admirable clearness and purity; his force has been balanced by the nicest perception of those refinements of speech nowhere more thoroughly appreciated than in France. His catholicity of taste has been shown in his ability to recognize strength in men of the most diverse gifts and schools of the most diverse aims. A critic who understands that there is a philosophy of literature, and who is able to recognize the presence or absence of art in the individual book presented for comment, is at all times rare, even in France, where criticism is far in advance of all other countries in dispassionateness, intelligence, and form. M. Brunetière will be heard at Columbia University and at Harvard,

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and will be everywhere welcomed as a representative man of letters.

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The Anti-Trust Decision

If the decision of the United States Supreme Court that the Anti-Trust Law prohibits railroads from combining to fix a uniform freight rate is not hereafter modified or reversed, it is likely to prove as important a factor in industrial progress as any event in recent American history. That decision is, in brief, this: The Anti-Trust Law contains a clause that "every contract, combination in the form of a trust or otherwise, or conspiracy in restraint of trade or commerce among the several States or with foreign nations, is hereby declared to be illegal." The railroads, which would be natural competitors for trade, have entered into contracts by which they agree not to compete with each other, to charge a non-competitive rate on all competing roads between the same termini, and to divide upon a certain ratio all freights shipped by these routes not especially designated by the shipper to one road in preference to the others. The Supreme Court holds that this agreement is a contract or combination in restraint of trade, because it is in restraint of that competition on which the community relies to secure reasonable rates. The Court repudiates the contention of the railroads that this law prohibits "only such contracts as are in unreasonable restraint of trade." The effect of this contention, if sustained, would be, says the Court, "substantially to leave the question of reasonableness to the companies themselves." As we have heretofore accepted the decisions of the Supreme Court as final, and have refused to join in popular criticisms of them when they apparently militated against popular interests, so now we think it needless to defend a decision which supports public interest. It must suffice to say that any one who knows even so much of Anglo-Saxon law as is contained in that primer of jurisprudence, "Blackstone's Commentaries," knows that a law prohibiting combinations in restraint of trade is not new, and does not illustrate what the "Evening Post" calls "the socialistic omnipotence of Congress," but is quite in accordance with a long line of English precedents, under which, even at Common Law, such combinations were held illegal.

We are more interested in considering the probable effect of this decision than in defending it from criticism. We assume that the Western railroads have correctly interpreted it; that it does not merely condemn certain forms of combination in restraint of free competition by the railroads, but condemns all such combinations altogether; and that hereafter any one who attempts to maintain such a combination is guilty of a misdemeanor, and liable to a fine not exceeding $5,000, or imprisonment not exceeding a year, or both, in the discretion of the Court.

What next? Three possible results.

The attempt to pool freights may be abandoned, and the railroads may go back to free competition. In our judgment, this cannot continue as the permanent condition of railroad transportation. What the community needs, even more than the lowest possible rates, is stability of rates, such as will give all shippers equal advantages over the railroad highways. Who would be willing to adopt a competitive system to determine postal rates, to go from one office to another to find the cheapest price for his letter, and to be compelled to look in a daily or weekly bulletin to ascertain whether rates were up or down? The interests of railway speculators and the public are not the same, but the interests of railway stockholders and the public are the same. Reasonable and stable rates alone can give either steady prices to railroad stocks or steady prices to the great c mmodities.

The second plan is to repeal or modify the Anti-Trust Law so as to give the railroads absolute liberty to make combinations in restraint of competition. It would not be strange if a demand were vigorously pushed for such an alteration of the law, by certain self-constituted railroad organs; if many railroad managers should show themselves reluctant to share with the Government powers which they have hitherto exercised without governmental supervision; if the untenable opinion that a railroad is private property, and that the only limitation in freight rates is what the traffic will bear, should be reluctantly abandoned. But if the law is thus altered, and unrestricted

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combination takes the place of unregulated competition, the inevitable result will be to make the highways of the Nation private property, and to put producer and consumer alike under the practical control of the railroad managers. That this may be temporarily done is possible; that this will be permanently allowed in a free Republic is impossible. The real rulers of a people are not the men who enact laws in Congress, but the men who regulate the prices of our food and our fuel—provided power to regulate is given to a special body of men. And a law which permits a great railroad combination to determine prices of transportation permits the men who make the combine to fix the prices of food and fuel.

The third method is thus admirably described by Mr. M. E. Ingalls, the President of the Big Four and the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroads, as reported in an interview published by the New York "Sun:"

> "I should be in favor of legislation giving to the Inter-State Commerce Commission the same authority that the Board of Trade has in England. That is, that the railroads might make agreements for the division of traffic and the maintenance of rates, and providing that, in case of any complaint that excessive rates were charged, the Inter-State Commerce Commission should hear the case and their decision upon it should be final until it was reviewed in a higher court. This would aid commerce and would injure no one."

This opinion, we have good reason for affirming, is shared by some of the most eminent railroad managers in the country. And we believe that it indicates what must be in general the method of the future.

There are four reasons in favor of this plan: (1) It recognizes and maintains the Anglo-Saxon doctrines that combinations in restraint of trade are injurious to the community and should be prohibited. The former is established as a fact by a long historical experience, the latter as a principle by a long line of Anglo-Saxon precedents. (2) It maintains and is founded upon the principle, now well established in American law, that the railroad is a public highway and the railroad corporation is a public servant and subject to the control of the public in the administration of its trust. (3) It will give, or at least it ought to, stable and reasonable rates, such as will pay a fair rate of interest on the cost of constructing the roads and a fair compensation to the men who operate them, and by making this compensation stable as well as reasonable will contribute to discourage pernicious forms of competition and pernicious forms of speculation. To secure the latter, governmental supervision should extend to the books and reports of the railroads as it now does to those of the banks. (4) Finally, an ounce of experience is worth a pound of theory, and this method of governmental supervision has the support of English experience. It is true that we cannot be certain that an experiment that works well in England will work well in the United States. But we can be certain, from our own experience in the past, that neither unrestricted competition nor unregulated combination is beneficial or even safe, for either the owners of the railroads or for the community which is dependent for its material prosperity upon their just and equable administration.

A Needed Law

Many State Legislatures are in session, and there is time for the moral sense of the people represented by those Legislatures to assert itself for the protection of public morals against a dangerous attack which is impending. It is part of the enterprise of the principals in the recent disgraceful encounter at Carson City to reap a handsome profit by a reproduction on the stage, at public exhibitions all over the country, by means of the kinetoscope, of all the details of that affair. A bill has just been refused admission into the Massachusetts Legislature (though a majority went on record in favor of it, where a four-fifths vote was required to admit it), the spirit of which ought to be enacted speedily by every Legislature which is in session in the country. It provided that whoever takes part in the reproduction of a prize-fight, boxing-match, or sparring exhibition, by means of the kinetoscope or similar mechanism, where an entrance fee is charged, shall be fined not over $200 or imprisoned not over three months, or be punished by both fine and imprisonment.

The penalties imposed are none too great. Action upon the case will be timely in order to prevent exhibitions

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which will be given before the Legislatures meet again. A material feature of the contest in Nevada was the expectation of making money out of the public, notwithstanding that most of the States have laws which prohibit the original of such contests. Now, the public, represented by chosen legislators and executives, in most of the States has said that prize-fighting is too brutal to be tolerated. All that is needed in this emergency is that the public shall be consistent. It is admitted that the kinetoscope is a wonderful instrument. But the perfection of the reproduction constitutes the danger of the performance. Everything except the audible element in the contest will be reproduced. All that the eye could behold will be as vividly presented to the spectators as if they were really onlookers at Carson City. Whatever, in nearly every State in the Union, the public sense has judged to be opposed to the public good will be given with almost as much demoralizing effect upon the character of the spectators as if it were an original exhibition.

If this prohibition were to prevail in most of the States, doubtless the effect would be a severe blow at professional pugilism. The mercenary side of the recent fight was an essential part of it. The bruises were inflicted and the suffering was endured, in material degree, because money was to be made out of it. The effect of the proposed legislation, if made general throughout the country, will be almost as restrictive in regard to prize-fighting as the attitude of the States against it in its original form. On the other hand, if no effort is made to prevent these kinetoscope exhibitions, they will doubtless be given at every large center of population throughout the country. It is not safe to trust the moral sense of the people to make the enterprise a failure, for, whatever the church-going element in the community may believe, a certain other large proportion of the people was much interested in the encounter. No one who observed the crowds in front of the newspaper bulletins will deny that a numerous element in the cities, to say nothing of the rural districts, had a keen personal interest in the meeting of the pugilists, and followed every movement closely.

We have already spoken of the vulgar and vicious treatment of the subject by a large proportion of the newspapers. We are glad to note that this was not universal. The "Staats-Zeitung," New York's leading German daily paper, did not print a line about the prize-fight, and thus achieved the honor of being the sole paper in the city, so far as we know, to absolutely ignore the subject; the "Evening Post," however, printed only a very few lines of colorless news statement. A similar course was pursued by the Philadelphia "Ledger."

In no way can an excuse worthy of reasonable men be found for permitting these proposed exhibitions to occur, and every Legislature now in session will honor itself and will promote the public good if it passes a strict act against exposing the minds of its constituents to the degrading spectacle of men brutally beating each other for pay.

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Lenten Thoughts

Christ's Last Words: "It is Finished"

Finished means not merely ended; it means completed, perfected, accomplished.

The long agony is finished. The throbbing brow and aching limbs, the feverish veins and pain-racked nerves, the taunting priests and gaping onlookers and heartbroken disciples, begin to fade. The end has come. At such a time memory crowds into a moment the events of a lifetime. His life passes in review before the Sufferer. All the scenes of the Passion—the march from Jerusalem, the wailing women, the cruel scourging, the shameful buffeting, the cowardly Pilate, the malignant Caiaphas, the denying Peter, the forsaking twelve, the betraying Judas—move before him like shadows and are gone. The poverty, the loneliness, the hostility of enemies, the desertion of disciples, the misunderstanding of friends, the recreancy and apostasy of the nation, the short-lived popularity with the feeble multitude in Galilee, the rancorous hate of the hierarchy in Jerusalem, the temptation of the Evil One—all is now over. The earthly is finished. Sorrow has done

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its worst. Its brief reign is over for the Divine Sufferer. The Passion is fulfilled.

Human malignancy is finished. It has accomplished its desire, realized its cherished plan, fulfilled its purpose, reached its end. The Son of God has not resisted evil, and evil has done to him what it would. The malignant powers have had full freedom, and have wreaked their worst upon the Saviour of mankind. "This is your hour," said Christ, "and the power of darkness." What sin unrestrained would do in its hour is attested. It can go no further than to whelm in contumely and to kill the Son of God and Saviour of the world. The tares are fully grown, and this is their poisonous fruitage—such recompense for such love. The crucifixion of the world's Redeemer is the culminating sin of the world. "Sin, when it is finished," says James, "bringeth forth death." The tragedy of this hour is not the apparent death of the Son of God; it is the real death of priest and soldier—the insensibility to patient love in the horrible triumph of the one and the scarcely less horrible indifference of the other. Nothing that human misery has ever looked upon through tearful eyes or human shame through downcast eyes can quite equal this scene of perfect love luminous in a scene of darkness which it cannot illumine, warm in this atmosphere of deathly coldness which it cannot recover to life. Sin is fulfilled.

The revelation of divine love is finished. It began in the day when the morning stars sang together, and man was given this palace beautiful for his home. It continued in the day when the prophet interpreted the mystic voice of conscience in a law so clear, so definite, so responsive to man's own nature, that no man could fail to see that "it was holy, pure, and good." It was carried on through all the wayward steps of a nation which refused to feed in green pastures, or lie down beside still waters, or be led in the paths of righteousness for Jehovah's sake. It was emphasized in the voices of prophets bearing witness, in an almost unbroken line, to One who pitieth them that fear Him, as a father pitieth his children, who forgiveth all their iniquities, healeth all their diseases, redeemeth their lives from destruction, and crowneth them with loving-kindness and tender mercies. But it was completed in the Incarnation, the Passion, and the death of the Son of God. Not even divine love can go further than this. "God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." Beyond this is and can be nothing. The cross of Christ is the final fruit of God's love. In that cross his love is fulfilled.

Redemption is finished. Sin has done its worst; it has brought up its last reserve, and is conquered. In its hour—the hour of darkness—it is vanquished. The taunt of the priests is the triumph-song of the Christian: "He saved others, himself he cannot save." This is why he saved others—because himself he could not save. If he had come down from the cross, the cross would not have delivered. Had he not been more than conqueror, he would not have conquered. As nothing remains to manifest the blackness of human sin, and nothing to reveal the warmth and light of God's love, so nothing to complete the victory over sin. "It is finished," was cried with a loud cry; it is not the voice of resignation, nor a battle-cry; it is the shout of triumph.

As on a great battle-field there is one pivotal point on which the whole issue turns, one critical hour to which all before has led, from which all that follows issues, in which the victory is really won, so that it remains only to push retreat into flight, and flight into rout, and rout into irretrievable defeat, so the long campaign between good and evil culminates in Calvary and the hour of the crucifixion. That was the critical hour in the world's history. Could Christ have faltered or flinched or drawn back then, all would have been lost. He did not; and all was gained. The battle was really finished then, and has never been for a moment doubtful since. All that remains for his followers is, armed with his courage, inspired by his spirit, employing his methods, to complete the victory which he has won. When from the other world we look down upon this, we shall see that the long battle does not wait to be finished for the day of judgment; that the victory was really achieved on the day of crucifixion; and that the judgment does but record the results of what was truly finished in that great hour.

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The Spectator

The Spectator was an undergraduate and a hero-worshiper when he saw Lowell for the first time. The poet was in the fifties; his bearing full of vitality; his glance keen; his personality invested with an indefinable charm. The sensitive features, the expressive countenance, the heavy brown hair, the rich, well-modulated voice, gave the Spectator the satisfaction of finding that the image of the man which he had formed in his mind was not blurred by the man himself. Dignity, courage, intelligence, and refinement were revealed in every feature; while in the large eyes there seemed to sleep the latent idealism which found such exquisite expression in "The Vision of Sir Launfal." The Spectator was a passionate student of poetry; he was in that blissful stage of imaginative exaltation which comes to the youth when for the first time he falls under the spell of the greater poets; and it was no insignificant fact in his development that the man Lowell was quite on the level with the poet Lowell.

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It was the good fortune of the generation now fast passing off the stage to have constantly in view, in that larger public life which includes all those who lead or form public opinion, a group of men who were not only intensely patriotic, but who identified love of country with dignity of character and beauty of life. Democratic societies are peculiarly open to the peril of simulated patriotic feeling, of hypocritical deference to public opinion, of civic cowardice. In communities governed by the vote of the majority, men are likely to flatter that majority in flamboyant speech, and by a disregard of the refinements of life, as if these were in some way undemocratic. There is in this country an enormous amount of cheap and vulgar deference to what is supposed to be public opinion; a deference which was illustrated not many years ago in New York by a candidate for Governor, who, after dining with a large company of gentlemen at a club, went to a great meeting of workingmen, threw off his dress coat, and spoke in his shirt-sleeves. It was a vulgar thing to do, and the audience instantly understood and resented it. The politician's instinct played him false; and the instinct which leads so many men to try to put themselves on the level of what they suppose to be the average manners and feeling is fatally unsound. Sooner or later people detect the sham element in the smooth manner or the flattering words, and resent it. The man in his shirt-sleeves is as much and as genuinely an American as the man in evening dress, but not one whit more. The man born to the highest educational and social opportunities is as truly an American as the man whose life has gone out in strenuous work on the frontier.

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The plain, untrained, unpolished man is as worthy a citizen and as noble a character as the man of ripest culture; but the attempt to make him in any exclusive sense the typical American is neither intelligent nor honest; he is one type, his contemporary of larger opportunities is another type; together they make up the community. And those who endeavor to set what they call "the plain people" in antagonism to men of culture and refinement are repeating the politician's blunder of speaking in their shirt-sleeves. This country may be "the paradise of the average man;" but it must be a great deal more if it is to realize the hopes of the noblest Americans; it must also be the pasture of great minds, of superior persons. Now, Lowell, Curtis, and Emerson—to take three illustrations from the literary class—were not only far more deeply and genuinely American than the politicians who shout themselves hoarse on all occasions when there is political capital to be made, and are singularly silent when nothing more tangible than the honor of the country is at stake, but they were also men of personal distinction. They not only believed profoundly in the democratic idea, but they could state the grounds of their belief; and on these grounds, it may be said, all real faith in popular government rests. But they hated clamor, demagoguery, publicity, the cheapening of private and individual life which has gone so far in this country.

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Lowell's Americanism will stand out in noble distinctness when the clamor of the time is forgotten. It will appear then that he gave to an English audience the finest exposition of the democratic idea which has been made in our time; that he stood, in every crisis, unflinchingly for the highest and best in our life; that he loved his country too well to lie for or about her; and that he had too genuine a respect for his countrymen to be afraid of them. He was loyal enough to speak the simple truth to us and about us. He was incapable, for instance, of speaking and voting for every pension bill and then privately commending Mr. Cleveland's vetoes. When things went wrong in our public life, he was too keen a man not to see the wrong, and too true a man not to speak frankly about it. There was a fierce hatred of sham and humbug of every kind in him; and his detestation of sham patriotism was especially deep and fiery. It was to him the travesty of that love of country which lay

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in his own heart too deep for loud protestation.

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He was the implacable foe of the tawdry American, whose vulgar manners make him such a terror to his fellow-countrymen abroad. More than once he expressed to the Spectator the delight which came to him in Spain and England in meeting a plain, honest, unpretending American farmer—a class of men whom he not only respected but understood and loved. He spoke of the pleasure he sometimes had in taking such a man about, and his pride in presenting such a man as a representative American. He also spoke of his continual trials with the cheap and vulgar Americans who insisted upon "meeting the aristocracy" and took it for granted that his chief business as American Minister was to bring this about. He humorously described his experiences with the wife of an American Senator who was determined to be presented at court, and whose lack of fitness for that function was only too obvious to one who was supposed to protect the Queen from underbred and vulgar persons. The woman was noisy, illiterate, and socially impossible; but she was the wife of a Senator, and she was pertinacious, unscrupulous, and pushing. There came a time when the Minister, worn out with her importunities, was about to capitulate; in that hour of weakness, however, he chanced, in a hotel reception-room, to overhear his persecutor say to a friend, regarding a dressmaker's bill which had just come in, "When I see the size of that bill I just lay back and yelled." The lady was not presented.

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Lowell's talk was singularly rich and suggestive; the talk of a man whose knowledge was thoroughly assimilated and individualized. The range of his information was very great, but one was conscious of that rather through the quality of his talk than through any direct disclosure of scholarship. His early letters convey the impression of a nature unusually sensitive to the finer influences of life, and to the appeal of all kinds of human experience; in later years, when the results of long study and of wide contact with men had borne their fruit, one gained in his company a sense of the opulence of his memory, his observation, and his experience. He was a Humanist in the truest sense of the word; a man whom knowledge had not only informed, but enriched. There was nothing of the pedant about him, although in more than one field he could hold his own with the special student. He had penetrated facts to the quick; he had mastered their vital significance, and appropriated the truth which they contained or revealed. He wore his learning easily and unconsciously because he had made it part of his natural capital. And that capital was ample even for acquirements so extensive as his. He had native quickness and sagacity; the New England shrewdness showing itself in his intellectual processes by the directness of his insight and by the sanity of his judgment. He took the measure of men quickly; he could not be imposed upon by pretension or mere cleverness. He went straight to the reality in men and questions, and was not confused by appearances or arguments. He closed the copyright discussion when he said that "better than a cheap book is a book honestly come by." He had humor of a deep and original kind; indeed, humor was his most distinctive quality. It played through his talk as through his writing; it was atmospheric in his mind. And he had the vision of the imagination; a deep vein of idealism ran through his nature, and touched his talk with that quality which kindles the imagination in the hearer. He had, moreover, the grace and ease of a man who had lived on intimate terms with the best in the world of men and of art.

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A man so richly endowed and so amply trained through knowledge and experience speaks from the inside of whatever subject his talk touches, and opens it with a kind of magical ease. One was made aware in his company of that deeper unity which unites all knowledge by disclosure of its relations to character; and it was this quality which made him the representative man of culture in America. He had parted with none of the vigor and flavor of a strong personality, but he had heightened and enriched what was native and original in his nature by that kind of education which emphasizes individuality while it harmonizes and ripens it. He gained rather than lost force and directness by the sweep of his thought. The Spectator was fortunate enough to hear him on an occasion when he spoke with the frankness which is possible to a man of deep feeling and high training only once or twice in a lifetime. The beauty of his expression was quite beyond that of mere mastery of style; it was the effluence of a strong and noble nature stirred to its depths. It swept a world of poetic allusion within the vision of those who listened, but it was pervaded by a simplicity and dignity which were more eloquent than the rare and moving phrases which came from his lips. The fragrance of the New England wild flowers which grew in the paths of his youth was in it; the deep tones of moral conviction gave it a noble resonance; and the note of a passionate love of country, vibrating in his voice, came from the very heart of the man.

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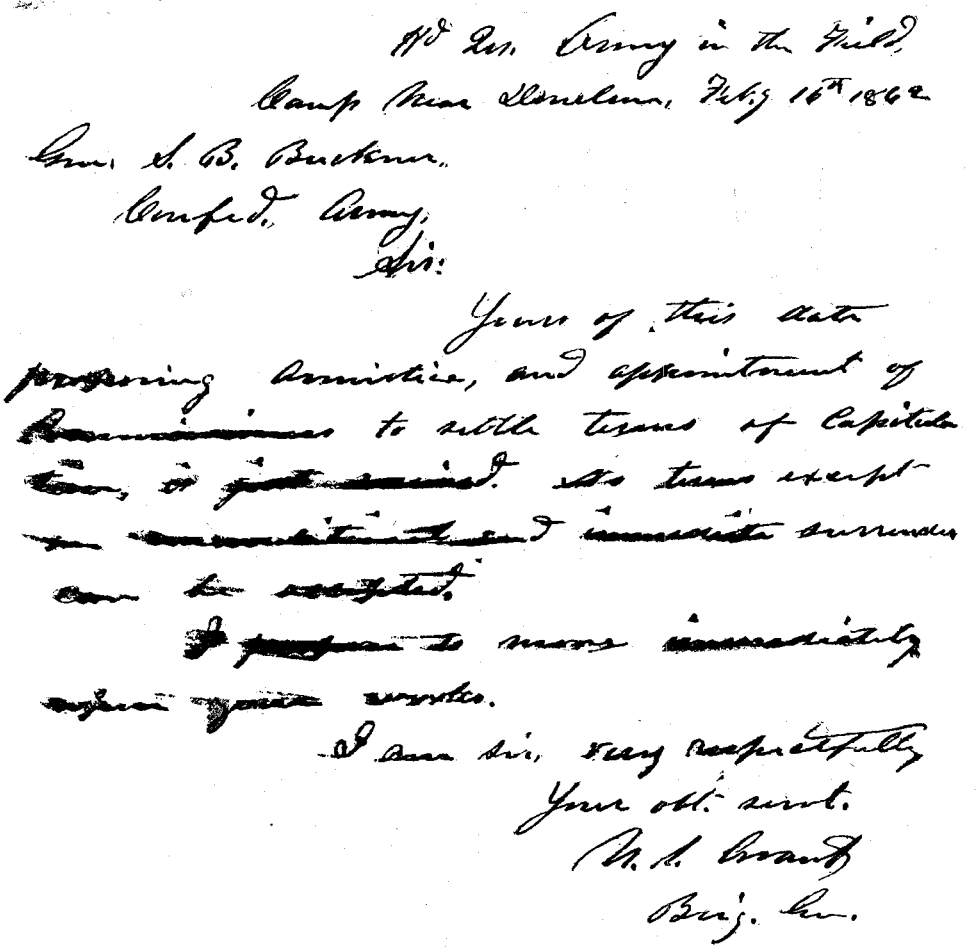
Grant's Historic Utterances

By General James Grant Wilson

A buoyant heart, a never-quailing soul,
A purpose swerveless as the hests of fate.

AMONG the great commanders of the present and past centuries, none has bequeathed to the world such a rich store of striking and effective words—such eloquent orders, brimful of magnetism upon his soldiers—as *Le Petit Caporal*, as the Old Guard loved to call their idolized chief, the young hero of Lodi and Marengo. His eloquence in the field has no example in history. The same instinct of improvisation which prompted so many of his strategetical evolutions was manifested in his language and sentiments.

It may be doubted if among the six or seven really illustrious soldiers of the nineteenth century, on which the curtain is about to drop, any except Napoleon has left behind well-authenticated record of so many rifle-shot utterances as did General Grant. In this paper the writer proposes to place before the readers of The Outlook some of the great captain's brief and famous historic sayings, of which it would not be difficult to give as many as there are days in the year. In striking contrast to this statement is the fact that, in looking through thirty-three octavo volumes of Wellington's "Letters, Speeches, and Dispatches," so few similar short and pithy phrases are met with. The most famous saying ever attributed to him—the Waterloo order to "Up, guards, and


Hd Qrs. Army in the Field
Camp near Donelson, Feby 16th 1862
Gen. S. B. Buckner,
Confed. Army
Sir:
Your of this date
proposing Armistice, and appointment of
Commissioners to settle terms of Capitula-
tion, is just received. No terms except
an unconditional and immediate surrender
can be accepted.
I propose to move immediately
upon your works.
I am Sir, very respectfully
Your obt. svt.
U. S. Grant
Brig. Gen.

GENERAL GRANT'S UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER LETTER

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at them," he never uttered, as the writer was distinctly assured by the Duke's eldest son.

When news of the assault on Fort Sumner and the lowering of our country's flag reached the North, hundreds of wildly enthusiastic meetings were held in the chief cities and towns of the loyal States. Among these, one met in Galena, Ill., at which Grant said: "I am in for the war, and shall stay until this wicked rebellion is crushed at the cannon's mouth." Two months later he received a commission as Colonel of the Twenty-first Regiment of Illinois Infantry, as successor to an inefficient politician who made long-winded addresses on dress parade, and totally failed to maintain discipline in his command. Governor Yates suggested that Logan and others should make speeches on the occasion of Grant assuming the new position. The programme was carried out, followed by loud calls for Colonel Grant. He stepped forward and made an effective address without exhausting the English language, for it consisted of but four words: "Go to your quarters."

In Grant's first battle of the Civil War, at Belmont, he said: "Don't fire till you see the enemy, and then take good aim." To an excited officer who called out that the Union forces were surrounded, Grant answered: "Well, then, we will cut our way out, as we cut our way in. We have whipped them once to-day, and we can do it again."

Early in 1862, and soon after the capture of Fort Henry, Grant marched against Fort Donelson. Following a fierce assault by the National army, the Confederate commander proposed an armistice, and the appointment of commissioners to arrange the terms of capitulation. To this Grant replied: "No terms except an unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works." This was our first important Union victory, and encouraged and electrified the North. By the capture of Fort Donelson, Grant secured the greatest number of prisoners ever taken in any battle, up to that time, on this continent.

> In vain thy ramparts, Donelson,
> The living torrent bars;
> It leaps the wall—the fort is won—
> Up go the Stripes and Stars.

Of Grant's famous war document an official copy was made by a clerk, and, after being signed, was sent to General Buckner, demanding unconditional surrender of Fort Donelson. The original draft was given by the General to his former Galena lawyer friend, and then his Adjutant-General, John A. Rawlins. Soon after the death of General Rawlins in September, 1869, the letter was presented by one of his executors to Ferdinand J. Dreer, Esq., of Philadelphia, the possessor of one of the finest private collections of autographs in this or any other country. With this Grant letter, Mr. Dreer also received the two previous communications written by Buckner. Before General Grant's "Memoirs" were issued, a few months after his death, the publishers applied to Mr. Dreer for photographs of his historic Fort Donelson documents, which he willingly supplied, happy to have it in his power to be of service to the family of the illustrious soldier. When, in the autumn of 1885, the "Personal Memoirs" were published, while the Buckner facsimiles appeared, the more important "unconditional surrender" letter did not, but in its place a copy, which the publishers had purchased presumably under the impression that it was the original. Of these copies General Grant is believed to have made six or seven during the score of years that he survived the war, at the urgent request of friends and admirers. It was one of these that was reproduced in the "Memoirs," widely differing in several particulars from the original, which do not require an expert to discover.

The capture of Fort Donelson was followed in less than two months by the fiercely contested two days' struggle at Shiloh. During the afternoon of the first day, when Buell arrived on the field and found that the Union army had been driven back, he said: "If you are beaten, how will you get your troops across the river? These transports will not take ten thousand men." "If I am compelled to cross the Tennessee," said Grant, "ten thousand will be all I shall need transports for [his army consisted of over thirty thousand]; but I have not despaired of whipping them yet." Two hours later he said to Sherman: "Reform your ranks and attack the enemy in your front at

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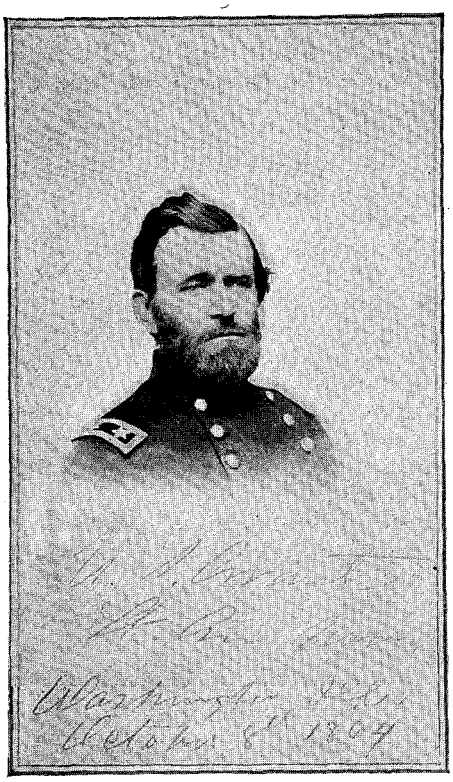

From a photograph taken in October, 1864

From a photograph taken in April, 1865

WAR-TIME PORTRAITS OF GENERAL GRANT

break of day. It is always an advantage to be the attacking party, and we must fire the first gun to-morrow morning." General Grant said of the battle of Shiloh: "No such contest ever took place on this continent. In its results it was one of our greatest victories." On another occasion he remarked: "It was a case of Southern dash against Northern endurance," which very correctly describes the two days' struggle. A few days after the battle the writer heard our hero make a clever reply at Shiloh to a civilian visitor from the North, who said: "General Grant, were you not surprised by the Confederates?" To which deliberately and calmly came the crushing reply: "No, but I am now." With what a neat and easy turn of the wrist the Silent Soldier ran the unhappy victim through! Years after I recalled the circumstance to the General, and asked if he was aware that he had made the identical answer which a stupid guest dining at Apsley House, London, had received from Wellington when he blurted out the question, "Pray, Duke, were you surprised at Waterloo?" Grant remembered having somewhere heard or read the story, but had no recollection of his own reply, with which, and the coincidence, he appeared not a little amused.

During the siege of Vicksburg Grant stopped with his staff at a plantation a few miles from the city for the purpose of getting a glass of water, as the day was oppressively warm. The planter's wife appeared on the porch, and, addressing herself to Grant, tauntingly inquired when he expected to capture Vicksburg. "I cannot tell the exact day," replied the Commander, "but I shall stay until I do, if it takes thirty years." This is quite as good as Marshal MacMahon's famous saying at the siege of Sebastopol, "*J'y suis et j'y reste*," which he announced at the taking of the Malakoff tower. A fortnight later Grant said to General Pemberton, "I demand unconditional surrender." It immediately followed, adding additional luster to the day of the Nation's birth by the termination of the most famous siege in American history. Thenceforth the Father of Waters flowed past unvexed to the sea. No survivor among the sixty

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Appomattox C.H. Va.
Apl. 9th 1865-

Gen. R. E. Lee.
Comdg C.S.A.

Gen.

In accordance with the substance of my letter to you of the 8th inst- I propose to receive the surrender of the Army of N. Va on the following terms, to wit:

Rolls of all the officers and men to be made in duplicate one copy to be given to an officer designated by me, the other to be retained by such officer or officers as you may designate. The officers to give their individual paroles not to take up arms against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged and each company or regimental commander sign a like parole for the men of their commands.

The Arms, Artillery and public property to be parked and stacked and turned over to the officer appointed by me to receive them. This will not embrace the side arms of the officers, nor their private horses or baggage. This done each officer and man will be allowed to return to their homes not to be disturbed by United States authority so long as they observe their parole and the laws in force where they may reside.

Very respectfully
U. S. Grant Lt. Gen

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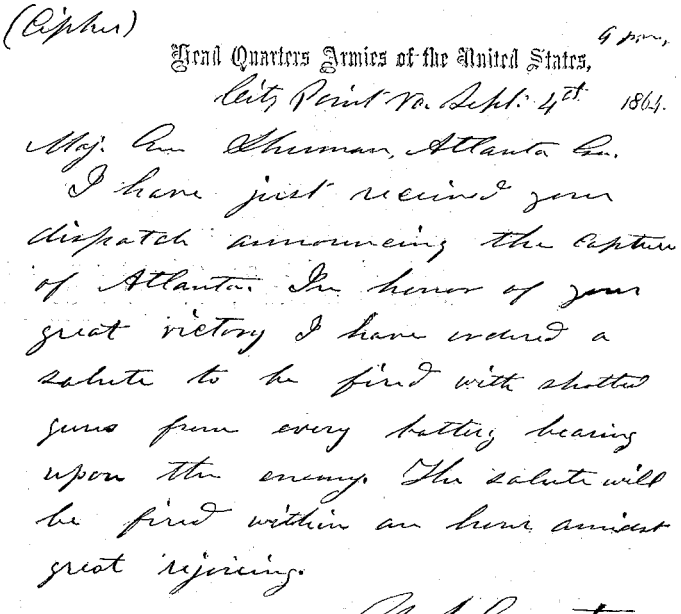
thousand Northern soldiers who were present will ever forget the supreme happiness of that glorious Fourth! In the successful close of the most brilliant campaign of the war, all our toils and privations were forgotten, with the three months of almost incessant fighting, marching, mining and counter-mining, bloody assaults in the deadly breach, and the constant roar of artillery from land and water—for the navy co-operated with the army in the celebrated siege. Said Grant, "I do not think there is one of my campaigns with which I have not some fault to find, and which, as I see now, I could not have improved, except perhaps Vicksburg. I do not see any way how I could have improved that." After the fall of the Gibraltar of the West, Grant sent Sherman in pursuit of the army under General Johnston, saying, "They seem to put a great deal of faith in the Lord and Joe Johnston, but you must whip him," which was promptly performed by his illustrious subordinate. It was the Vicksburg campaign that drew from Lincoln that gem of a letter, which deserves to be printed in letters of gold, in which he makes the acknowledgment to Grant, "*You were right and I was wrong.*" A little later on General Grant said: "When Vicksburg capitulated, I knew I was to be the man of the war; that I should command the armies of the United States, and bring the war to a close. I could not see what was before me until Vicksburg fell; then I saw it as plainly as I do now."

A few days before Grant started from New Orleans for Chattanooga, he said to General Banks, in allusion to the apprehension entertained by many that France and Great Britain would join hands with the South: "If we are let alone, I think we can finish the war in another year. All we want is a fair fight, and, like the Western hunter, my prayer is: 'Lord, help me—or, if you won't help me, don't help the b'ar.' Of course if those Governments should recognize the rebellious States, it will require more time to subjugate them." From Chattanooga he writes to Sherman: "I hope you will be here in time to aid in giving the rebels the worst, or best, thrashing they have had in this war;" and to Burnside, besieged in Knoxville, he sends a communication saying: "I can hardly conceive the necessity for retreating. If I did so at all, it would be after losing most of the army." After the glorious victory at Chattanooga Grant congratulated his troops in these stirring words: "You dislodged him from his great stronghold upon Lookout Mountain; drove him from Chattanooga Valley; wrested from his determined grasp the possession of Mission Ridge; repelled with heavy loss to him his repeated assaults upon Knoxville, forcing him to raise the siege there; driving him at all points, utterly routed and discomfited, beyond the limits of the State."

Before Grant entered upon the Virginia campaign of May, 1864, he said to Sherman: "Rebel armies are now the strategic points to strike." In a communication to Meade he wrote: "Lee's army will be your objective point. Wherever Lee's



(Cipher)

Head Quarters Armies of the United States,
City Point Va. Sept. 4th 1864. 6 p.m.

Maj. Gen. Sherman, Atlanta Ga.

I have just received your dispatch announcing the capture of Atlanta. In honor of your great victory I have ordered a salute to be fired with shotted guns from every battery bearing upon the enemy. The salute will be fired within an hour amidst great rejoicing.

U. S. Grant
Lt. Gen.

GRANT'S DISPATCH TO SHERMAN

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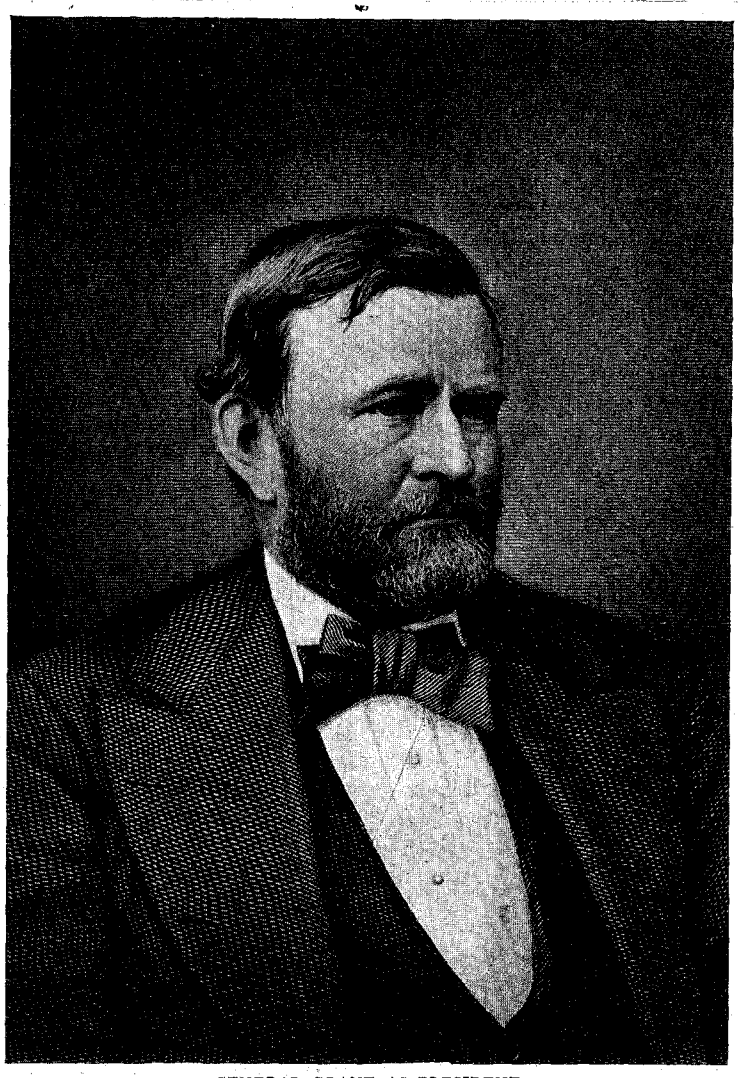

GENERAL GRANT AS PRESIDENT

Reproduced from a portrait painted during his first term, a portrait specially liked by his family. From the "Cyclopædia of American Biography." Copyright, D. Appleton & Co., New York.

army goes you will go also;" and to an intimate military friend Grant remarked, in one of those characteristic phrases of simple directness peculiar to him: "I feel as certain of crushing Lee and capturing Richmond as I do of dying." At the close of the first day's fierce fighting in the Wilderness, with its heavy losses of thousands killed, wounded, or captured, a young officer from a distant part of the battle-field presented himself, bringing bad news and a gloomy countenance to the chief; but nothing daunted or disheartened the indomitable Grant, who replied: "It is all right, Wilson. We move forward at four o'clock in the morning. We are going through; there is no doubt about it." The General was almost the only man in our army who was not dismayed. Those nearest to Grant deemed it marvelous that he could remain calm and unmoved under such an unexpected meeting with Lee in the Wilderness, and yet abate no jot of heart or hope, but with absolute confidence steer right onward. When the order came from Grant to advance at daylight and to attack the enemy wherever he could be found, both armies alike felt that the man had at length appeared with but two words in his military vocabulary, Victory or Annihilation, Lee himself sharing in this feeling. Instead of

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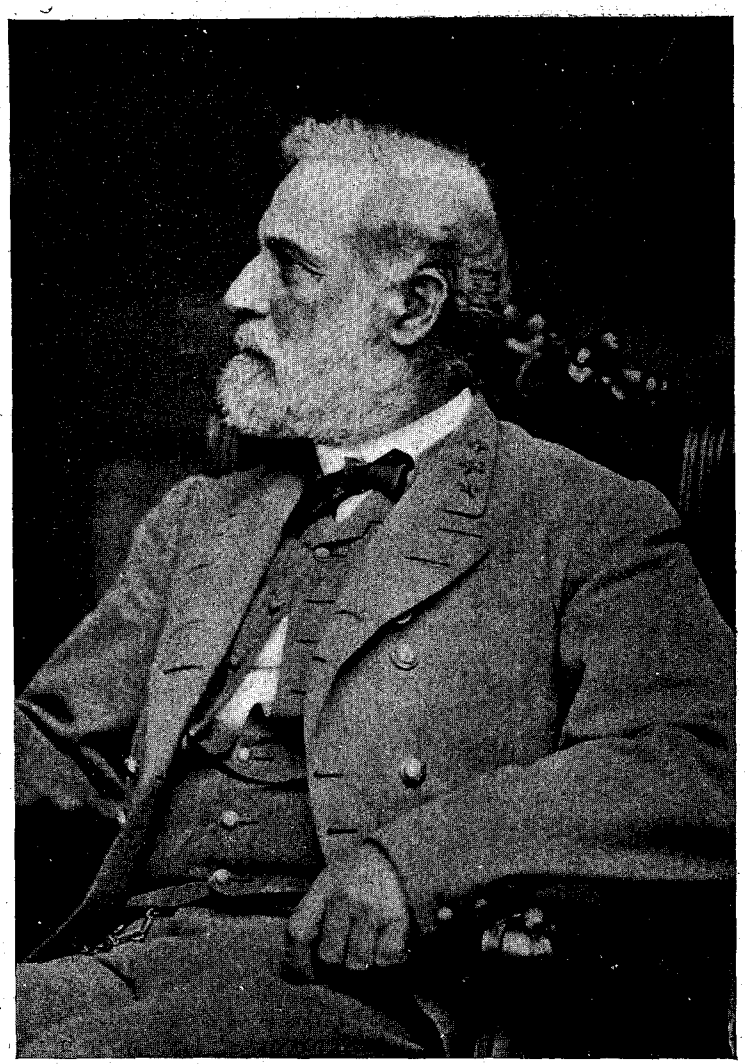

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE

From a photograph by Brady, 1865, not before reproduced

falling back, as the Army of the Potomac had always done in similar circumstances, the battalions of the North moved forward at break of day. An aide tried to deter the General from taking up Burnside's bridge over the Rapidan, and he answered, "One bridge and the ford will be sufficient to cross all the survivors of this army if we should have to fall back." When Grant stripped his commissary trains of their guards to fill a gap in his long line of battle, thereby exposing his army to the loss of all its provisions, he grimly replied, "When this army is whipped, it will not want any provisions." Later on he wrote to Washington: "This army has now won a most decisive victory and *followed the enemy*. This is all that it ever wanted to make it as good an army as ever fought a battle." Again, he communicates to the War Department a dispatch containing one of his most celebrated phrases: "We have now ended the eighth day of very hard fighting. The result up to this time is very much in our favor. Our losses have been heavy as well as those of the enemy. I think the loss of the enemy must be greater. We have taken more than five thousand prisoners in battle, while he has taken from us but few, except stragglers. *I propose to fight it out on this line, if it*

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takes all summer." Of Butler Grant wrote: "His army, therefore, though in a position of great security, was as completely shut off from further operations against Richmond as if he had been in a bottle strongly corked. It required comparatively a small force of the enemy to hold him there." Grant's orders to Hancock were to "Fight the enemy wherever he can be found."

As the end of the great struggle was drawing near, Grant said to Sheridan, in March, 1865: "It is not the intention to attack the enemy in his intrenched position, but to force him out if possible. Should he come out and attack us, or place himself where he can be attacked, move in with your entire force in your own way, and with the full reliance that the army will engage or follow as circumstances dictate. I mean to end this business here, and shall be prepared to pitch into Lee if he attempts to evacuate the place." To the War Department Grant telegraphs: "A man lost by them (the enemy) cannot be replaced. They have robbed the cradle and the grave equally to obtain their present force. Besides what they lose in frequent skirmishes and battles, they are now losing from desertions and other causes at least one regiment per day." Another message soon follows: "The whole captures since the army started out gunning will not amount to less than twelve thousand men and probably fifty pieces of artillery." To a young officer he said: "I never held a council of war in my life. I heard what others had to say, but I made up my own mind, and from my written orders my staff obtained their first knowledge of what was to be done." One week of prodigious marching and fighting, and Lee and his army are prisoners of war. With their fall and that of Richmond fell all hope of a Southern Confederacy. There is no record in history of such generous terms as those given by Grant, as set forth in the accompanying facsimile of the original document. After an official copy was made and signed by General Grant and given to Lee, the original was presented by its author to his Indian Assistant Adjutant-General, Colonel Ely S. Parker, who died in August, 1895. Since the loss by fire of Lincoln's original Emancipation Proclamation, it is probably the most important and interesting existing document connected with the Civil War. It has been purchased from Mrs. Parker for $2,000 by the New York Commandery of the Loyal Legion, being only $300 less than was paid by James Lenox for Washington's Farewell Address, a much larger document, now to be seen in the Lenox Library, New York.

Appomattox Court House,
Virginia, April 9, 1865.

Gen. R. E. Lee,
Commanding C. S. A.:

General—In accordance with the substance of my letter to you of the 8th inst., I propose to receive the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia on the following terms, to wit: Rolls of all the officers and men to be made in duplicate, one copy to be given to an officer designated by me, the other to be retained by such officer or officers as you may designate. The officers to give their individual paroles not to take up arms against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged; and each company or regimental commander sign a like parole for the men of their commands. The arms, artillery, and public property to be parked and stacked, and turned over to the officer appointed by me to receive them. This will not embrace the side-arms of the officers, nor their private horses or baggage. This done, each officer and man will be allowed to return to their homes, not to be disturbed by United States authority so long as they observe their parole and the laws in force where they may reside. Very respectfully,

U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant-General.

Will the time ever come when the magnanimity of Grant to Lee's soldiers at the surrender, "Take your horses home, for you will want them for spring plowing," can fail to touch the hearts of men by the recital of the words? Equally memorable are the words which followed in his acceptance, three years later, of the Republican nomination for the Presidency, "Let us have peace." On his deathbed, when no longer able to speak, Grant wrote: "I feel that we are on the eve of a new era, when there is to be great harmony between the Federals and Confederates. I cannot stay to be a living witness to the correctness of this prophecy, but I feel it within me that it is to be so. The universally kind feeling expressed for me at a time when it was supposed that each day would prove my last, seems to me to be the beginning of the answer. 'Let us have peace.'"

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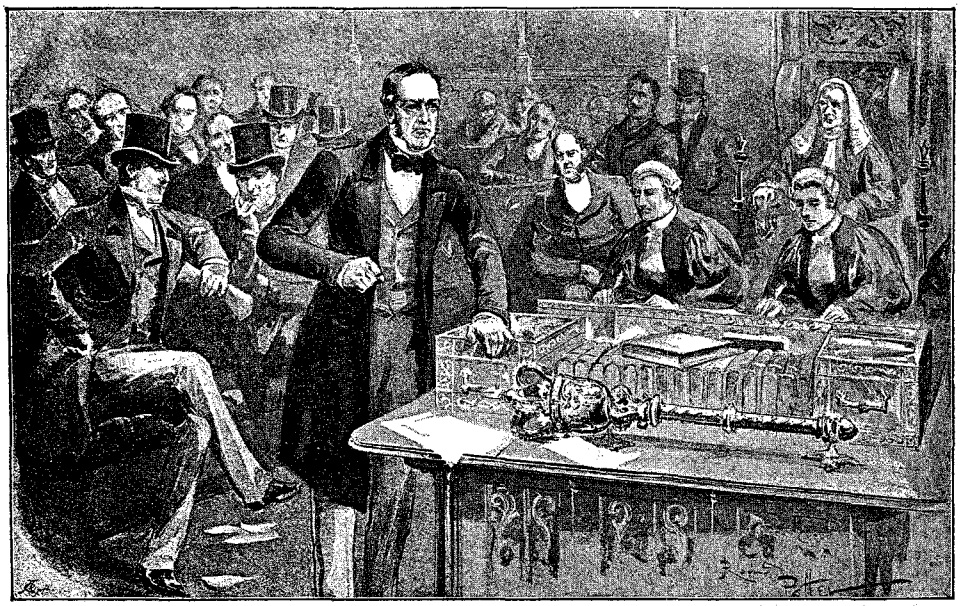

MR. GLADSTONE PRESENTING HIS FIRST BUDGET TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS
From an old Illustration. Mr. Gladstone introduced his first Budget in April, 1853.

The Story of Gladstone's Life

By Justin McCarthy

Author of "A History of Our Own Times," "The Four Georges," etc.

CHAPTER XII.—THE ECCLESIASTICAL TITLES BILL

MR. GLADSTONE came out of one controversy into another. The excitement caused by the publication of his letters to Lord Aberdeen was thrown into the shade for the time by the passionate controversy in England on what was called the Papal Aggression. The then Pope, Pius IX., had made up his mind to give local titles to the Catholic Archbishops and Bishops in England. Ever since the days of the great Oxford Movement led by John Henry Newman, secessions had been going on among a certain class of devout and intellectual men from the Anglican Church to the Church of Rome. The Pope and his advisers might not unnaturally have been led into the belief that this movement indicated a tendency on the part of the whole people of England to become reunited with the ancient Church. As a matter of fact, the movement, as I have said, concerned only certain classes of pious, educated, and intellectual men. The whole vast bulk of the middle and lower classes of England had absolutely nothing to do with it, and cared nothing about it. A very large, far too large, proportion of the English lower-middle and working class have little or no interest in religion of any kind. But the Pope and his advisers mistook the significance of the "Oxford Movement," as it is called, and thought it meant something like a national upheaval.

Anyhow, the course taken by the Pope does not seem to us anything very formidable or stringent. Pius the Ninth issued a Papal Bull directing the establishment in England of a hierarchy of Bishops deriving their titles from their actual sees. The Bishops and Archbishops were there already, and were recognized and protected by the State; only they were called Bishops of Mesopotamia, or of Melipotamus, or of Emmaus, or what not, "*in partibus infidelium.*" The Pope's Bull simply ordered

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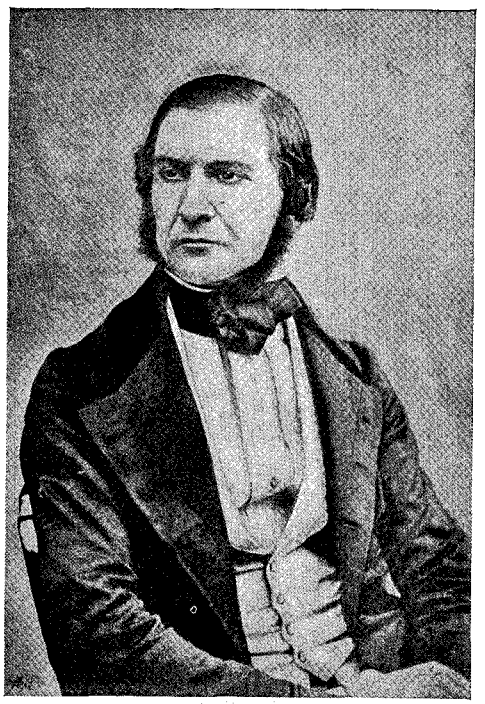

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE
1847. Thirty-eight years old. From an old Daguerreotype.

them to call themselves Archbishops or Bishops of whatever division of England they happened to reside in. The first Archbishop appointed was Cardinal Wiseman, who now became Archbishop of Westminster. The Cardinal had been for ten years living quietly in England under the title of Bishop of Melipotamus. It is hard at this distance of time to get one's self back to any clear understanding of the mood of mind which made any Protestant care a straw whether Cardinal Wiseman was called Archbishop of Westminster or Bishop of Melipotamus. To make the whole agitation still more difficult to understand, the Catholic Archbishops and Bishops in Ireland always called themselves by their local titles, Archbishop of Dublin, Archbishop of Tuam, and so on, and nobody made the slightest objection.

But the truth probably is that the Pope's Bull was issued at an unlucky time so far as regarded the tempers of Englishmen, coming as it did just in the wake of the Oxford Movement, which much dismayed and offended the ordinary Englishman. It was taken as an evidence that the Pope thought that he had a right now to annex the whole of England to the Papal Church. Anyhow, a fury of anti-Catholic passion flamed over the greater part of England. Men usually calm and sensible lost their heads over the affair. There were riots here, there, and everywhere. Roman Catholic churches in many towns were attacked and broken into; Protestant mobs were encountered by Roman Catholic mobs, and a perfect saturnalia of disorder in speech and in action prevailed throughout the Kingdom. The Government felt that something must be done. Lord Palmerston looked the matter very quietly in the face. He did not attempt to conceal in private letters his contempt for the whole anti-Papal agitation, but, like a cool man of business, he saw that something would have to be done to satisfy the public clamor. The Queen herself, in a letter to her aunt, the Duchess of Gloucester, expressed her deep regret at the "unchristian and intolerant spirit exhibited by many people at the public meetings." "I cannot bear," she wrote, "to hear the violent abuse of the Catholic religion, which is so painful and so cruel towards the many good and innocent Roman Catholics."

However, something had to be done, and I need hardly say that useful legislation seldom is the result of the vague conviction that something has to be done. Lord John Russell was then Prime Minister, and he brought in a bill prohibiting under penalty the use of a title taken by a Catholic Bishop from any see in England, or, indeed, from any place whatever in Great Britain, and rendering void all acts done by or bequests made to persons under such titles. Probably never before in modern times has a measure been carried in the face of so powerful and intellectual an opposition. Our chief interest in it now attaches to the part taken by Mr. Gladstone in the long debates on the measure. It may fairly be said that then, for the first time, Mr. Gladstone assumed the position of a great Parliamentary leader. He led the opposition to the bill simply as a question of public liberty. He contended that if you tolerate the Roman Catholic faith at all, you are compelled to allow it the use of whatever forms and names and titles it thinks fit to adopt. Men like Mr. Cobden, Mr. Bright, Sir James Graham, Mr.

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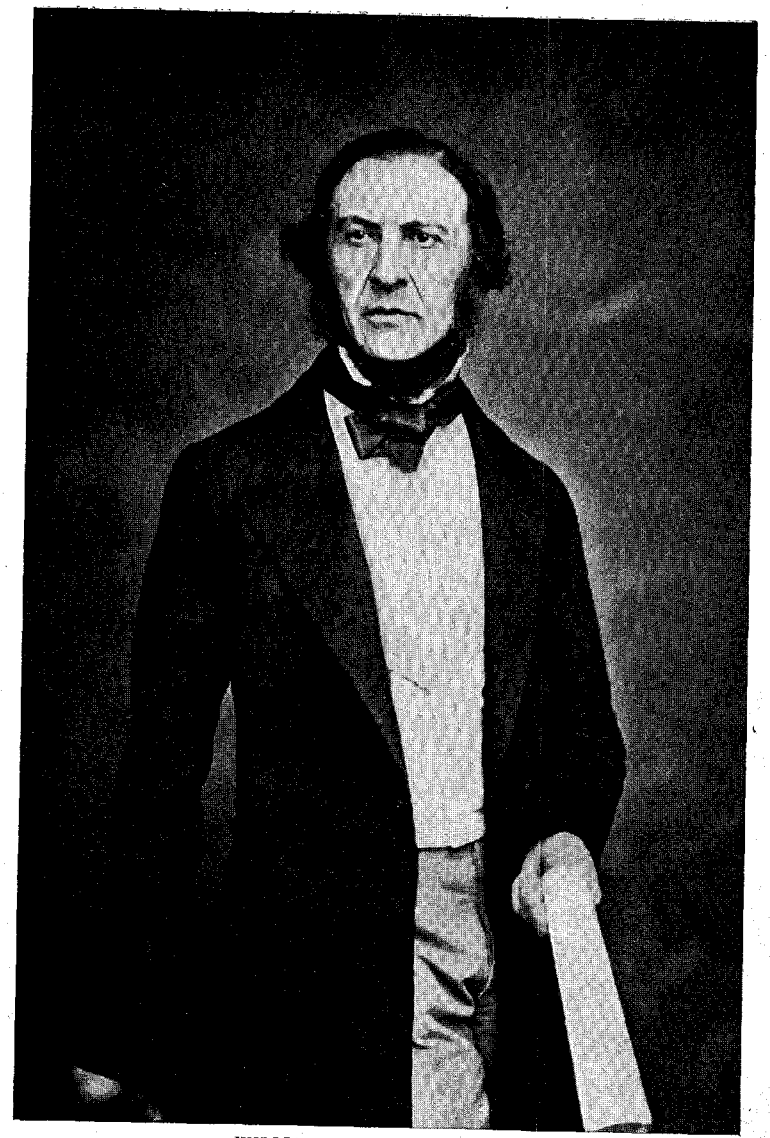

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

1854. Forty-five years old. From an early Photograph by Messrs. Maull & Fox, London.

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Roebuck, followed with enthusiasm the leadership of Mr. Gladstone. Protestant public men so intensely devoted to the interest of their Church as Mr. Roundell Palmer, afterwards Lord Selborne, and Mr. Beresford Hope, stood resolutely by Mr. Gladstone's side. Mr. Disraeli scoffed at the bill, although he declared that he would not take the trouble to oppose its introduction; but his language of contempt was as strong as that of Mr. Bright or Mr. Roebuck. On the other hand, some of the extreme Protestants like Sir Robert Inglis found fault with the bill on the ground that it did not go half far enough in its stringency. It would not be too much to say that, except for Lord John Russell alone, the whole intellect of Parliament was strongly against the bill. Yet the measure was carried by an immense majority. Something had to be done to satisfy popular outcry. Lord Palmerston made the whole matter clear in one of his letters since published. "We must," he said, "bring in a measure. The country would not be satisfied without some legislative enactment. We shall make it as gentle as possible."

It proved in its application to be very gentle indeed. In fact, no attempt whatever was made to put it into practice. Cardinal Wiseman still called himself Archbishop of Westminster, and no one took any steps to prevent him from so doing. The strange popular outcry was satisfied, and it soon cried itself to sleep. Every thinking man saw, meanwhile, that out of those debates on the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill Mr. Gladstone had emerged a great Parliamentary leader. The most brilliant and impressive speeches he had ever made up to that time were delivered in opposition to Lord John Russell's measure. It has been said that Mr. Gladstone had decided leanings towards the Roman Catholic Church. No doubt a Church so venerable, with so picturesque and artistic a ritual, a Church "in whose bosom," as Thackeray put it, "so many generations of saints and sages have rested," could not but appeal to all that was poetic and all that was devotional in Mr. Gladstone's nature. But I do not believe that he had any sympathy with the especial doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church. It was at one time assumed by many that Mr. Gladstone was likely to be swept away by the Newman movement into Catholi-

ENTRANCE TO HAWARDEN CHURCH AND CHURCHYARD

Photographed expressly for The Outlook by Mr. A. P. Monger, of London. For a description of the church see page 421 (February Magazine Number).

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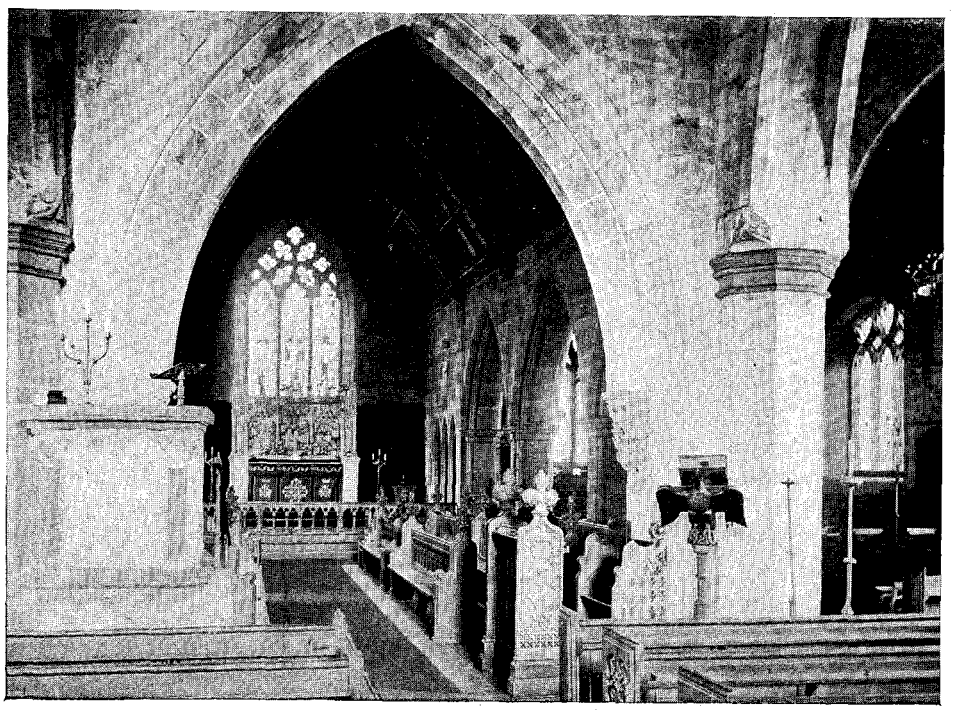
cism. I have, however, spoken with men who were contemporaries of Mr. Gladstone at Oxford, who had themselves since become Roman Catholics, and who told me they never saw reason to believe that Mr. Gladstone was likely to join the Church of Rome. The whole controversy about the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill was with him only a question between genuine liberty and petty persecution. Nothing seems to me to be more honorable in the career of a public man than the part that Mr. Gladstone took in all those long and fierce debates.

Twenty years after, Mr. Gladstone had the satisfaction of quietly repealing the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, which he had so earnestly and generously opposed.

We have no great concern now with the details of the struggles between governments and parties in the far-off days of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. The one direct interest, however, which we still have in those struggles is the fact that they pushed to the front two men who were destined to be almost lifelong antagonists. I speak, it need hardly be said, of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli. Lord John Russell's Government was crumbling away, and, after a number of defeats, none of which was in itself of capital importance, Lord John Russell thought it necessary that he and his colleagues should resign. Lord Stanley was invited to form a new administration, and so little certain was it even then whether Mr. Gladstone had or had not severed himself from his old Tory associations that Lord Stanley, according to a rumor which every one believed, offered to Mr. Gladstone a place in the Conservative Government with the office of Foreign Secretary. Lord Stanley, however, vainly attempted to form an administration. Lord Aberdeen was then invited to try his hand, and he, too, could not see his way to success. There was actually nothing to be done but for Lord John Russell and his colleagues to return to office. A Government thus set up again by sheer necessity, and because there was no other set of men who would take the responsibility, never could be anything but a failure in England. Lord Palmerston did his best to make the failure complete. He was a most independent and, to use a modern slang word, "pushful" Foreign Secretary. He did exactly what he liked, with-



INTERIOR OF HAWARDEN CHURCH

Showing the Chancel, Pulpit, and Lectern. At the last Mr. W. E. Gladstone has frequently read the Lessons. The Rector of Hawarden is his son, the Rev. Stephen Gladstone.

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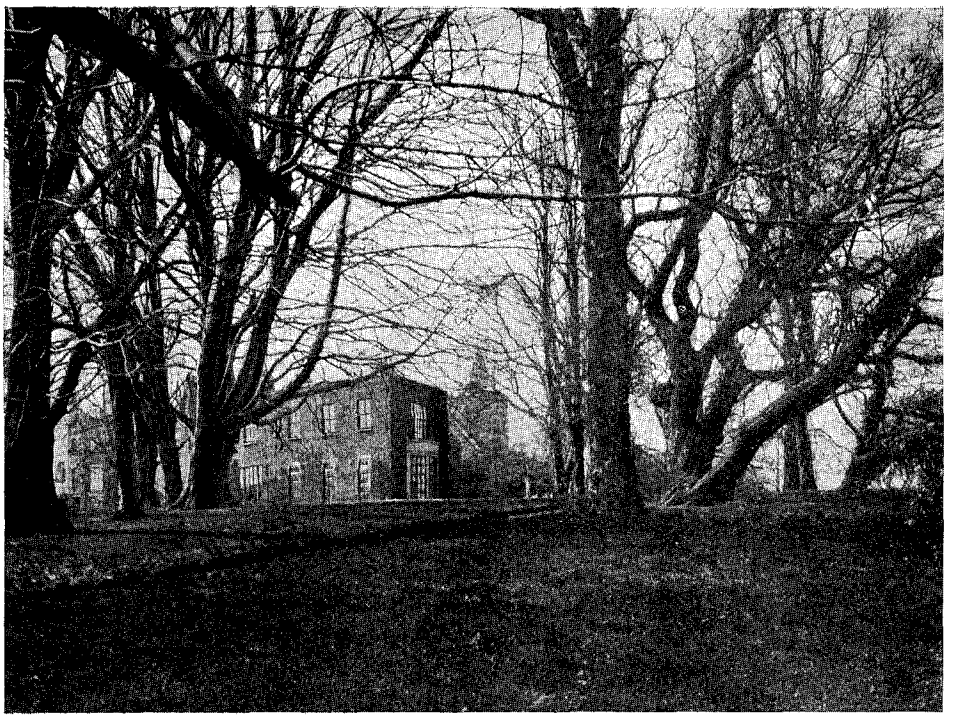

HAWARDEN RECTORY

Photographed expressly for The Outlook by Mr. A. P. Monger, of London.

Hawarden Church Tower in the distance. The Rector is responsible for the care of five additional churches and chapels, as sixteen townships are included in the parish.

out consulting anybody. He had acted repeatedly in defiance of Lord John Russell's warnings and in defiance even of protests from the Queen herself. But he carried the joke a little too far when he expressed to Count Walewski, the French Ambassador in London, his entire approval of Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état* of the second of December, 1851. Lord Palmerston was actually dismissed from office—the last time, so far as my memory serves me, that such an event occurred in English history. Nothing, however, could daunt or dishearten Lord Palmerston. He was up to the front again after this tremendous blow, smiling, and as if nothing particular had happened. Within a very short time he managed, with the Tories to help him, to defeat Lord John Russell on a measure that has now no historical importance other than in that fact. Lord John Russell went out of office, and was succeeded by Lord Stanley, who had now, on his father's death, become Earl of Derby, with Mr. Disraeli as Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House of Commons. This was Mr. Disraeli's first appearance as a Minister of the Crown. People in general were greatly amused at the notion of "Vivian Grey" becoming a Cabinet Minister, "Sidonia" accepted as a British statesman, "Coningsby" undertaking the responsibility of Chancellor of the Exchequer. Disraeli's first budget, however, was not a badly managed piece of business, all things considered. The only object was to carry the Government decently over the session. Then there came a dissolution, and Mr. Gladstone was again elected for Oxford with a greatly increased majority. The results of the general election did not materially affect the balance of parties, and the Government of Lord Derby returned to office. Mr. Disraeli now had to make an attempt at a real working budget, and he certainly did not succeed in the effort. Mr. Gladstone stopped the way.

CHAPTER XIII.—GLADSTONE AND DISRAELI AS RIVALS

In 1852 began the long Parliamentary duel between Gladstone and Disraeli,

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HAWARDEN RECTORY—A FLOWERY CORNER

Photographed expressly for The Outlook by Mr. A. P. Monger, of London.

On the April morning when this picture was taken the daisies were already thickly whitening the grass and the magnolia was blooming against the wall.

which ended only when, at the close of the session of 1876, Mr. Disraeli left the House of Commons and took his place, as he had always meant to do sooner or later, in the House of Lords. The debate was on Mr. Disraeli's budget, and it ended in the defeat of the Tory Government. Mr. Disraeli never, before or after, spoke with greater power and sarcasm and bitterness and passion than in his final speech in that debate. It was about two o'clock in the morning when Mr. Gladstone sprang up to reply to him. "Gladstone has got his work cut out for him," was the comment of one of the listeners when Mr. Gladstone rose to his feet. He had his work cut out for him, but he was equal to the work, and he soon made it quite clear that he was going to do it. Many members of the House and listeners in the strangers' galleries thought it hardly possible that, at that hour of the morning, and after such a speech as Disraeli's, any further impression could be made even by Mr. Gladstone. But before he had got far into his speech every one felt that Gladstone was making a greater impression than even Disraeli had produced. It has to be borne in mind also that Gladstone's speech was necessarily unprepared, for he replied point by point, and almost sentence by sentence, to the speech of Mr. Disraeli. It seems to me that from that moment Mr. Gladstone's position in the House of Commons was completely established.

Then, as I have said, began the long rivalry of these two great Parliamentary athletes. In every important debate the one man answered the other. Disraeli followed Gladstone, or Gladstone followed Disraeli. It was not unlike the rivalry between Fox and Pitt, for it was a rivalry of temperament and character as well as of public position and of political principle. Gladstone and Disraeli seemed formed by nature to be antagonists. In character, in temper, in tastes, and in style of speaking the men were utterly unlike each other. One of Gladstone's defects was his tendency to take everything too seriously. One of Disraeli's defects was his tendency to take nothing seriously. Disraeli was strongest in re-

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VIEW FROM HAWARDEN RECTORY

This is the view seen by Mr. W. E. Gladstone from the windows of the room he occupies when staying at the Rectory. The view extends across the wide estuary of the Dee.

Photographed expressly for The Outlook by Mr. A. P. Monger, of London.

ply when the reply had to consist only of sarcasm. He had a marvelous gift of phrase-making. He could impale a whole policy with an epithet. He could dazzle the House of Commons with a paradox. He could throw ridicule on a political party by two or three happy and reckless adjectives. He described one of Cobden's free-trade meetings in some country place as an assembly made up of "a grotesque and Hudibrastic crew." It is not likely that one of Cobden's meetings was more grotesque or Hudibrastic than any other public meeting anywhere. But that did not concern the House of Commons: the description was humorous and effective; it made people laugh, and the adjectives stuck. Disraeli was never happy in statement. When he had to explain a policy, financial or other, he might really be regarded as a very dull speaker. Gladstone was especially brilliant in statement. He could give to an exposition of figures the fascination of a romance or a poem. Gladstone never could, under any possible conditions, be a dull speaker. He was no equal of Disraeli's in the gift of sarcasm and what Disraeli himself called "flouts and jeers." But in a reply he swept his antagonist before him with his marvelous eloquence, compounded of reason and passion.

I heard nearly all the great speeches made by both the men in that Parliamentary duel which lasted for so many years. My own observation and judgment gave the superiority to Mr. Gladstone all through, but I quite admit that Disraeli stood up well to his great opponent, and that it was not always easy to award the prize of victory. The two men's voices were curiously unlike. Disraeli had a deep, low, powerful voice, heard everywhere throughout the House, but having little variety or music in it. Gladstone's voice was tuned to a higher note, was penetrating, resonant, liquid, and full of an exquisite modulation and music which gave new shades of meaning to every emphasized word. The ways of the men were in almost every respect curiously unlike. Gladstone was always eager for conversation. He loved to talk to anybody about anything. Disraeli, even

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among his most intimate friends, was given to frequent fits of absolute and apparently gloomy silence. Gladstone, after his earlier Parliamentary days, became almost entirely indifferent to dress. Disraeli always turned out in the newest fashion, and down to his latest years went in the get-up of a young man about town. Not less different were the characters and temperaments of the two men. Gladstone changed his political opinions many times during his long Parliamentary career. But he changed his opinions only in deference to the force of a growing conviction, and to the recognition of facts and conditions which he could no longer conscientiously dispute. Nobody probably ever knew what Mr. Disraeli's real opinions were upon any political question, or whether he had any real opinions at all. Gladstone began as a Tory, and gradually became changed into a Radical. Disraeli began as an extreme Radical under the patronage of Daniel O'Connell, and changed into a Tory. But everybody knew that Gladstone was at first a sincere Tory, and at last a sincere Radical. Nobody knew, or, indeed, cared, whether Disraeli ever was either a sincere Radical or a sincere Tory. It is not, perhaps, an unreasonable thing to assume that Disraeli soon began to feel that there was no opening for him on the Liberal benches of the House of Commons. He was determined to get on. He knew that he had the capacity for success. He was not in the least abashed by session after session of absolute failure in Parliament, but he probably began to see that he must choose his ground. On the Liberal side were men like Palmerston, Lord John Russell, Gladstone, Cobden, and Bright. On the Tory side there were respectable country gentlemen. Since the removal of Lord Stanley to the Upper House there was not a single man on the Tory benches who could for a moment be compared, as regards eloquence and intellect, with Disraeli. Given a perfectly open mind, it is not difficult to see how an ambitious man would make his choice. The choice was made accordingly, and Mr. Disraeli soon became the only possible leader of the Tory party in the House of Commons.

Now that it has all passed into history, and has become merely a question of what might be called artistic interest, I think we may be thankful that Disraeli made up his mind to cast in his lot with the Tory party. We have, at all events, the advantage from it that he was thus thrown into permanent rivalry with Gladstone, and that we have the long succession of Parliamentary duels to read of and to remember. On more than one occasion, too, Disraeli was able, according to his own phrase, to "educate his party" up to some really liberal measure. In that way he was able to serve the country, although most likely his immediate idea was to keep his party still in office. But I confess that, for myself, I am not thinking so much of this fact when I express my thankfulness that Disraeli joined the Tories. The liberal measures would have come in due course of time whether Disraeli helped them or tried to hinder them. But I cannot estimate how much the Parliamentary history of recent times would have lost in interest if Gladstone and Disraeli had been on the same side

HENRY JOHNTEMPLE, VISCOUNT PALMERSTON

Secretary of War under five Administrations, 1809–1828. Secretary of Foreign Affairs, 1830-4, 1835-41, 1846-52. Home Secretary, 1852-5. Prime Minister (and First Lord of the Treasury), 1855-8 and 1859-65. His foreign policy was often characterized by such strenuous methods that the name "Firebrand Palmerston" still clings to his memory. He enjoyed great popularity as a Minister. He died in 1865. The portrait is taken from an old print.

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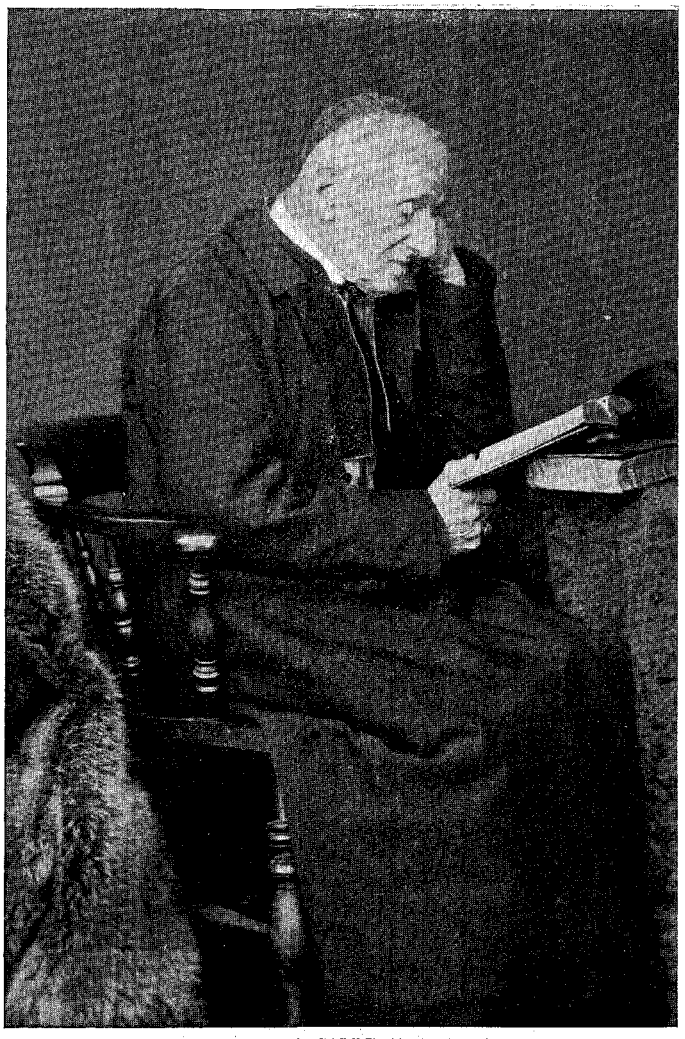

JOHN HENRY, CARDINAL NEWMAN

This portrait of the great religious leader is from one of his last photographs. It was taken by Mr. H. J. Whitlock, of Birmingham. When Mr. Gladstone was at Oxford, Newman was one of the University preachers. About this time the Anglo-Catholic party was organized. The start of the movement is definitely dated from Sunday, July 14, 1833, when Keble preached from the University pulpit his famous sermon upon "National Apostasy." The first of the "Tracts for the Times" was issued by Newman soon afterwards. Later in 1833, Newman writes: "As to Gladstone, perhaps it would be wrong to ask a young man so to commit himself, but make a fuss we will, sooner or later." Again, "The Duke of Newcastle has joined us, Gladstone, etc. I suppose these names must not be mentioned." In 1839 Newman writes: "Gladstone's book ["The State in its Relation to the Church"], you see, is making a sensation. . . . The 'Times' is again at poor Gladstone. Really I feel as if I could do anything for him. . . . Gladstone's book is not open to the objections I feared; it is *doctrinaire*, and, I think, somewhat self-confident, but it will do good." Mr. Gladstone said of Newman that he was drawing after him "the third part of the stars in heaven." In 1845 Newman joined the Roman Catholic priesthood (most of his followers, including of course Mr. Gladstone, refusing to follow him outside of the Anglican Church); in 1879 he was made a Cardinal; in 1890 he died. In his pamphlet "Vaticanism," Mr. Gladstone said of Newman: "His secession from the Church of England has never been estimated among us at anything like its calamitous importance. . . . The ecclesiastical historian will perhaps hereafter judge that this secession was a much greater event even than the partial secession of John Wesley, the only case of personal loss suffered by the Church of England since the Reformation which can be at all compared with it in magnitude. I do not refer to its effect upon the mere balance of schools or parties in the Church; that is an inferior question. I refer to its effect upon the state of positive belief and the attitude and capacities of the religious mind of England."

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in politics. What would become of the chief interest and fascination of the Iliad if Achilles and Hector had been allies and companions in arms?

Gladstone was needed to bring out all that was keenest and brightest in the Parliamentary eloquence of Disraeli. Gladstone, on the other hand, would have been literally thrown away on any Tory antagonist beneath the level of Disraeli. Never since Disraeli left the House of Commons has Gladstone found a Tory antagonist worth his crossing swords with. Among other differences between the two men were differences in education. Disraeli never had anything like the classical training of Gladstone. The mind of Gladstone was steeped in the glorious literature of Greece and of Rome, about which Disraeli knew little or nothing. Disraeli could not read Latin or Greek; he could not speak French. In a famous speech of his delivered in the House of Commons at the height of his fame and in opposition to a measure of Gladstone's, Disraeli made it plain that he thought the meaning of "university" was a place where everything was taught—a place of universal instruction. In another famous speech he described John Henry Newman's "Apologia pro Vitâ Suâ" as an "apology" for Newman's life. When the Congress of Berlin sat in 1878, and was presided over by Prince Bismarck, the great Prussian statesman opened and conducted the business in English. Disraeli, accompanied by Lord Salisbury, represented England at the Congress, and it was at first supposed that Bismarck spoke English simply as a mark of compliment to England. But Bismarck kindly spoke English because it had been made known to him that Disraeli could not speak French.

It must be admitted, however, that all this tells to a certain extent in Disraeli's favor. Among the contrasts between the lives and ways of the two great rivals must be noticed the contrast between the conditions under which they started into public life. Everything that care, culture, and money could do had been done for Gladstone. His father had started him in public life with an ample fortune. Disraeli was the son of a very clever and distinguished literary man, who was successful enough as a sort of *genre* artist with the pen, but who could not give his son much of a launch in life. Disraeli got but a very scrambling education, and was for some time set to work in a lawyer's office. His early extravagances got him into much trouble at the outset of his career. He had luxurious Oriental tastes and fancies, and, besides, he was determined to get into the House of Commons at any cost, and the expenses of election in those days would seem almost incredible to our more modest times. It was no very uncommon thing for a man to spend 100,000 pounds in contesting a county. Disraeli at first contested only boroughs, but even a borough contest meant huge expenditure. He had therefore nothing like the secure and unharassed entrance into politics which was the good fortune of his great rival. Another difference between the two men was found in their attitudes towards general culture. Gladstone had a positive passion for studying everything, for knowing something about everything. He was unwilling to let any subject elude his grasp. He had tastes the most varied and all but universal. He loved pictures and statues and architecture and old china and medals and bric-à-brac of every kind, and he had made himself acquainted with the history of all these subjects. There was almost nothing about which he could not talk with fluency and with the keenest interest. He had a thirst for information, and it was a pleasure to him to get out of every man all that the man could tell him about his own particular subject. Although a great, and indeed a tremendous talker, Gladstone was not one of the men who insist upon having all the talk to themselves. His thirst for information would in any case have prevented him from being a talker only. He knew that every man and woman he met had something to tell him, and he gave every one an ample opportunity. Disraeli had no such ubiquitous tastes and no such varied knowledge. He had traveled more than Gladstone ever traveled, but he brought back little from his wanderings. His life, indeed, ran in a narrow groove. Political ambition was his idol, and he lived in its worship. A writer of brilliant novels, he could hardly be called in the highest sense a literary man. His novels were undoubtedly brilliant, and brought him in

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every way a great success. He was probably the only English author who ever compelled his English public to read political novels. But he had no particular affection for literature or for literary men. Not very long after Thackeray's death Disraeli satirized the author of "Vanity Fair" most bitterly and recklessly in the person of one of the characters in "Endymion." Disraeli thoroughly enjoyed the life of the House of Commons for its own sake. Gladstone probably enjoyed it most for the opportunities which it gave him of asserting his principles and pushing forward his reforms. Of both men it is only fair to say that during their long political struggle not one breath of scandal touched their public or private life. On one or two occasions when an accusation was made against either man of having shown a spirit of favoritism in some public appointment, the charge was easily disproved, and indeed would not have been seriously believed in by many people in any case. Disraeli was once, while in office, charged with having given a certain small appointment to a political supporter. He was able to prove at once, first that the recipient of the place was the man best qualified for its work, and, next, that the recipient of the place had been a steady political opponent of Disraeli and the Tory party. It is satisfactory to know that in the higher walks of English political life the atmosphere has for many years been pure and untainted. The days of Bolingbroke and Walpole and the Godolphins had long passed away, and even the hard-drinking, reckless, gambling temper of the times of Fox and Pitt was totally unknown to the principal associates of Disraeli and Gladstone. In every way, therefore, these two great rivals were worthy of the rivalry. I have often thought that of late years Mr. Gladstone in the House of Commons must have sadly missed his old antagonist.

Gladstone had a profound sympathy with Italy—a strong passion for Italy—very much like the passion which Byron had for Greece. He loved the language, the literature, the country, and the people. He spoke Italian with marvelous fluency and accuracy. An eminent Italian told me once that Gladstone, when speaking Italian, fell quite naturally into the very movement and gestures of an Italian. If Gladstone, he said, were to address the representative chamber in Rome, every one present would take him for an Italian—only it was possible that the Tuscan might think he was a Roman, and that the Roman would set him down as a Tuscan. Whenever he needed rest he almost always sought it under the skies of Italy. When, at a later period of his career, he visited the Ionian Islands as Lord High Commissioner on behalf of the Sovereign of England, he addressed all the public assemblies in the islands and on the mainland, in Athens and elsewhere, in Italian. The pronunciation of Greek which is taught at the English universities would have rendered it almost impossible for an English scholar, however well acquainted with the literary language of Greece, to make himself intelligible to a modern Greek audience. Gladstone spoke French with perfect fluency, but with a very marked accent. Indeed, his speeches in the House of Commons were always delivered with an accent which told unmistakably of the "North Countree." From his forbears he got the tones of Scotland; and then Lancashire has a distinct accent all to herself. I have a strong impression that some at least of the influence of Gladstone's finest speeches in the House of Commons would have been a little marred if they had been delivered in the commonplace accent of West End London society.

CHAPTER XIV.—GLADSTONE AND BRIGHT

The Houses of Parliament have had in my memory three really great orators: the Lord Derby whom I have already mentioned, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Bright. All three came from the "North Countree." A high and mighty London weekly paper once said: "What a pity it is that Mr. Bright cannot catch the tone of the House of Commons!" The retort was obvious—What a pity it is that the House of Commons cannot catch the tone of Mr. Bright!

Gladstone and Bright soon became strong friends. The two men were curiously unlike in general ways and in bringing up. Bright was not, in the higher sense, a man of education—he certainly was not a man of culture. He had been quietly brought up, with what might be

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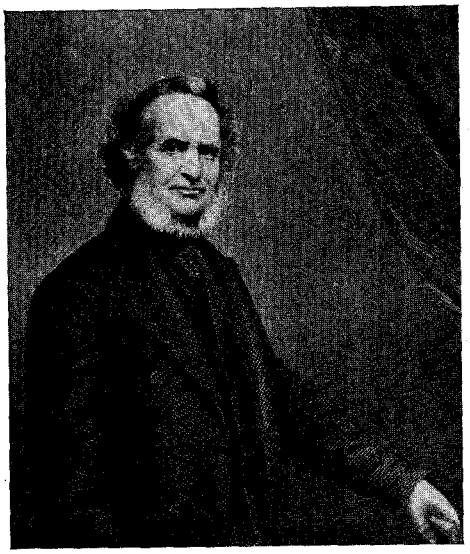
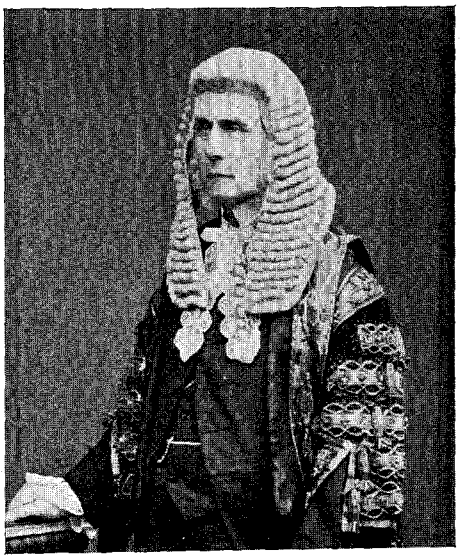


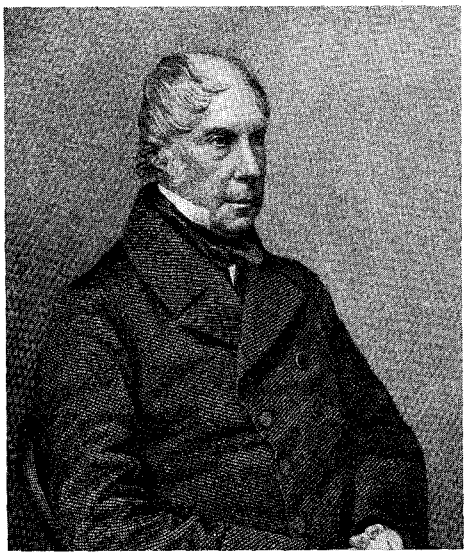
EDWARD GEOFFREY SMITH-STANLEY, FOURTEENTH EARL OF DERBY

This portrait is reproduced from the engraving by Mr. D. J. Pound. After occupying various Cabinet positions with great distinction, Lord Derby was made Prime Minister. His first Administration was in 1852, and lasted nearly a year; his second was in 1858-9, and lasted a year and a half; his third was in 1866-8, and lasted the same length of time. Lord Derby produced a translation of the "Iliad" which has been highly commended. He died in 1869.



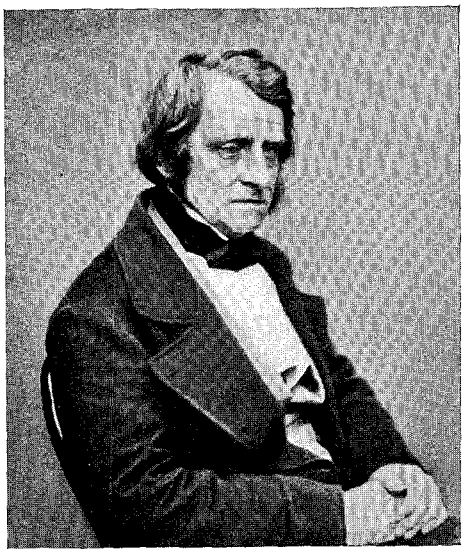
ROUNDELL PALMER, FIRST EARL OF SELBORNE

From a photograph by Messrs. Maull & Fox, London. Lord Selborne was an early friend and supporter of Mr. Gladstone, who, however, became finally estranged from him on questions of Irish policy. Lord Selborne occupied and adorned the most distinguished offices in the legal profession. He was counsel of the British Government before the Geneva Court of Arbitration on the Alabama claims, and was twice Lord Chancellor. He was no less eminent in the religious world, and died two years ago, universally mourned.



GEORGE HAMILTON GORDON, FOURTH EARL OF ABERDEEN

This portrait is taken from the engraving by Mr. D. J. Pound. Lord Aberdeen was Mr. Gladstone's first official chief. After Peel's death, Lord Aberdeen was regarded as chief of the Peelite party. He was Prime Minister 1852-5. He died in 1860. He said of Gladstone: "If a man could be too honest, I should say he is too honest."



JOHN ARTHUR ROEBUCK

A well-known Parliamentary figure, whose vigorous methods earned for him the name of "Tear 'em." His greatest triumph was his onslaught upon the Aberdeen Administration, causing its fall. Mr. Gladstone and he came into memorable collisions on various subjects. The portrait is reproduced from an early photograph by Messrs. Maull & Fox, London.

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called a plain commercial education. He knew little of Latin, and next to nothing of Greek. He could read French, and could speak it fairly well. He was not widely read, but he had a marvelous appreciation of all the shades of meaning which the English language was capable of putting into expression. He was not a reader of many books, but the books that he really cared for he "loved with a love that was more than love." He adored the Bible and Milton, and he learned to delight in Dante, although only through the medium of a translation. One of the happiest quotations he ever made was made in a speech on the condition of Ireland, and was taken from Dante. His style as an English orator was pure, simple, strong, and thrilling. He had a voice which was perhaps, on the whole, superior even to that of Gladstone himself. As an orator, I should say that he now and then in his greatest speeches soared to a height which Gladstone never reached. But as a debater he was not to be compared with Gladstone. As he put it himself: "I can stand up to a fight well enough every now and then, but Gladstone's foot is always in the stirrup." One passion was common to both the men—the passion for following in the path where justice and the improvement of the condition of one's fellows seemed directly to guide. For a long time Gladstone was a great source of strength to Bright, and Bright was a great source of strength to Gladstone. Bright did, probably, his greatest work outside the House of Commons, and Gladstone certainly his greatest work inside it. Bright had a gift of rich Anglo-Saxon humor which Gladstone could not rival. It used to be noticed that Disraeli, great master of sarcastic phrases as he was, never would go in for a passage of arms with Bright. The hand of Bright had a terribly good-humored strength in its knock-down blow.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI
From an old portrait, representing him at the time of his entrance into Parliament.

It was like the buffet of Richard Cœur de Lion in Sir Walter Scott's "Ivanhoe." Bright was for many years of his life absolutely devoted to Gladstone's leadership in home affairs. He had little or no sympathy with Gladstone's enthusiasm about the cause of this or that foreign people. He never indulged in expressions of rapture about the national cause of Italy. This came in great measure from his not unreasonable conviction that the welfare of England herself and of her colonies ought to be the first consideration of English statesmanship. He was utterly opposed to most of England's interventions in foreign affairs. He justly condemned the policy of the Crimean War from the very beginning, and he was denounced and abused for his utterances, which now represent the opinion of all rational Englishmen. But he showed that his was not a merely insular mind when the Civil War in the United States broke out and when the sympathy of the vast majority of those who considered themselves "society" in Great Britain was ostentatiously given to the Southern side. He stood up for the welfare of the people of India as opposed to the interests of those who went out there to push trade, to make money, or to earn distinction. He was for many years a friend of Ireland when friends of Ireland were rare figures in the Parliament House at Westminster. For years and years he stood up a brave, persistent, and splendid champion for justice to the Irish people. Nor even when, in his closing years, he fell away from Mr. Gladstone on this very question of Ireland's national claims, did the Irish people feel anything but a deep and poignant regret that the strong arm which had supported them so long should be for some strange reason suddenly withdrawn from them.

For the present, however, he stood by Gladstone's side, and was by far the most powerful supporter Gladstone had in the

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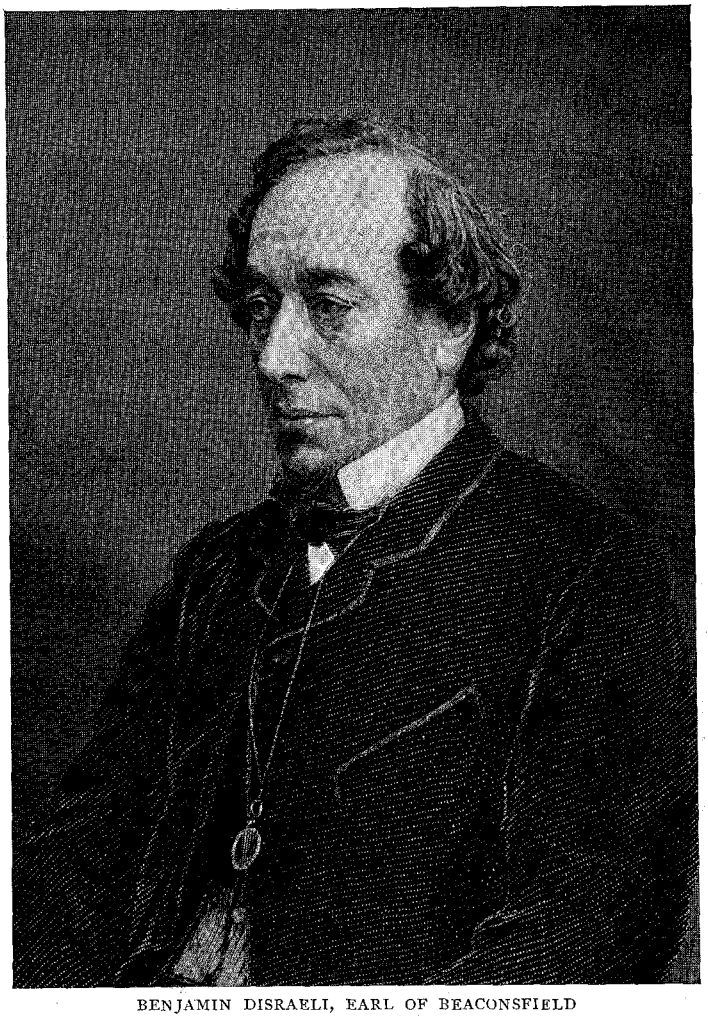
House of Commons or out of it.

CHAPTER XV.

A COALITION GOVERNMENT

I must return to the duel between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli and its immediate consequences upon English political life. Mr. Gladstone's speech completely crushed the whole of Mr. Disraeli's financial scheme. The budget was there one hour, and it was gone the next. When the division came to be taken in the early morning of December 17, 1852, the Government was found to be in a minority of nineteen.



BENJAMIN DISRAELI, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD

From the engraving by Mr. G. J. Stodart. Disraeli and Gladstone were lifelong opponents, and it is impossible to chronicle the career of the one without giving much place to that of the other. They had both been enrolled upon the list of students at Lincoln's Inn. Both entered Parliament in the thirties. Mr. Gladstone's maiden speech there created no great sensation either way, but Disraeli's was so pretentious that he only excited the derisive laughter of the House. He therefore closed abruptly, saying, "I shall sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me." In the early forties Disraeli became the opponent of Sir Robert Peel in the latter's advocacy of anti-Corn-Law agitation, and later succeeded Lord George Bentinck as leader of the Protectionists. After occupying the Chancellorship of the Exchequer three times, Disraeli became Prime Minister in 1868 for most of that year. He was also Premier 1874–80. He died in 1881.

Lord Derby at once wrote to the Queen announcing his resignation. It would be needless to say that the time was one of intense political passion. Mr. Greville, in his diary, gives us one curious and, let us hope, unique illustration of heated feeling among some of the Tories. On the 20th of December, Mr. Greville tells us, "twenty ruffians of the Carlton Club"—thus he describes them, and no doubt justly—gave a dinner to a Tory political colleague who had been charged with bribery at an election and had got off without any serious condemnation. "After dinner," Mr. Greville says, "when they got drunk, they went upstairs, and, finding Gladstone alone in the drawing-room, some of them proposed to throw him out of the window. This they did not quite dare do, but contented themselves with giving some insulting message or order to the waiter and then went away." I cannot attempt to vouch for the truth of this story, but I remember quite well that the story was told at the time, and was generally believed to have some truth in it. As I heard the tale at the time, the proposal was to "fling Gladstone out of the window in the direction of the Reform Club," which is, in fact, the very nearest public building. This version of the story would make it seem more like a coarse joke than like any proposal with a serious

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JOHN BRIGHT

As he appeared about the time of this installment of "The Story of Gladstone's Life." The portrait is reproduced from an early photograph by Messrs Maull & Fox, London. John Bright is considered by many to have been the greatest English statesman, if not the greatest orator, of this century. Certainly his moral character was not surpassed by that of any political rival. Bright was a Quaker. About 1840 he and Cobden became the leaders of the "Manchester School," a party which advocated free trade, electoral reform, and a pacific foreign policy. We have seen his success in the anti-Corn-Law agitation. He denounced both the Crimean and the Chinese Wars, and no less stoutly defended the Union cause in our Civil War. In this he was almost alone in England—even Mr. Gladstone favored the South. For a capital description and appreciation of Bright's noble statesmanship, see Mr. McCarthy's "History of Our Own Times." Bright occupied various Cabinet positions. He died in 1889.

purpose. But nothing can be more certain than the fact that about that time Gladstone was bitterly detested by all the ignorant and infatuated followers of the Tory party.

When Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli and their colleagues resigned, the men who came into power had to form a coalition government. The Whigs could not make a government of their own. The Peelites were not strong enough to think of forming an administration; and the time for a Radical Cabinet was still very far off. The new Government, therefore, was a combination of Whigs and Peelites, with one or two "philosophical Radicals," as they were then called, sincere and earnest Radical speakers, that is to say, but not fighting men like Cobden and Bright. Lord Aberdeen became Prime Minister, and Mr. Gladstone, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, had for the first time a full opportunity of displaying his genius in the management of finance. He had to fight a stiff battle at Oxford. And although he was elected, he was elected by a majority seriously reduced. His first budget was introduced on April 18, 1853. The speech which he made in introducing his financial scheme will be remembered forever in the House of Commons. Certainly since the days of Pitt no financial exposition equal in point of eloquence had ever been heard in Parliament. Sir Robert Peel at his highest level was distinctly surpassed by his pupil. It seems hard to understand how a man could contrive to throw so much eloquence, fancy, illustration, and humor into a statement of facts and figures, but it is quite certain that Gladstone then, and in all his succeeding budget speeches, kept the House absolutely fascinated by the charm of his style, entirely apart from the substantial merits of the proposals he had to make. The clearness with which he explained all the details of his subject

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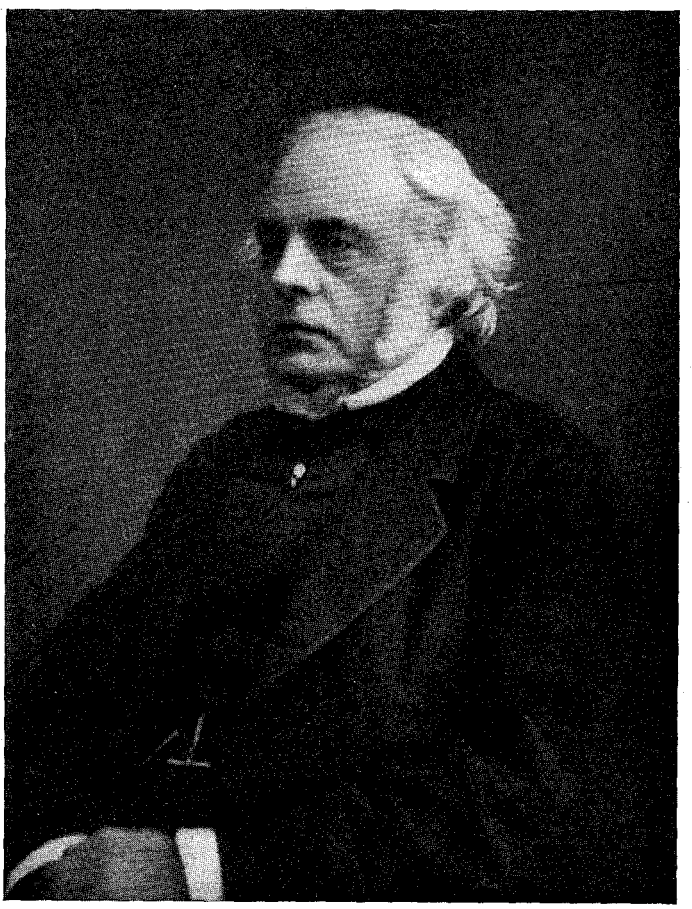
was the gift of genius in itself. The faculties of the listener were never kept upon the strain—and it may be said that there can be no really great speech which keeps the faculties of the listener on a perpetual strain. The gift of lucid explanation is like the gift of a fine voice. If we find it difficult to hear what an orator is saying, we soon, whether we like it or not, begin to be weary of his speech. In the same way, if we are distressed by the difficulty of understanding the arrangements and comparisons of facts and figures which a Chancellor of the Exchequer is laying before us, we must only wait in patience for next morning's papers in order to find out what the plans of the financier really were. There was no difficulty in Mr. Gladstone's case. One might not agree with him, but no one could possibly pretend that he did not understand. The budget speech of 1853 lasted for five hours. I did not hear the speech myself, but I have spoken with numbers of men who told me that only a glance at the clock in the House of Commons could have convinced them that the orator had spoken for anything like such a length of time. Mr. George Russell gives, in a few lines, a very clear exposition of the principles of Mr. Gladstone's first financial scheme. "It tended," he says, "to make life easier and cheaper for large and numerous classes. It promised wholesale remissions of taxation. It lessened the charges on common processes of business, on locomotion, on postal communication, and on several articles of general consumption. The deficiency thus created was to be met by the application of the legacy duty to real property, by an increase of the duty on spirits, and by the extension of the income tax at fivepence in the pound to all incomes between one hundred and one hundred and fifty pounds." "The speech," says Mr. Russell, "held the House spellbound. Here was an orator who could apply all the resources of a burnished rhetoric to the illustration of figures, who could make pippins and cheese interesting, and tea serious; who could sweep the widest horizon of the financial future, and yet stop to bestow the minutest attention on the microcosm of penny stamps and post-horses."

That was, indeed, the peculiar charm of Mr. Gladstone's financial expositions. One never could tell what curious illustration or quotation he might not bring in next; by what odd fancy he might light up some subject in itself unattractive;



JOHN BRIGHT

As he appeared in later life. From a photograph by Messrs. Mackintosh & Co., Kelso, Scotland.

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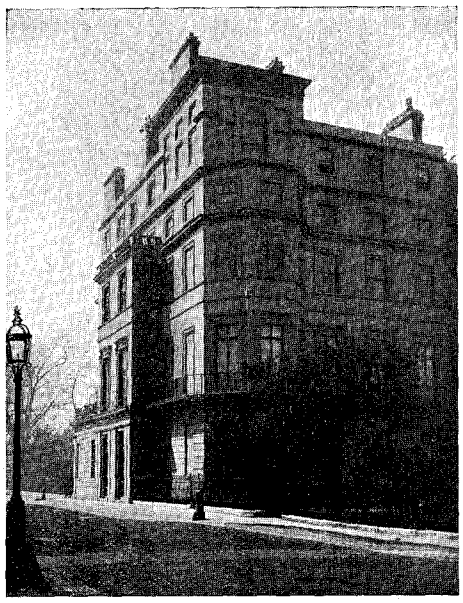
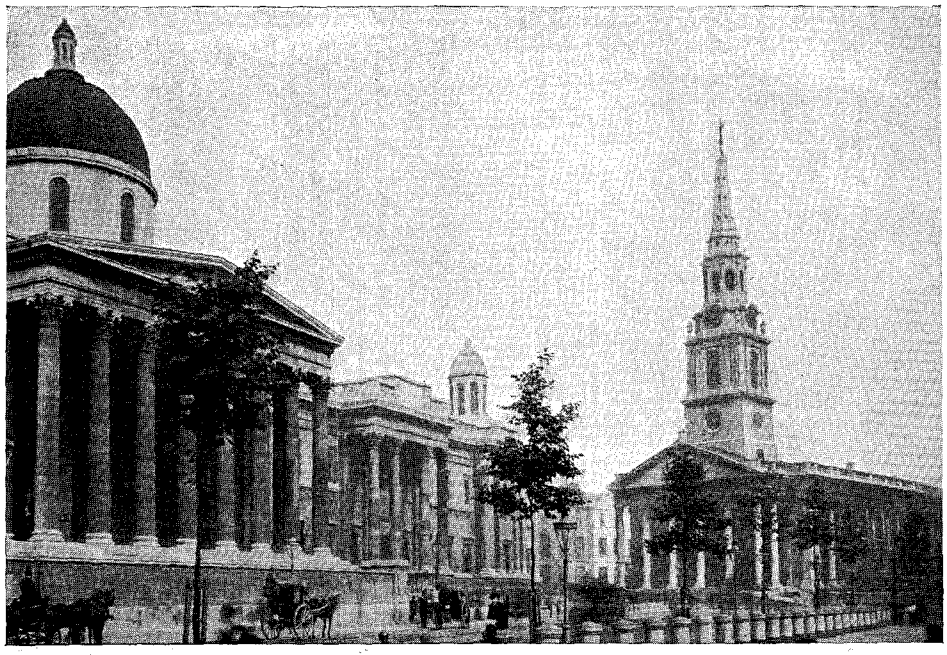


ONE OF MR. GLADSTONE'S LONDON RESIDENCES

No. 6 Carlton Gardens. "In the early days of their married life, Mr. and Mrs. William Gladstone lived at 13 Carlton House Terrace. Later they lived at 6 Carlton Gardens (made over to them by Sir John Gladstone)."

by what happy phrase he might fasten attention on some matter of merely commonplace interest. One could not miss a word; one could not endure to wait for the next morning's papers. The voice, the intonation, the gestures, were in perfect keeping with the words. Every word was set off and made emphatic by the manner and the tone. The position of Mr. Gladstone was proclaimed certain by that first budget speech. It put him at the head of all the financiers of his day, and it set him up as a financial orator superior to Peel and at least equal to the younger Pitt. I believe that most of Gladstone's great financial expositions have been made without the help of anything more than the barest memoranda in figures. The orator was always ready to reply to any interruption, to give answer to any question, to travel away for a moment from the main track of his speech in order to remove difficulties and to solve doubts which it might be convenient to deal with at once, and then to turn back to the main line of his argument and go on as if no break in its tenor had ever been caused. In truth, Mr. Gladstone could do whatever he liked with language, as certain great musicians have been able to do whatever they like with notes. I am not now asking my readers to consider



THE CHURCH OF ST. MARTIN-IN-THE-FIELDS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON

During Mr. Gladstone's residence in the adjacent quarter, he generally attended church services at St. Martin's. To the left is the National Gallery. The present church building is nearly two hundred years old, and was erected on the site of an earlier church. Nell Gwynne is buried in the churchyard, and the bells are still rung once a week, according to the terms of a legacy left by her.

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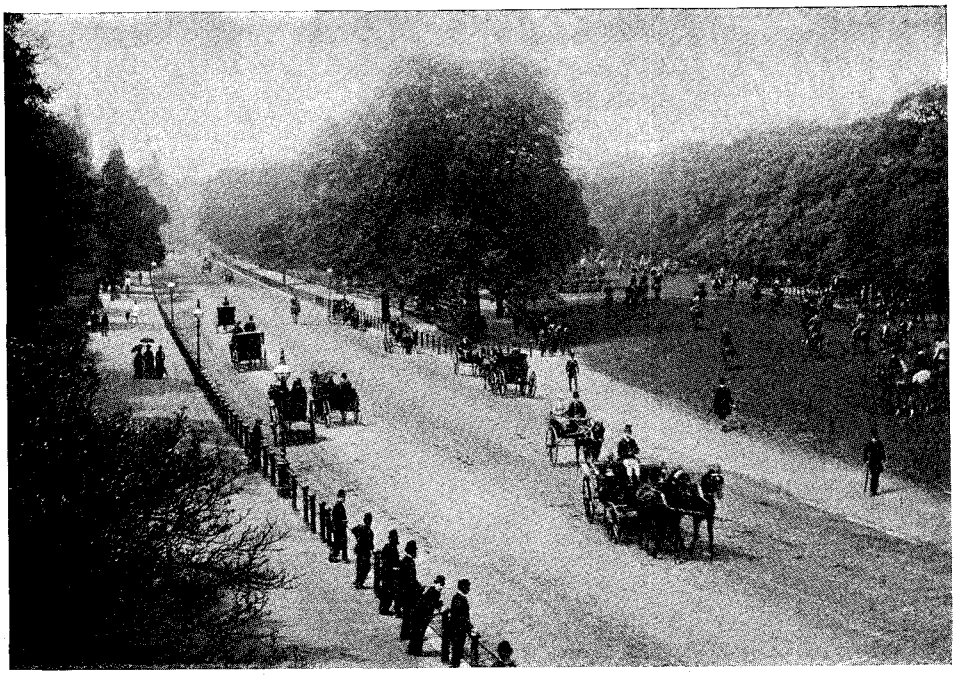

ROTTEN ROW, HYDE PARK, LONDON

Where Mr. Gladstone and thousands of others take daily exercise when in town. The picture shows the union of Rotten Row, a track exclusively reserved for riders, with the drive; in general it runs parallel with the drive. The best time to see the riders is from early morning to the lunch hour; to see the riders and drivers and carriages, from five to seven P.M. Rotten Row is about a mile and a half long.

the actual effects of the financial scheme introduced by this brilliant and memorable speech. Monsieur Fould, the once famous minister of Napoleon the Third, said to his master on a certain important occasion: "Give me good foreign policy, and I will give you good finance." Mr. Gladstone might have said the same thing to his colleagues in the spring of 1853. He had given them good finance, and they marred it by a bad foreign policy.

[To be continued in the Magazine Number for May]

The Ways Return

By Richard Burton

Many the ways that man must fare,
The roads run up and down;
Some thrid the country hillsides fair,
Some slink within the town.

Some tortuous are and hard to keep,
But others slip along
Where gardens grow and fountains leap
And speech is sweet, and song.

Some stretch away midst alien sights,
Midst strange, far-lying things;
Others be near the native lights,
Nor reck of journeyings.

And oh, the lingering, long quest,
The stumblings, triumphs, pain,
The while man fares it east and west
Ere he returns again.

But one boon, one, is sure to be,
How far soe'er he roam:
At last the wandering ways agree,
At last they lead him home.

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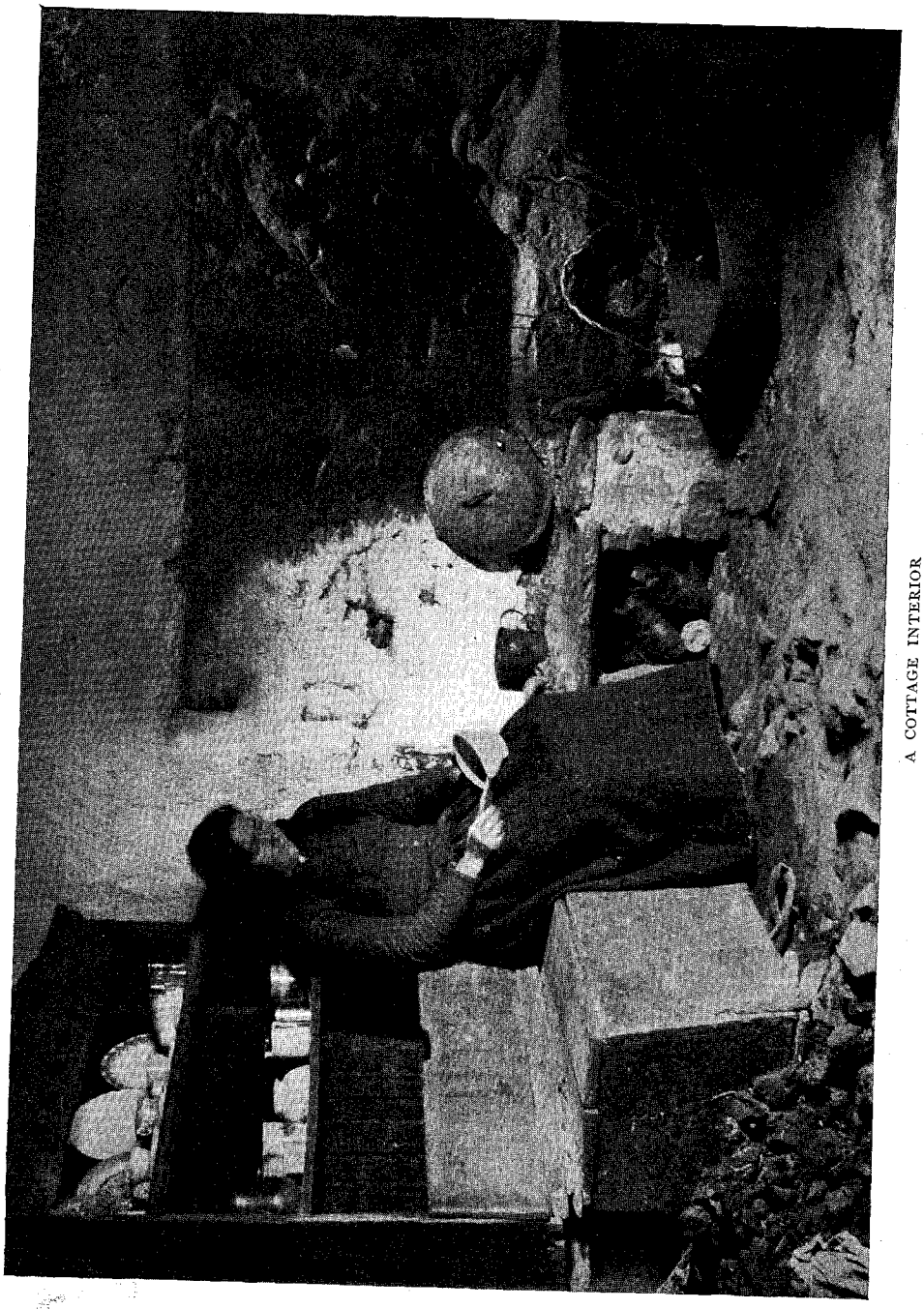

A COTTAGE INTERIOR

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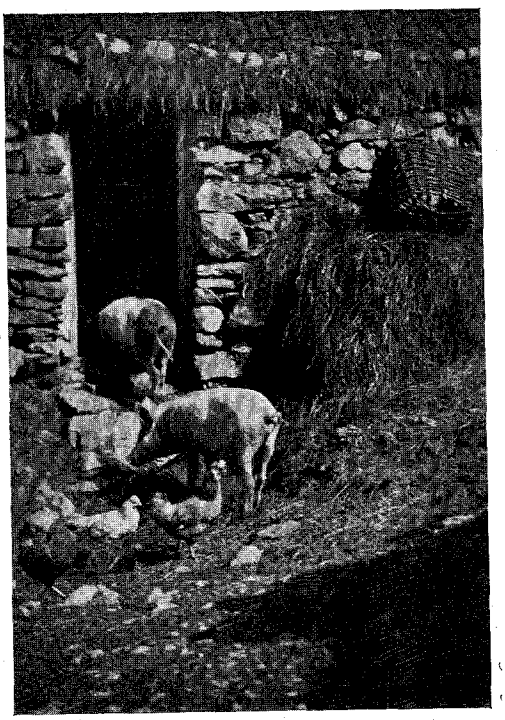
The Peasants' Ireland

By Clifton Johnson

AS compared with the other divisions of Britain, Ireland has a run-down, out-at-the-heels look that is depressing. Both the country districts and the towns show marked signs of dilapidation, decay, and even thriftlessness. There are broken walls and litter in the neighborhood of all the villages and cities, and the land looks as if tillage was neither energetic nor careful.

I made the trip across the island from Dublin to Galway in a recent August. The country as seen from the car window was uniformly flat, and much of it was bogland—wide, brown, unfenced, grazing wastes with black stacks of peat scattered over them and dark pools gleaming in the cuttings. Now and then there were places in the bogs where the heather lay in great masses of pink bloom, but it was only in patches, and never covered acres and miles as in the Highland moors of Scotland.



MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY

We passed many little gray stone towns and many ruined towers and castles. The cottages along the way were small, with whitewashed walls, thatched roofs, and a good deal of filth and rubbish about the yards. In the fields were numerous cattle feeding, and donkeys, goats, and geese were common. These fields were pleasantly green, and looked fairly fertile. The old hedgerows that bounded them were at this season full of fruit—little hawthorn apples with so strong a reddish tinge as to give the bushes the appearance of being full of bright blossoms.

From Galway I went northward into a more rugged region, where the bogs bordered desolate lakes and the stony Connemara mountains rose in ragged outlines. This railroad on the west coast had been built only a year, and it gave easy access to a district where the Irish peasant could be seen unaffected by the march of modern improvement. Not that the life there is exceptional; for what is true of Connemara is just as true of many other parts of Ireland, and even in the sections most favored the peasant life is exceedingly primitive and the home surroundings very poverty-stricken and dubious.

At a place called Recess I left the train, and found myself on the platform of a lonely little station in the midst of a bog. No houses were in sight, but a man with a jaunting-car took me aboard and raced his horse for a hotel a mile away as if he was going to a fire. I hung on for dear life; for a jaunting-car seems built on purpose to throw its passengers off every time it rounds a curve. It is a shaky two-wheeled vehicle, very lightly built, with a seat on either side facing outward. You sit directly over the wheel, and your feet rest on a swaying step that hangs down nearly to the hub. It is the national vehicle in Ireland, and you see these spidery cars everywhere, both in town and country, and their drivers seemed always to have a mania for going about with a breakneck impetuosity quite alarming to a stranger.

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At the hotel—a whitewashed stone building in a little wood on the edge of a lough—I was met at the door by a slick waiter with an expansive shirt-bosom and a posy in his buttonhole. He gave one the impression that this was a very "tony" establishment; but the interior was rather forlorn, nevertheless, and had an ill-kempt look, with its stained wall-paper, decrepit furniture, and an odor that suggested a need for scrubbing and renovation.

That same evening I walked across the bogs up a hillside. The earth was spongy and yielding, a mass of moss with thin growths of grasses, clumps of heather, and a scattering of reeds. Here and there it was brightened with touches of delicate yellow-green, but the general tone was brownish and somber. Frequent gray boulders thrust up into view. These became more numerous as the land rose higher, till I went over a ridge where the soil was thin and strewn everywhere with shattered rock. Beyond this ridge was a little huddle of houses with an accompaniment of tiny stone-walled fields running down into a green valley. The houses were low, and their walls and thatched roofs were dark-colored and so like the surrounding bog that they seemed not the work of human beings, but some huge mushroom growths of nature. Not a tree was in sight, nor anything related to a tree, save a few little osier beds in the garden patches that were cut off each season and woven into creels.

As soon as I began to descend the ridge, a barefoot woman with a shawl over her head and a big baby in her arms came hurrying to me from an outlying cabin of the village. She arrived breathless and thrust a bit of green marble into my hand, and called down blessings on my head in her fervent jargon. All this was intended to soften my heart and coax forth a tip. She told with pride how fond the little "Pat" in her arms was of money—how, if he saw strangers coming, he would run to her and say, "Gentlemens! gentlemens! come and get money." When any one gave him a bit, he would say, "Thank God, I've got my money." He was two years old, but she said he made her carry him everywhere she went. Even if she had a big sack of peat on her back she must take him along under one arm.

A LOAD OF PEAT ON THE WAY TO TOWN

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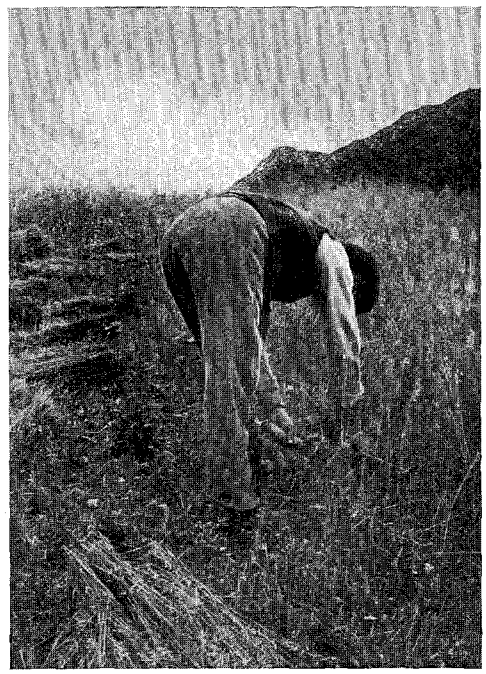
Once, she said, she gave him a little flat stone and tied it in the corner of her handkerchief, and he carried it about in his bosom all day and called it his money.

Rough, narrow, stone-walled lanes, crooked and rocky, connected cottages. Blackberry-bushes, thickly dotted with ripe fruit, straggled over the walls. I thought it a wonder, in such a starved-looking community where there were plenty of children, that the berries were left to ripen. All through that region blackberries were plenty and delicious, but I was told that few were ever picked.

While I was eating berries in a village lane, a young man approached me, said, "Good-morning to your honor," and jumped over a wall and snapped off some choice clusters for me. After that he walked about in my company, a self-constituted guide. But he was a quick, intelligent fellow, and I did not object. His name was Michael. Just above the village was a quarry, and many great blocks of stone, curiously grained and colored, were lying round about. This quarry had been a short-lived experiment, and was not worked now. Michael said it had given employment to a number of the village men, and they were paid half a crown a day, while some men that were brought from away "earned as much as five shillings, sir—they did, sir!"

Now there was no employment to be had in the neighborhood. The villagers could only work their little farms or leave. About all the young men and young women went away to the towns or to America. Michael had two brothers in Boston. They did not write what they were doing, but every year they sent home some money to "the old man," his father.

The rents of these little farms were from two to six pounds. Each cottager grew a little field of oats, another of potatoes, another of grass, and some raised patches of cabbages or turnips. These crops were grown mostly on the thin-soiled, stony hillsides. If a man took a field in the meadow below, his neighbors thought he was too well off, and accused him of an inclination to put on airs and ape the aristocracy. Besides all this, it added an extra pound to the rent. Most of the people kept two or three cows, several sheep, and a few hens. In some cases they owned a pony or a goat or a flock of



HARVESTING OATS

geese. There were also two half-grown pigs that frequented the village lanes. They were sharp-nosed, long-legged creatures, nimble of foot, and apparently capable, in their wanderings, of picking up their own living. When at home they lived in their master's house. This house had but a single room, and the pig-pen was in one corner. Aside from the pigs, the family was composed of a man and wife and three or four children. Their abode was windowless, and light came in only through the two doors and possible chinks in the walls.

Michael said that in old times they used to keep the pigs under the bed, but they did not do so in this village of Lisonter, nowadays. The people sold their poultry at the hotel, and other produce they took to market. At Christmas a goose was at times killed for the family table, and some occasionally indulged in mutton. Now and then they bought fish, and bacon was more or less familiar, but many of them never knew the taste of beef. Most families have oatmeal frequently, and all of them eat potatoes. Indeed, potatoes stand chief on the Irish peasant's bill of fare.

The oats raised are fed out to the stock, and the oatmeal for house use is bought,

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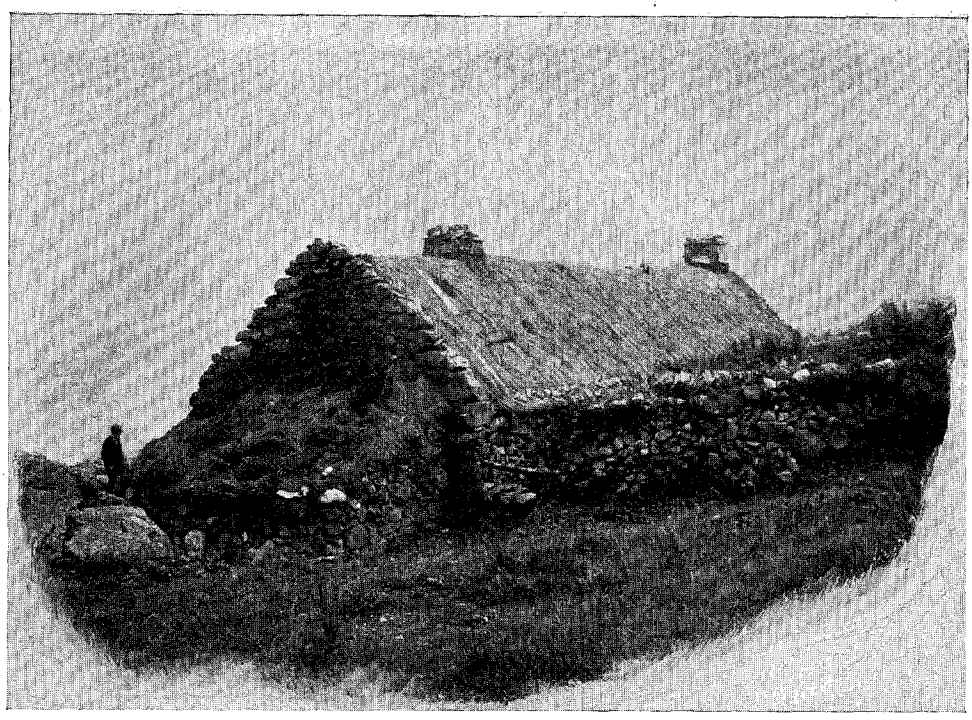

A PEASANT HOME

a bagful at a time. Flour is purchased in the same way, and bread is baked in a flat kettle on the hearth. They do not make butter or cheese, for the cows do not get good enough feed to make it worth while. The milk is drank with the potatoes and oatmeal. Since the railroad came, tea has become a family necessity, and all the eggs the hens lay go in exchange for it.

About the only farm tools to be found in Lisonter are spades—primitive, narrow-bladed, and one-sided, but apparently effective. No such contrivance as a plow has ever been seen in the village. They dig their fields over by hand. Potatoes are planted in rows that are nearly three feet wide, known as "drills." The space between each drill and the one next it is dug out like a ditch, and serves for drainage. The potato tops grow in a spindling jungle on the drills, much too close together to do well. Crops are not rotated, but are grown over and over on the same ground, and are never what they might be. Often the potatoes fail to grow except scatteringly, in which case cabbage-plants are set to fill out the blanks. This year had been too wet, and the "blight had come too early."

Michael and I climbed far up a crag at the back of the hamlet to get a view. Several of the village children tagged after all the way, taking turns at begging. "Please give me a copper, sir—only one, sir," they said, and refusals had no effect whatever on them. One boy of eight, still in skirts, had a baby on his back—a solemn, watchful baby that let out never a sound. The boy did not seem to mind his burden, but climbed about everywhere with the rest. These shoeless children were sure-footed and nimble as goats, and skipped about the rocky hillside just like some wild creatures of the bog. I went high up where I could look over long stretches of the dreary marshlands that are omnipresent in that region, spotted and linked all over by the loughs, large and small. Far away in the west one could catch a gleam of the sea, while in the near landscape, all about, the mountain crags were darkling, and in the hollow close below were the hovels of Lisonter and their little patchwork of varied-colored fields. On the way back through the village a stout, fairly well dressed young man got off the wall where he had been loafing, and came hulking after me. "Please, sir, give me the price of an

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ounce of tobacco," he said. The children beggars followed me far down the hill. Begging seemed to be constitutional with the Connemara peasantry, and I always had a persistent group in my wake every time I visited Lisonter.

When I approached the village a day or two afterwards, a woman came hurrying across two or three fields with a bundle of cloth on her arm, and greeted me with, "Good-marnin', sir, an' sure it's a fine marnin', sir." Then she spread out the cloth along with a few coarse socks and begged me to buy. "Plaze, sir," she said, "buy the friz, for the love o' God and a poor woman who's lost her b'y an' pit him in the grave only five weeks past." She went on to tell me that she had borrowed the money for the boy's burial from a poor neighbor woman who must be paid now, and she with nothing to pay. Her husband had gone far away to get work, "but he soon come back, for there were a big weight on his heart and he could eat nothing at all, at all." She spoke of her eight children—"Four of 'em I've given to God, and four of 'em's alive—God bless 'em."

I went across the fields to her cottage squatted among the stony patches of oats and potatoes. Like the rest of the Lisonter cabins, its stone walls were loosely chinked with peat, though once in a while a house showed traces of whitewash. Roofs were of sedge tied on wi h straw ropes thickly drawn over and fastened to pegs under the eaves or to stones hung along the edges. The thatch was renewed every year. It would last two if new ropes were put on each time, but few would do that. The chimneys were insignificant, and hardly showed above the roofs. Peat was the only fuel burned. It was all bought from the bog, a sack at a time, on the women's backs. The Lisonter folk never saw coal till some was brought for use in an engine at the quarry. Then they thought it was rock, and it was a great wonder to them that the stuff burned. Most never saw a railroad till the local one was put through, the year before. As soon as it was finished they all must ride; but when it came to getting aboard, they felt they were taking their lives in their hands, and at the start the old women were all jumping up and screaming they would be murdered and their friends would never see them any more.

ON THE BOGLAND AT THE CLOSE OF A DAY OF WIND AND STORM

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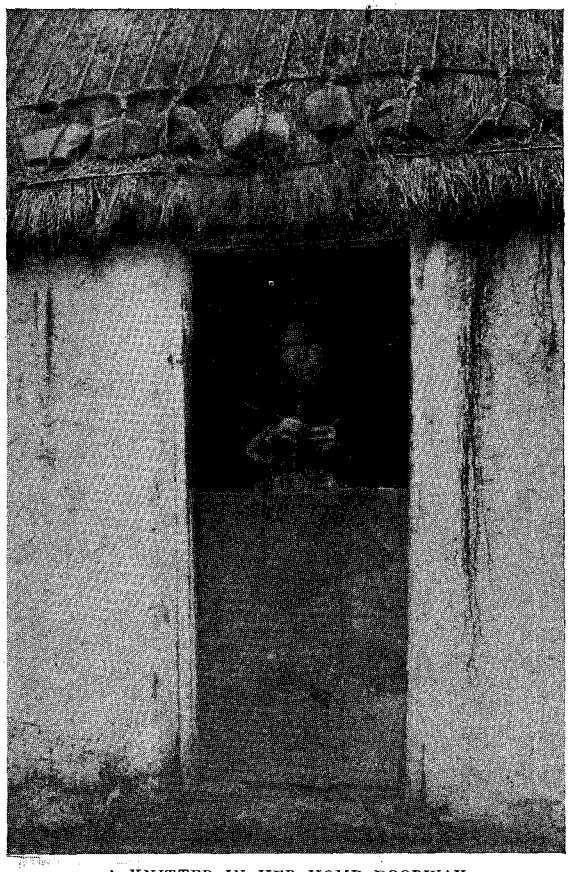
The woman with the cloth to sell showed me into her cottage. The door was low, and I had to stoop to enter. She hunted up a level place on the dirt floor and set out a chair for me. A dim fire burned among the rough stones of the fireplace, and sent a little smoke up the chimney and a great deal of smoke out into the room. The kitchen was full of flies, and it had the odor of a stable. The floor was much littered with heather and rushes that had been brought in to bed the cow and calf that had a home in one end of the kitchen. On some tattered blankets thrown over a heap of sedge near the fireplace, two of the children slept. The rest of the family had a bedroom beyond a thin partition.

My hostess, in the midst of her talk with me, pulled a short pipe from her pocket and made much mourn that she had no tobacco to fill it. She said it was very comforting. "It's loike medicine to me." My former guide, Michael, had come up to the cottage and was talking outside with some of the beggar children. The woman saw him and sent out her ragged little girl, Bridget, to "borrow the loan of the pipe" he was smoking. Michael lent the pipe readily, and as the woman whiffed she blessed him again and again. When I left, she blessed me likewise, saying, "Long life to ye! An' may your journey home be better than the one over. God bless ye, an' give ye a safe crossin'!"

In a cabin a little further up the hill lived a woman all alone. She was still young and not unattractive. Her husband had gone to America, and he would have taken her with him, but she would not leave. A letter had come from him only the week before in which he sent £3, and the villagers thought that was doing pretty well. Her cottage was hedged in by great growths of nettles that flourished all about. The roof leaked and the cabin had but one room, which the woman shared with two cows. I looked in, but did not care to enter. It was more like a floorless stable, that had not been cleaned for a week, than a human habitation. The house at some time had had a single window, but this was now loosely closed with stones. Most of the Lisonter houses, however, had at least one window, and several of them had two, though occasionally these lacked glass. All were small, varying in number of panes from one to four.



A KNITTER IN HER HOME DOORWAY

Mud and refuse was almost universal about the doorways, and a "midden" (manure-heap) was always handy near the house-front. A skeleton horse was feeding in a waste near the quarry; some old men, working days past, were sunning themselves on the rocks; one or two old women were sitting or leaning on the walls near their cabin doors, some in idleness, some knitting. In the oat-fields the men were reaping laboriously handful by handful with their sickles, and the barefoot women followed behind to bind the sheaves. The women gleaned

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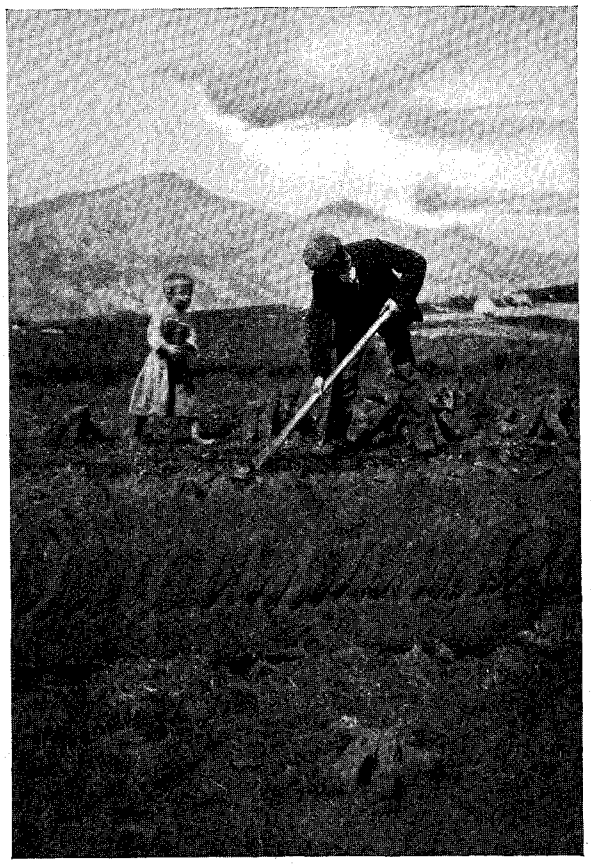
over the ground as they worked, and picked up every straw.

I spoke with one man, and he said he had two or three acres in his farm, but it was very poor land, and in a wet year his crops were well-nigh failures. Still, he considered himself better off than most of his neighbors.

Nearly every day I saw the children going to school in the morning, and met them returning in the evening. Their aspect had the same untamed wildness then that it had as I saw them running about the bogs and crags that surrounded the home village. The school-house was four miles distant along a desolate road winding through the dun marshes. The children went barefoot and bareheaded, except for a few of the older boys, who wore caps. They each carried a piece of dry bread for their noon lunch, and that was all the food they had till they returned home late in the afternoon. But, with all their hardships, they looked sturdy and healthy. Probably weaklings do not survive long. Once I noticed that a boy in a group of children returning from school carried a book, and I asked to see it. It was a most forlorn little third reader—a wreck of a book—covers broken, marked and greasy within, and many pages gone or torn.



CUTTING TURF IN THE BOG

The school-house was a bare modern building with gray plaster walls. It stood in the center of a rough, rocky yard, that was surrounded by a high stone wall. Outside the inclosure all was bog, save for three or four houses with their little fields straggling along the road not far away.

One of the things I looked specially for in Ireland was the shamrock. I had no clear idea of what it was like except that it was green and triple-leaved, and I supposed it was a native of the bogs. Often in my bogland wanderings I saw a coarse, fleshy plant that grew in thin clumps where the water gathered in pools. The leaves were three-parted, but larger than the largest clover. Still, I thought it must be shamrock, and picked some of it and showed it to a native. The native did not even know the name of my bogland weed, but he stooped down and showed me some of the true shamrock growing by the roadside. It is an insignificant yet delicate little plant that loves to grow on stone walls and along roadways where the soil is poor and often scraped away. It was more like the downtrodden white clover that one finds growing in hard paths than anything else. The peasantry feel a real affection for the shamrock, and it is beautiful in their eyes. Like themselves, it lives amid hard conditions, and it seems pathetically appropriate that it should be the Irish national flower.

❀

I find earth not gray, but rosy,
Heaven not grim, but fair of hue.
Do I stoop? I pluck a posy.
Do I stand and stare? All's blue.
—*Robert Browning.*

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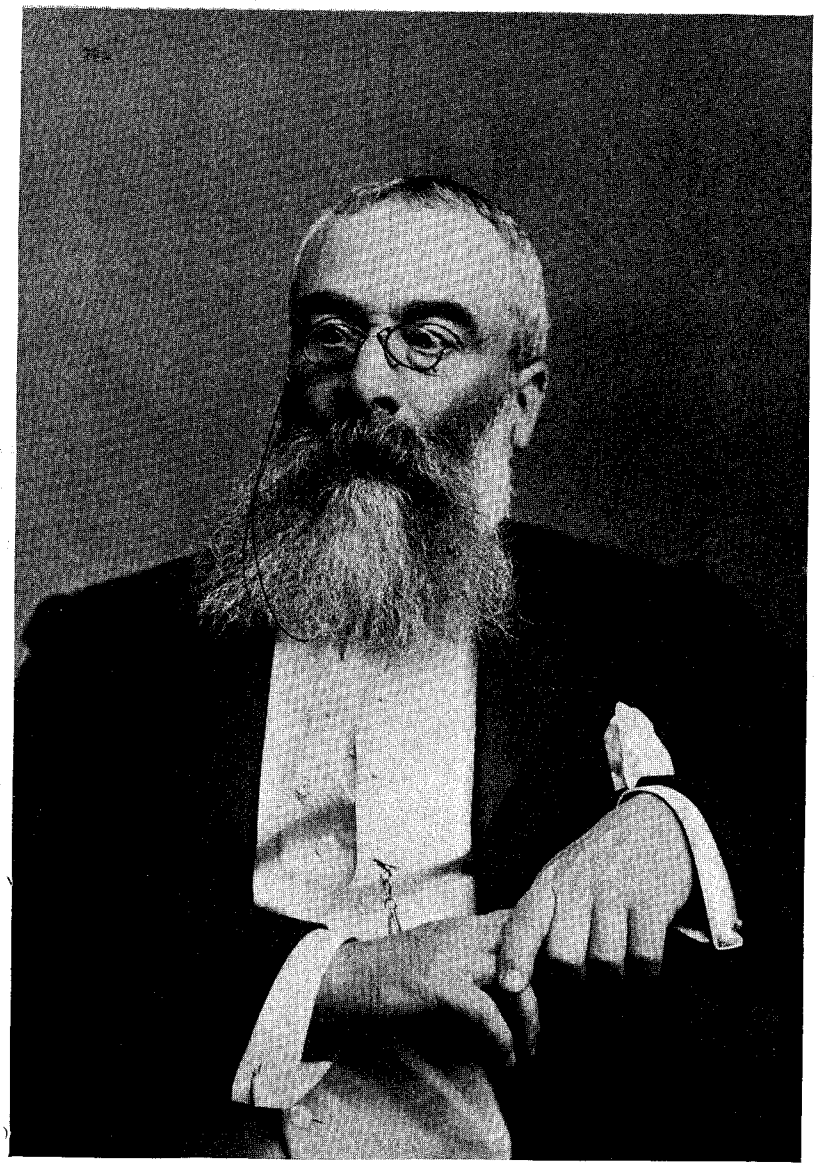

Walter Besant

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The Higher Life of London[1]

By Sir Walter Besant

Author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," "Children of Gibeon," etc.

WHAT is included in the higher life of London? Surely everything which advances its people—the agencies, societies, institutions, churches, colleges, schools, libraries, which act incessantly and unweariedly upon this huge mass of five million souls, most of whom, but for these agencies, would be continually choosing the easier way and sinking lower and lower. There is the work of keeping alive the religion of the people—a task of enormous difficulty, in which a hundred failures are reported for one success; in which a hundred churches stand empty for one which is filled; there is the work of rescue, in which, for every one who is pulled out, another falls in; there is the work of education; there is the work of restoration—most difficult of all; there is the work of temperance; there is the capture of waifs and strays; there is the work of relief; there is the care of the sick; there is the work of admonishing the easy class of their duties and their responsibilities; on all these subjects one could write volumes, and yet the result would be but a tale half told. Let us, in this place, confine ourselves to that part of charitable endeavor which requires personal service.

The note of that larger charity which feeds the mind and purifies the soul; which, like the nobler kind of medical science, ascertains causes and destroys microbes; which especially characterizes the charity of the present day—is personal service. It is not too much to say that until very recently personal service was a thing unknown. Five hundred years ago, however, it was known; then the world enjoyed the personal service of the Franciscans, not yet crystallized into a mere form. In the eighteenth century there was no personal service at all, save that of the hospitals, in which physicians and surgeons and nurses were paid. The century was not, on the whole, lacking in charity; almshouses and "charity" schools were founded, though not in such numbers as in preceding ages. Nor was it by any means an irreligious age, seeing that in London nearly every church had its two daily services, its week-day and its Sunday lectures; there was, it is true, atheism in certain circles, and there was paganism in the lower strata; but the great middle class, throughout the century, was profoundly religious. In every church a learned divine preached sermons on doctrine; there were free seats for those poor who chose to come; the "means of grace" were freely offered. But, if they did not come, nobody asked why they stayed away or what sect they followed. The common people, as a fact, went neither to church nor to chapel; they lived chiefly in the suburbs—at Clerkenwell or Whitechapel, outside church influence; they were wholly illiterate; if they could read, there was nothing for them to read; there were no cheap newspapers, no cheap books, no free libraries; after their day's work they went home and drank; in the intervals of drink they fought—with cocks, with dogs, with fists. In the Hogarth pictures you will find something of the workingman's life of that time. It would seem from these and other indications of the time as if the lowest possible point of brutality had then been reached, as if the working classes of London were far below the Romans of the later Empire, and very, very far below their rough forefathers who assembled at Paul's Cross and chose their Portreeve and listened to their Bishop. Never, I am sure, was there a time when our people were more thoroughly besotten and debased with drink. They were inarticulate; if they had grievances, they could not put them into words. However, human nature seems never quite lost, except in exceptional instances, which are, perhaps, madnesses. Had we known these people as we know their grandchildren, we should doubtless have found grounds for hope; and one thing, at least, proves that they were capable of

[1] This article will be followed by illustrated articles on "The Higher Life of Paris," by the Rev. Charles Wagner; "The Higher Life of Berlin," by Baron von Solden; "The Higher Life of Geneva," by Professor Louis Wuarin; and "Modern Art in Rome," by Rodolfo Lanciani.

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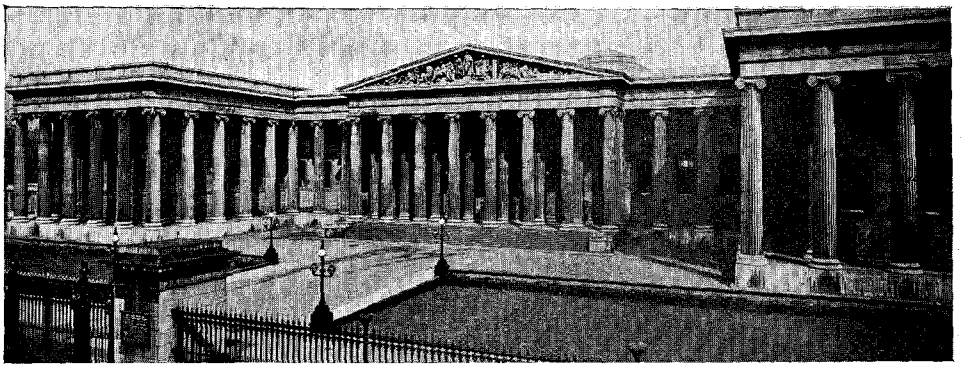

THE BRITISH MUSEUM

The building was designed by Sir Robert Smirke. The contents of the Museum are arranged in seven sections: Printed Books. Maps and Plans; Manuscripts; Prints and Drawings; Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities; Greek and Roman Antiquities; British and Mediæval Antiquities and Ethnography; Coins and Medals. Courses of lectures on the various antiquities of the Museum are from time to time delivered by experts at the Museum. The annual number of visitors is over half a million. The Museum is open free every week-day from 10 A.M. until 4, 5, or 6 P.M., according to the season; certain sections are also open in the evening.

better things: the sweepings of the streets and of the prison were turned into our armies and our fleets; there, perhaps with the stimulus of the cat, they were turned into good fighting material, obedient, disciplined, fearless.

The craftsman's greatest pleasure was in a hanging, conducted, as it was, with the pomp and ceremony of a triumphant procession all the way from Newgate to Tyburn. There was generally a "batch"—half a dozen men and women—taken out to die together; they rode in carts, sitting on their own coffins. The Ordinary went from one cart to another praying for them. They scoffed and jeered at him; the crowd, which was enormous, lining the whole road, cheered them as they passed. The young men ran beside the carts, shaking hands with these high-spirited martyrs who went out to die as cheerfully as St. Lawrence. Stalls were erected all along the line for the sale of gin. The friends of the sufferers, when they were turned off, pulled them by the feet to shorten their agonies. Realize, if you can, that procession, and think what lessons in civilization and humanity were thus offered to the London mob!

I say that the people were left to themselves; their hangings and their floggings were administered in public as a deterrent; pillory and stocks were served out with the same benevolent intention. But we cannot elevate a people by hanging them or by flogging them. Nor is it enough to open a church door and offer admission free to all the world. Charity schools there were, but they received no more than one in a hundred. Almshouses there were, but not enough for more than a fraction. Things grew daily worse. The lowest strata increased in numbers and in brutality until the Gordon Riots opened the eyes of London to the dangers in which they lived. Out of the experiments, tried one after the other—the church schools, the charity schools, the Sunday-schools, the alms and doles and benefactions, the heavy duties on spirits, the cheap newspapers, the cheap books—we have come at last to personal service. "How shall I do my part in helping the poor?" asks the young man of the present day. Money, he has learned, corrupts them; doles pauperize them. There is, in fact, nothing in the world that does the poor folk any real good except personal service among them.

Let us, then, consider some of the more salient features of personal service as they may be observed in the London of to-day. I will begin with a modern parish, not in the City of London, where there are few residents and often no poor at all, but a parish in the immediate neighborhood, in one of those districts close to the city boundaries, where for two hundred years the craftsmen and the serving-men have lived. The parish in my mind is one of the very poorest; it is managed by the Vicar, who has two curates and two or more ladies who help him in keeping in touch with the people. This staff is engaged the whole day long; they give up the whole of their time to the work; they

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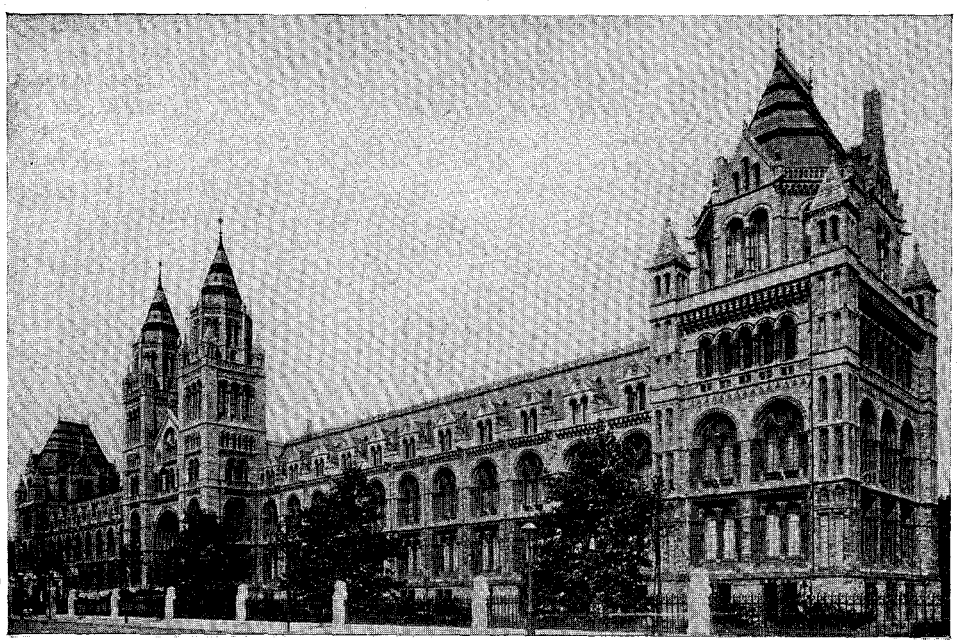
know every house and every resident in the parish. In the course of their work they must, in addition to the church services, become almoners, sanitary officers, distributers of food and clothing, general advisers, medical advisers, organizers of clubs for boys and girls, lenders of books, providers and inventors of amusements, in order to keep the people from the attractions of the public-house; they have to keep watchful eyes upon the girls, so that they may retain their self-respect; and upon the boys, so that they may retain, if possible, something of self-restraint; they have to get together mothers' meetings, clothing fairs, readings, lectures, country holidays. They must never cease, in a word, from pulling, pushing, hauling, and lifting the great inert mass which seems always trying to slip down again. It is impossible for them to carry on the whole work, or only a small part of the whole, by themselves. They must have fellow-workers, whom they cannot afford to pay. The richest parish in the world could not afford to pay all those who must work in it if the parish is to be worked properly. In the parish of which I speak there is a population of 8,000, of whom the Irish Catholics number three-fourths. The Vicar and his staff, however, make no difference on the ground of creed, nor do the Catholic priests object to the children belonging to the church clubs. The poverty of the parish is illustrated by the fact that, except at the Vicarage and the ladies' house, there is not a single domestic servant; there is no doctor; there is no other church or chapel, except, either just within or just without the parish boundaries, an ancient Quakers' meeting-house. In order to supply a choir, an organist, Sunday-school teachers, visitors, almoners, superintendents, directors of clubs, organizers of lectures, concerts, and amusements of all kinds, a company of over one hundred volunteers, unpaid, bound to carry out the work they undertake, is absolutely necessary. And this poor parish has raised that company of over one hundred!

This single parish may stand for all the parishes in and around London; all of them present the same features; they are all provided with clubs and guilds and institutions, which, while they do not avowedly demand religion of the members, have, as is well understood by the people, religion behind them. Among these parish institutions that of the Rough Lads' Club seems as useful as any. These poor fellows, who would run straight if



THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

The building was designed by Mr. Waterhouse. All of the façades are covered with terra-cotta bands and dressings. The hours of admission are the same as at the British Museum. The annual number of visitors is about 400,000.

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they could, are generally possessed of a pair of hands and nothing more; they can lend a hand here and there; they can become dock laborers; they lead a casual, hand-to-mouth life; in the parish of which I have spoken they hang about the river-side looking for odd jobs—they live by odd jobs. It is a poor sort of life, inevitably producing slackness of moral fiber, and daily increasing dislike to steady work. Now, the club takes these fellows every evening for three or four hours, sets them to knocking the devil out by hard boxing with gloves; it then sets them down quietly interested in a book; it encourages them, by providing them with other thoughts, to forget the girl with whom they "keep company;" it leads their thoughts away from their surroundings; it makes them by degrees desire better things; it steadily and irresistibly leads them upwards. In one such club that I know the management of the lads is entirely in the hands of a fragile, delicate girl. The boys treat her with chivalrous respect; they obey her, they make haste to do her service, they keep watch and guard over their language in her presence, and in her hearing they do not speak of things about which, as they know, she entertains the strangest and most narrow prejudices.

It is the same thing with the girls in their clubs; they dance together till they are quieted, then they sing, they talk, they read, they work. I think the general feeling is that the girls are harder to manage than the boys, and that the results are not so good. These girls are employed all day in some of the numerous industries of East London; they make shirts, they make buttonholes, jam, matches, boxes, every kind of thing that is wanted. They desire, above and before all things, a large and flaring feather in their hat. And next? Well, they would ask for another feather. The girls live on very little; they work very hard; the poor things are rough and noisy and ill-mannered, and, unfortunately, they often marry when they are really little better than children. The child-mother carrying her baby is, I do think, the saddest and the most pathetic sight that one can see in the slums of London.

But it must not be supposed that this kind of work is confined to the Anglicans. It is certainly done best by the Church of England, on account of the complete division of the country into parishes. There is not a spot in this island which does not belong to some parish, and is not under the supervision of some clergyman of the Established Church. But of late years there has been great activity in the same direction among many of the Nonconformist churches. To take an instance. I have before me the yearly report of a church—the Brixton Independent Church—which contains a full account of the work carried on by its members. In very truth, it is a noble record of voluntary work. The church has two centers of work: one attached to its own buildings, another in a very poor and thickly populated part of Lambeth. There are fifty-two associations or institutions attached to the church, and managed by the members. Among them, leaving out the purely religious institutions, are: (1) Charitable—as a Cottage Home, a Blanket Society, Dinners for Poor Children, a Sick Mission, a Provident Fund, Entertainments for the Poor. (2) Social—as Lectures, Musical Society, a Chess Club, a Glee Society, a Girls' Literary Society, Debating Society, a Lawn-Tennis Club, a Swimming Club, a Musical Drill Class, with many others. The roll of members of all these clubs included runs into the four figures; the number of voluntary workers amounts to some hundreds.

In close alliance with the parish work is the Church Army, an organization on lines somewhat similar to those of the Salvation Army, without its sensational and noisy side. The Church Army receives and deals with all cases which present themselves; it does not ask for references or for character—presumably, those who seek its assistance have no character. Its organizing chief, not considering forty and odd bishops who are its patrons, is the Rev. W. Carlile, rector of St. Mary-at-Hill in the City of London. They have opened twenty or thirty "Labor Houses" in London, where tramps, vagrants, criminals, inebriated, and the unemployed generally, are received. In these Homes the people must work or go; they cannot obtain drink; they go away if they like; they stay if they like. The Army has, besides, farms where it trains lads to agricultural work, boarding-houses where women and girls

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A SCENE IN VICTORIA PARK

Victoria Park is a place of recreation for the poorer (the East) quarters of London. The larger portion of the park is unplanted, and is used for cricket and other games. The park also contains open-air gymnasiums.

TRAFALGAR SQUARE

In the center of the Square rises the column to the memory of Nelson, and to commemorate the battle of Trafalgar (1805). The pedestal is adorned with bronze reliefs, cast with the metal of captured cannon. In the illustration the National Gallery is seen in the distance. It contains one of the finest collections of pictures in the world, and has about 600,000 visitors a year.

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are kept out of mischief, and an emigration agency, a dispensary, a laundry, Women's Rescue Homes, and many other useful institutions. It will be readily understood that even a hardened prison-bird, with half a dozen convictions against his name, may at some time or other feel that his way of life is, after all, an inferior way—not so comfortable, indeed, as many other ways, precarious at best, and darkened with frequent periods of seclusion which entail hard labor and merely contemptible fare. In such a case, the Church Army receives him and, perhaps, reforms him. Perhaps it does not; still, there are its doors standing wide open, and there are its managers inviting, haling, shoving in the outcasts. One thing is certain—that thousands of poor girls have been found to avail themselves of the Homes and the Asylums of the Church Army, to give up their old life, and to take in exchange a life of hard work and purity therewith.

CANON BARNETT
Head of Toynbee Hall and Vicar of St. Jude's, Whitechapel

MR. CHARLES BOOTH
Author of "Life and Labor of the People of London"

MR. PERCY ALDEN
Head of Mansfield House. The author of articles in The Outlook on settlement work.

THE REV. WILSON CARLILE
Organizing Chief of the Church Army, and Rector of St. Mary-at-Hill.

One institution more, before we leave the slums. It is the camp. Some there are who think it never justifiable to give either to boys or men what they have not earned. I am not of that school. There are many things which can never be earned, but must be given; there are things of which poor lads would never dream unless they were actually bestowed upon them. Among these things are: the day in the country, the day by the seaside, when the children are taken out in vans or by train for a whole day to play upon the grass, and with tea and cake as much as they can desire; the other is that most delightful of gifts to boys—the camp; the life under canvas—of course at the seaside. Now, the camp is not altogether a free gift; the boys must pay five shillings a week; this includes their railway fare; so it is evident that some one must find the difference. They sleep in tents, or perhaps upon straw in a barn—tents for choice; they have the plainest and simplest food—plenty of tea, cocoa, bread and butter, cold boiled beef, and so forth; they go fishing, rowing, sailing; they play cricket; they wear a kind of uniform, which fills them with pride; they get up and dress; they take their meals; they go to bed—at the bugle-call. As regards the general influence of the camp upon the boys, hear the words of the Rev. Professor Bonney:

"The camp is a great instrument for good in ways even more important. It counteracts insensibly and unobtrusively two influences which at the present day are exceptionally pernicious to the young. The Englishman has always prided himself on his love of liberty, but only of late years has he begun to burn incense on the altar of lawlessness. . . . Certain regulations as to the times and duties have to be observed, and the lad feels that he is no longer an Ishmael of the street, but a member of a well-ordered community, the comfort of which depends on the exercise of a certain amount of self-restraint on the part of its individual members. He gets, in fact, the advan-

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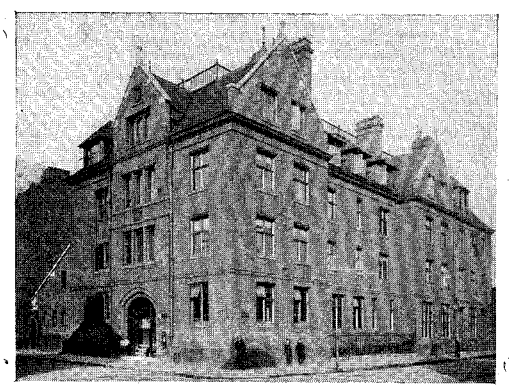
tages of school discipline without those regulations which, by their minuteness and precision, are apt to render both of them irksome. . . . The other influence brought to bear during the stay in camp is one which at the present time is particularly needed. It is a well-known fact that, in the passage from childhood to manhood, the physical development commonly outstrips the moral. At this epoch the animal passions are strong, the spiritual forces comparatively weak; the docility of childhood is replaced by the audacity of manhood, while the mind is still unbalanced and the judgment immature. Now, just at this time of life, when restraining influences are most needed, a large number of our working lads are able to break or slip away from them; they think themselves too old for school classes; they leave off going to any place of worship; they turn Sunday into a day of mere pleasure-seeking. . . . There is no missionary to careless boyhood half so effective as a manly Christian."

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE

Mile End Road, East London. The building is devoted to the recreation and amusement, the intellectual and material advancement, of the vast artisan population of the East End. Its form was suggested by the "Palace of Delight" described in Sir Walter Besant's novel, "All Sorts and Conditions of Men."

We are still in the slums. No article on the elevating influences of the time would be complete without mention of the Ragged Schools Union. Their original purpose has been accomplished; all the boys and girls of the country are now compelled to go to school; but the Union remains faithful to the principles with which it started, of work among the young of the lowest class. The Union possesses 315 schools, taught by 4,887 voluntary teachers; it has 97 school libraries, with 23,543 volumes; 47 clothing clubs; 119 institutes and recreation classes; 70 penny banks, with deposits amounting to nearly £14,000; it looks after 6,000 cripples in their own homes; it sends 6,680 children every year into the country for a fortnight's holiday. I say nothing about its religious side, its prayer-meetings and Bible classes; I only want to show the magnitude of the work undertaken, and the vast army of voluntary workers who carry it on.



OXFORD HOUSE

Mape Street, Bethnal Green Road, East London. This, Toynbee Hall, and Mansfield House are university and social settlements in East London. There are rooms for a number of residents who may wish better to help the poor by sharing their life and experiences so far as is possible.

There is, next, the mission work undertaken by the public schools and colleges. It is quite remarkable to observe how the boys at school and the young men at the university rejoice in maintaining these missions. If a school cannot afford a mission, it may yet contribute to one. Thus, Highgate Grammar School is one of the smaller of our public schools, yet the boys built a Mission House which they presented to Whitechapel. I have before me a record of the work done by the Eton Mission. One of the young fellows, an old Etonian, who formerly worked in the mission, writes the account. They took a place in Hackney, a very commonplace East London suburb, but not what is called a slum; there, however, they found plenty of rough young fellows who wanted taming and teaching. The

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Etonians got hold of these boys; gave them cricket, football, rowing, swimming, a gymnasium. The difficulties were tremendous; the lads were continually losing interest in things proposed, harking back to their old slough of drink, gambling, and those pursuits which are accessible to all; then there would be trouble, with mutiny and a little fighting; then they would settle down again. In a word, London is studded with these settlements or missions, all more or less on the same lines, each one of which is worked by unpaid volunteers. Perhaps it is thought that these young workers are rich; not at all; many of them are young barristers, journalists, city men, all kinds; they leave their work in the Inns of Court or the city, and after a laborious day get over to their mission for a laborious evening. And they never tire of the work, which carries them on, in spite of the many disappointments, because of its purely human interest. Of course it is work that only a young man can attempt. To obtain a real hold of these lads one must do something well which they ardently admire and would like to do; one must play well to the front at football; send the ball flying over the cricket-field; put on the gloves and knock any fellow—all comers—out of time; run faster than the fastest; row better than the lads; do wonderful things on the gymnastic bars. These are the things that win the lads' hearts first; the rest follows. No one ought to attempt this kind of work who cannot, for something that he does better than the lads, command their respect. He must be their leader in one thing, if they are to follow in other things.

POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE, REGENT STREET

One point in this kind of work must be noted—it belongs to the church as well as to the club: the unceasing physical activity that it demands. The curate, with his ungainly dress of flopping skirts and soft black felt, is up and about the parish morning, noon, and night. There is no rest for him; he has no time for reading; he has no time for thought or meditation; he has no repose, except in bed. He is not much of a scholar, and nothing of a divine; he cannot preach to any purpose; but he gives himself, heart and mind, to the service of the poor, as much as any Franciscan friar in the early days of reality and of love.

There is one point on which I once insisted more strongly than I should do now. It is that the institutions whose objects are educational and elevating should be managed by the people for whom they were intended. I do not now, having more experience, think that our people are as yet advanced sufficiently to manage these things for themselves. The experiment has been tried in a certain part of London, called Hoxton, twice, and each time it resulted in failure. The first time a library was collected; a committee was formed; rules were drawn up; there were to be reading-rooms, a debating society, chess-rooms, and occasional dances, lectures, and entertainments. The institute was to contain women as members as well as men. At first the real founder acted as Hon. Secretary; he attended all the committee meetings; he instructed the men in their work. The men were, so to speak, picked. Hoxton is a city of a thousand industries; trades of all kinds were represented in this institute; the men were reasonable, intelligent, and anxious to make it a success. The girls seemed also to take a pride in their insti-

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THE REV. HUGH PRICE HUGHES

THE REV. CANON SHUTTLEWORTH

tute. When our Hon. Secretary was quite sure that the machine could be run without danger, he retired. A month later the institute fell to pieces, for reasons too long to be detailed. Again we started, this time with a pleasant little hall; we held lectures; we collected a new library; we began with the best intentions; the people were left together to themselves: in three months the new institute followed the old. Had the original Secretary been able to remain, that institute would now, I believe, be a center of light and leading for the population of Hoxton.

Let us now take one step upwards. We find ourselves on the level for which a great number of institutions are running; it is a level raised a good deal above those rough lads' clubs; a level where there is no rough-and-tumble, no mutiny, no fighting. It is the level for which Toynbee Hall chiefly exists. Toynbee Hall, the first of all such institutions, and still incomparably the best; Toynbee Hall, whose lectures are as good as those of the Royal Institution, Albemarle Street; whose Easter exhibition of pictures is as fine as the old masters at the Royal Academy; whose workers are a splendid company of young university men; whose founder is a clergyman with a talent for administration which has enabled him to create this delightful place, and an originality of thought and language which after his five and thirty years of splendid work has left him still only Vicar of St. Jude's, Whitechapel, and Canon of Bristol, his native city. All kinds of commonplace persons have been promoted to Bishoprics and Deaneries; Canon Barnett, passed over, remains among his own people. Better for the people? I am not so sure. It would, I think, be better for the people if they saw this noble Christian life recognized by the highest distinctions which the Church has to offer. It is not that any such distinction would distinguish this man, but it would distinguish the Church, and it would help the people to believe in the Church which this man has so long advocated, with the reward that he has been passed over in silence and contempt. With Toynbee Hall may be ranked the various Polytechnics in London, the father of which is the institute in Regent Street, founded by Mr. Quentin Hogg. These Polytechnics are all alike; they give instruction in the evening to lads between fifteen and twenty or upwards—the age varying; they also have, for the most part, a day-school in technical work. The Polytechnics teach everything as well as it can be taught; I mean that they have all the appliances for teaching, together with teachers as good as could be got at any university. They are more than schools, however; they contain within themselves clubs of every description, athletic, literary, social. Let us, for instance, consider the People's Palace, which is far more than a Polytechnic. It contains a day-school of boys in technical work, and evening classes where everything practical is taught. Here are a debating society, a literary society, a sketching club, a ramblers' club, a harriers' club, a football club, a swimming club, a gymnastic club, orchestral and singing clubs, a choral society, besides art schools, engineering schools, mathematical schools, schools for photography, shorthand, French, chemistry and physics, and everything else that you please. The place every evening contains thousands of students besides those who come for the concerts, for the library, for the winter garden, for the social evenings and dances of the girls.

What is to be the end of these schools? What will become of the "Poly" boys? It is hard to say; they are having as

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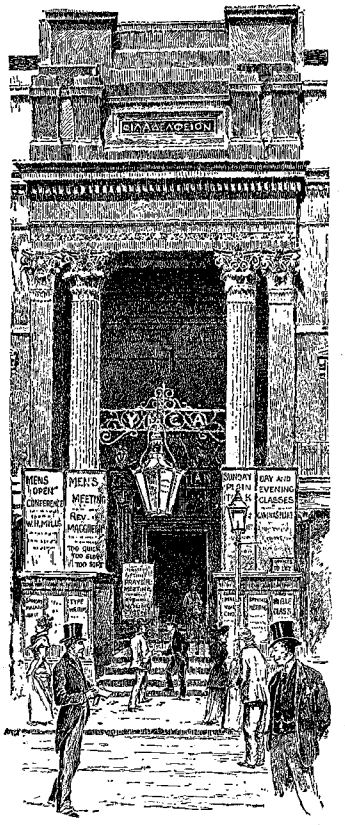
good an education as many a lad destined to eminence in art, science, and literature. What will they do with this great and wonderful acquisition? It is difficult to find an answer. I have my own view. I find many of them already eager to leave the industrial life and to plunge into journalism. It is said that the pay of journalists is decreasing rapidly on account of this invasion. I do not believe that they will stop at journalism; they will demand the throwing open of all the professions—to enter which now costs from a thousand to two thousand pounds—by passing examinations. This, however, will not happen just yet. It is sufficient to note that at the present moment London lads by tens of thousands are receiving as good an education as the average public-school boy.

Of girls' clubs I have already spoken; they vary in social importance with the standing of the girls; for instance, Miss Maude Stanley's girls, in Soho, are gentlewomen compared with those of a Whitechapel club. For girls, also, of the better sort there are boarding-houses, where they can live with great cheapness—too great, considering that it enables them to take lower pay than would be offered them were things dearer.

There are, next, which must not be overlooked, a few institutes where special classes are looked after. Thus the Rev. Professor Shuttleworth, Rector of St. Nicholas Cole Abbey in the city, has founded a club for the use of the respectable young men and girls who are clerks and accountants, shorthand writers post-office and telegraph employees, and the like. It is a charming place, in the very heart of the city, looking out at the back on a disused burial-ground, converted into a little garden. This club is, frankly, a place of social intercourse, culture, and reaction. They hold smoking concerts and dramatic representations; they have dances; in the summer they have cricket and lawn-tennis. And here, unlike all other clubs of the kind, the fellows can take their glass of bitter or their "four of Scotch," and, so far, without any mischief.

My limits are over-passed. I am conscious of omissions by the hundred, but then my readers do not wish for a catalogue. For instance, I have said little about the men chiefly known as leaders in these movements; I have said nothing about the free libraries now springing up in all directions. The influence of the libraries will be educational and ennobling, or the reverse, according to the way in which they are used. Most of the books in demand are fiction. I should be the last person to make an outcry on this subject, because I am quite certain that there is no more potent factor in modern education than modern fiction at its best, and no more potent engine for evil than modern fiction at its worst.



EXETER HALL, FRONT ENTRANCE

To conclude, I have endeavored to show, by taking the example of one parish only, the work that goes on in almost every London parish—in some more thoroughly, in others less. You have seen that in a well-worked parish there is not a house whose character is not known to the clergy. You have seen how volunteers crowd the ranks of the workers, working in obscurity, absolutely unknown, and desiring no notoriety and no reward. That is good for the workers, at least, is it not? You have seen the boys by tens of thousands in the evening classes taught discipline and self-restraint and a love of order by all these clubs; you have seen the Labor Houses for the outcast and the criminal, the Rescue Homes for the fallen.

What, you will ask, is to be the end of all this

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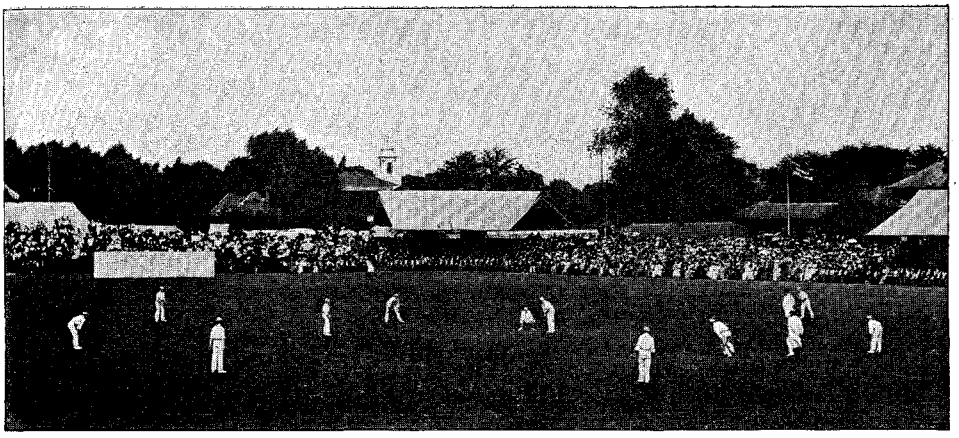

A GAME OF CRICKET AT LORD'S

effort? Well, if there are 50,000 lads in the Polytechnics, there are 250,000 outside; we, therefore, influence one in five, at most; this one we turn out, for the most part, a splendid fellow—honest, intelligent, skilled. What about the others? For them we can only say that we trust that the fifth man will influence the other four; we trust to bring more and more of the other four into the nets which are being spread for them everywhere. As for the slums and tenement lodgers and the rough lads and the factory girls, there is nothing to do but to work on, and to keep working on, and never to lose hope whatever happens, and never to lose faith in the human heart, which may now be desperately wicked, but is not so bad as to be beyond the reach of the strong arm and the patient brain.

Some Literary Worthies

Plutarch

By Hamilton W. Mabie

PLUTARCH has probably been more widely read than any other writer who used the Greek language; and he has had the unusual fortune to be read with equal interest by men and boys. Women have, as a rule, cared little for him; although it was a woman who paid the Lives the finest tribute they have ever received when she described them as "the pasture of great souls." That men and boys have cared for him greatly, and that women, as a class, have not been drawn to him, is due, no doubt, to the fact that Plutarch was concerned chiefly with the active side of life and only subordinately with those aspects of antique character and history which appeal to sentiment and the imagination. The sharp limitations of Plutarch's interest in affairs have given his studies, portraitures, and moralizations clear-cut precision and definiteness of outline. As a recorder of men in action he had no peer in the older literature, and he has had no superior among modern writers. With the speculative activities of antique life, with its spiritual affinities and its genius for artistic expression, he has only subordinate concern; with its courage, calmness, moderation, stoicism, resolute conscience in thought and in action, he is in most devout sympathy.

The first of biographers, he was also one of the first of moralists; for he was profoundly interested in thought as soon as thought passed into action and became character. In fact, character is the master word in his vocabulary, as it is in Emerson's; and it is this fine note, heard with distinctness in the long series of Lives and essays, which has made him the companion and friend of men far apart in point of time and differing widely in taste and education.

Boys find the Lives fascinating because

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they are so full of movement, incident, and action; because they show men on a great stage, doing their work and meeting their destinies with endurance and courage. Men read the Lives for these same qualities, plus a moralization which is never obtruded but which is never absent; a quality which strikes into the deeper ground beneath action, where impulse, instinct, and conviction silently determine a man's career and shape his frame and destiny.

Plutarch's deep interest in the moral aspects of life kept him from being a gossip; but, fortunately for modern readers, he had an immense appetite for personal matters; for those details which make the man and the age clear and vivid to the thought of a later time. It has been said of him that in a corrupt age he had the innocence of a child; he was also blessed with a child's curiosity; no habit or peculiarity seemed trivial to him, and nothing escaped his keen eye. To this delightful freshness and wholesome inquisitiveness we owe in no small measure our knowledge of the chief actors in Greek and Roman life. "I do not write Histories, but Lives," he says in the introduction to the Life of Alexander; "nor do the most conspicuous acts of necessity exhibit a man's virtue or his vice, but oftentimes some slight circumstance, a word or a jest, shows a man's character better than battles with the slaughter of tens of thousands, and the greatest arrays of armies and sieges of cities. Now, as painters produce a likeness by a representation of the countenance and the expression of the eyes, without troubling themselves about the other parts of the body, so must I be allowed to look rather into the signs of a man's character, and thus give a portrait of his life, leaving others to describe great events and battles." Plutarch was not of the opinion of the modern biographer that the life of a man must be also the history of his time; he was content to paint portraits, and to leave to others those vast historical cartoons into which the art of portraiture has too often been extended. Plutarch's art is evidenced by nothing more clearly than by his skill in making the most of small canvases; he is the most direct and simple of writers in his aim and method, and yet he manages to secure the results of the most adroit workmanship; he abounds in stories and anecdotes, but he holds himself to his self-imposed limits as resolutely as Tacitus. He writes with a free pen, and yet he is neither garrulous nor prolix. He moves with as much freedom as the contemporary biographer who disports himself in three octavo volumes; and yet he gives us the character, drawn with the greatest distinctness, in twenty or thirty pages! There is need that we should imitate, not only the antique virtues of Plutarch's men, but the antique restraint of Plutarch's method.

The secret of Plutarch's perennial interest for all sorts and conditions of men lies in the fact that he talks with his pen; he is always personal and intimate without a touch of intrusiveness. There was a delightful familiarity in his style which carried him very close to the great figures about whom he spoke, and which brings him very near to us. Our knowledge of his personal history is so slight that it is a mere thread, and yet more modern men have been intimate with him than with any man of his time or of the times before him. Among the quick-witted Athenians a Bœotian was counted a dull fellow, and birth in that country was not regarded as a piece of good fortune. It is, however, one of the functions of great men to be born where they are not expected and to come from stock which gives small promise of their appearance. Born in Chæronea, in Bœotia, probably about the middle of the first century, the future biographer and essayist studied, it is believed, both in Athens and in Egypt, and, later, found his way to Rome—the city to which, in those days and for ambitious young men, all roads led. There is some reason to believe that he had already acquired some reputation, and that his lectures on philosophy and rhetoric, given in that city, were not only profitable to him in the delivery, but served later as material for short dissertations on many subjects. Rome was at this time the chosen field of young Greeks with gifts of public speech or of teaching; and his stay in the city must have been of great advantage in the opportunities for research which it offered. His knowledge of Latin appears to have been of a very superficial kind, and his heart was, apparently, never set upon Rome,

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North, his earliest English translator, says very quaintly: "Plutarch, though he tarried a long while in Italy and in Rome, yet that tooke not away the remembrance of the sweet aire of Greece, and of the little towne where he was borne; but being touched frome time to time with a sentence of an ancient poet, who saith that,

In whatsoever country men are bred
(I know not by what sweetness of it led),
They nourish in their minds a glad desire,
Unto their native homes for to retire,

he resolved to go back to Greece againe, there to end the rest of his daies in rest and honour among his citizens, of whome he was honourably welcomed home."

The Lives were probably written after his return to Chæronea. That he was married is proven by the existence of a touching letter to his wife on the occasion of the death of an only daughter. It is also known that he served as archon of the town, and that he was for many years a priest of Apollo at Delphi. So few and uncertain are the facts in the life of one who gave the lives of so many illustrious men imperishable interest! The story of this life is well summed up in these words of a modern writer: "Plutarch was well born, well taught, well conditioned; a self-respecting, amiable man, who knew how to better a good education by travels, by devotion to affairs private and public; a master of ancient culture, he read books with a just criticism; eminently social, he was a king in his own house, surrounded himself with select friends, and knew the high value of good conversation; and declares, in a letter written to his wife, that 'he finds scarcely an erasure, as in a book well written, in his life.'"

Plutarch was a voluminous writer, and much of his work has been lost, but enough remains to fill half a dozen large volumes—lives, "comparisons," essays, dialogues, conversations, dissertations—the whole covering a large range of subjects, but presenting a singular uniformity of style. It has been said of him that he wrote over a hundred books and was never dull! He was a sincere believer in a divine order in life, in personal immortality, and in the supremacy of the moral law; he was interested in as many subjects as Dr. Holmes, and he had endless stories at his command to illustrate them. He loved animals; he had great curiosity about natural processes and no mean knowledge of them; he had a world of information of a curious kind upon which he drew freely and with delight. He has vigor, vivacity, exactness, although he is by no means free from error. In range of information, breadth of interest, freshness of feeling, and curiosity about men and things, he is quite the most companionable man in antiquity.

And no man has had the frank admiration of a greater number of men of insight and intellect. He was Montaigne's master, and the keen Gascon drew upon him with a free hand. "I can hardly be without a Plutarch," he writes; "he is so universal and so full, that upon all occasions, and what extravagant subject soever you take in hand, he will still intrude himself into your business, and holds out to you a liberal and not to be exhausted hand of riches and embellishments. . . . I no sooner cast an eye upon him than I purloin either a leg or a wing." North's translation of the Lives was one of the books which fed Shakespeare, and out of it came three of his greatest plays; the very words of the biographer often serving as the poet's text. And who shall say how much of Shakespeare's education was gained from the rich pages of the Greek who knew the older world so well and made it live in sketches of character so distinct, so vital, and so vivid?

The charm of Plutarch was divined by Emerson in the phrase "I do not know where to find a book—to borrow a phrase of Ben Jonson's—'so rammed with life.'" But beyond this vitality of treatment lies the vitality of subject; for Plutarch dealt not with the opinions but with the life of the antique world. And if Dr. Jowett's prediction that the ethical teaching of the future will be largely through biography is fulfilled, the Lives will continue to be, what they have been so long, text-books for the education of the race.

❀

No man is born into the world whose work
Is not born with him; there is always work,
And tools to work withal, for those who will;
And blessed are the horny hands of toil!
The busy world shoves angrily aside
The man who stands with arms akimbo set,
Until occasion tells him what to do;
And he who waits to have his task marked out
Shall die and leave his errand unfulfilled.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

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The History of the Kindergarten in the United States

By Susan E. Blow

THE history of the kindergarten in America begins in 1859, when Miss Elizabeth Peabody, of Boston, became interested in Froebel's writings. Miss Peabody had participated in the great social, literary, religious, and philosophic movement somewhat vaguely described as New England Transcendentalism, and was peculiarly fitted both by natural endowment and experience to enter into the thought of Froebel. Her interest in his ideas grew and strengthened, and finally, in 1867, she went to Europe to study his educational principles and to visit the kindergartens in which those principles were put into practice. During her absence a genuine kindergarten was established in Boston through the efforts of her sister, Mrs. Mann. This kindergarten was conducted by Madame Matilda Kriege and her daughter, Miss Alma Kriege. Satisfied that the practical embodiment of Froebel's ideas was in competent hands, Miss Peabody upon her return to America in 1868 resolved to devote herself to the propagation of his principles by writing and lecturing. In her view (as her friend Miss Garland has recently reminded us) "kindergartning was not a craft, but a religion; not an avocation, but a vocation from on high;" and by steadily proclaiming and faithfully living this lofty ideal, she did much to fan the flame of consecrated endeavor without which the kindergarten, as Froebel conceived it, can have no actual embodiment. With this ideal Madame Kriege and her daughter were in full sympathy, and their devotion to it was proved by the efforts and sacrifices which laid the firm foundations of the kindergarten system in Boston.

Through the influence of Miss Peabody the first public kindergarten in America was opened in Boston in 1870. It was carried on successfully for several years, but was finally given up because the city was not ready to appropriate money for extending the system. A second public kindergarten, under the direction of Miss Susan Pollock, was opened in Brighton in January, 1873, and abolished soon after Brighton was annexed to Boston in 1874. The new education, however, found a generous friend in Mrs. Quincy A. Shaw, who established and for years supported a number of free kindergartens for the children of the poor. The direction of these kindergartens was confided to Miss Laliah B. Pingree, a woman possessing remarkable powers of organization, rare judgment, and a generous mind.

ELIZABETH PALMER PEABODY

After an object-lesson continued for ten years the city of Boston was convinced of the merit of the Froebellian system, and in 1888 the fourteen kindergartens established by Mrs. Shaw were adopted by the Public School Board. In 1889 Mrs. Shaw offered to the Boston Normal School the services of a teacher in kindergarten theory and practice, and, her offer being accepted, she chose Miss Laura Fisher to fill the position. In 1895 Miss Fisher was made Director of the sixty-one Public Kindergartens of Boston, and to her insight and tact is largely due the exceptional merit of the public work in that city. Her report to the Superintendent of Public Schools for

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1895–96 has been recognized by leading educational journals as one of the most valuable contributions ever made to the literature of the kindergarten, and I cordially indorse the suggestion of one of its reviewers "that it should be printed and everywhere circulated, read, pondered, and inwardly digested."

In 1871–72 Miss Mary J. Garland studied with Madame Kriege. She had had long experience in different grades of school work, and for the eight years preceding her study of the kindergarten had been resident as one of the two head teachers at a large Church of England school in Montreal. In the fall of 1872 she opened a kindergarten and a normal class for young women who desired to become kindergartners. One of the members of this class was Miss R. J. Weston, who in 1873 became Miss Garland's associate, and for twenty-two years (until her death in 1895) labored with her unremittingly for the kindergarten cause. The work of Miss Garland and Miss Weston was of a threefold character, embracing a kindergarten, a school for older boys and girls, and (with the exception of a period of seven years, when the strain of the kindergarten and school was breaking them both down) a normal class for kindergartners. Believing that character, both noble and true, is the first requisite in one who is to attempt to form character, Miss Garland and Miss Weston accepted no students without personal acquaintance and a month of probation.

MRS. E. W. BLATCHFORD

Prominent among their pupils are Miss Emilie Poulsson, known and loved by mothers and kindergartners for her beautiful finger plays; Miss Harriet Jenks (now Mrs. Greenough), author of a favorite collection of kindergarten songs; Miss Sara E. Wiltse, known to all kindergartners through her stories, and to the general educational public through her contributions to the literature of child study; Miss Laliah B. Pingree, to whom allusion has already been made; and Miss Elizabeth Lombard, who was for some years associated with her in the direction of Mrs. Shaw's work.

NORA A. SMITH

In 1872 Miss Haines, of New York, decided to introduce the kindergarten into her school, and invited Miss Boelte, a German lady of high culture, to conduct the experiment. Miss Boelte had studied three years with Froebel's widow, and later had done most efficient work in England as assistant to Madame Ronge. She had also won a high reputation in Germany through a kindergarten which she established and conducted in Lübeck. About a year after her arrival in America she married Professor John Kraus and established an independent kindergarten and normal class. She has educated hundreds of intelligent young women for the kindergarten work, and through her pupils has made her influence widely felt. In conjunction with Professor Kraus she has written an excellent practical guide to the Froebel "Gifts and Occupations." Her normal work still continues, and she

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is to-day the representative in America of the Froebel tradition, and of the most direct line of the apostolic succession.

No account of the beginnings of the kindergarten in America would be complete without reference to the work of Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Hailman. Of the former Miss Peabody wrote in 1879: "I do not know any one who has made such substantial sacrifices to the cause, or is doing more for it now." For some years Mr. Hailman published and practically maintained a kindergarten magazine; he also translated and printed at his own expense a number of German pedagogic pamphlets, and has himself made large contributions to Froebellian literature. Among his works are: "Kindergarten Culture in the Family and Kindergarten," "Kindergarten Manual," "Law of Childhood, and Other Papers." He has also made a most helpful translation of Froebel's "Education of Man." Mrs. Hailman has published a collection of Songs and Games, and written articles bearing on different aspects of the kindergarten work. Her monograph on "Symbolism in Early Education" is of especial value, and should be carefully read by all who are interested in this much-misunderstood phase of the Froebellian ideal.

In the year 1872, with the exception of the public work to which allusion has already been made, the few kindergartens existing in America were private enterprises which generally drew their pupils from the wealthier classes. About this time the Hon. William T. Harris, the present United States Commissioner of Education, who was then Superintendent of Schools in St. Louis, called attention to the kindergarten, and suggested that experiments be made by primary teachers with a view to introducing into the public schools such features of the system as might prove practical and helpful.

The outcome of this suggestion was the opening of an experimental kindergarten in the fall of 1873. The work was approved by the School Board, and in 1874 two more experimental kindergartens were opened, one of which was conducted by Miss C. P. Dozier, who later did heroic work as supervisor of the St. Louis kindergartens, and who is now supervisor of the kindergartens conducted under the auspices of the New York Kindergarten Association. From this time kindergartens were established as rapidly as competent directors could be supplied to take charge of them; and when Dr. Harris left St. Louis in 1880 the kindergartens had an enrollment of 7,828 children, the annual expense had been reduced to less than $5 for each child, and the system was so firmly established that it has since that time proved itself impregnable to all attack.

A large system of public kindergartens possesses certain advantages over private work. Of these, one of the greatest is that the kindergartner is always exposed to a fire of adverse criticism. This was especially the case twenty-three years ago, when the great majority of public-school principals and teachers were opposed to the kindergarten and relentlessly denounced its principles and practice. At that time the Froebellian ideal was a spirit seeking incarnation, and the alert hostility of its critics was of the greatest benefit because it led to a conscious definition of principles and a conscious formulation of methods.

More helpful, however, than the challenge of opponents was the generous yet discriminating recognition of Dr. Harris. He saw what was valid in the kindergarten ideal, detected the misconceptions of its exponents, was prompt to correct psychologic errors and practical mistakes, and faithful in calling attention to the universal and necessary truths which all systems of education must respect. The kindergartners who worked under his supervision can never be sufficiently grateful for the insights which directly or indirectly have come to them from him.

The experiment in St. Louis was a crucial one, and had it failed it would have been almost impossible to get other cities to introduce the kindergarten into their public schools. There were many ready arguments against such an innovation: the argument of expense; the argument based on the tender age of kindergarten children; the argument that kindergartens would spoil the children and fill the primary rooms with intractable pupils; the argument that only rarely endowed and therefore rarely to be found persons could successfully conduct a kindergarten, and hence that the Froebellian insti-

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tution must forever remain the privilege of the wealthy few, or the occasional gift of charity to the abject poor. These arguments would have acquired irresistible force when confirmed by an abortive experiment. Dr. Harris steered the kindergarten cause through stormy waters to a safe harbor. He proved that the kindergarten could be made an integral part of the public-school system. He made the city of St. Louis pay for its kindergartens. He devised ways and means of reducing expenses to a minimum. He collected statistics showing that kindergarten children did better on entering school than those who had received no such training. It was impossible to go on repeating that a thing could not be done in the face of the fact that it had been done, and with the success of the experiment in St. Louis recognition of the kindergarten as the first stage of all public education became simply a matter of time.

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN
(Mrs. Riggs)

Aside from the work done by Dr. Harris for the kindergarten, the mere fact that he threw the weight of his influence in its favor has been one principal cause of its rapid extension. Before his recognition of the merits of the system, it had no advocate who was universally recognized as an authority in educational matters. It was easy to sneer at the enthusiasm of kindergartners, and since most of them were not persons possessing general educational insight, it was easy to convict them of contradictions both in theory and practice. But with the indorsement of Dr. Harris the cause acquired both dignity and momentum, and many leading educators who had previously ignored it began seriously to consider its claims.

In its inner evolution the work in St. Louis was deeply influenced by Froebel's "Mother-Play;" and to an early recognition of the fact that this great book is the clearest exposition of the Froebellian ideal is due the priority of that city in forming classes of kindergartners for the study of science, literature, history, and philosophy, and thus connecting the ideal of child-nurture with the ideal of self-culture.

We must now travel from the Mississippi Valley to the Pacific coast. In 1876 Miss Emma Marwedel (who before the Froebellian system was introduced into the St. Louis public schools had conducted a private kindergarten in that city, and who later had represented the new education in Washington) opened a kindergarten in Los Angeles, and somewhat later established herself in Berkeley, Cal. In 1878 her brilliant pupil, Kate Douglas Wiggin (now Mrs. Riggs) accepted the principalship of the Silver Street Kindergarten (founded through the efforts of Dr. Felix Adler), and from this time the California movement took on that philanthropic phase by which it has been ever since distinguished. The Silver Street Kindergarten was supported by voluntary contributions, and it undertook missionary work among the children of the neediest and most depraved class. The spirit of the work is revealed in Mrs. Riggs's touching story of "Patsy," and the success which crowned her labors and those of her sister, Miss Nora A. Smith, who became her assistant and successor, was won by consecrated effort, fervent charity, and heroic patience.

In the spring of 1879 Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper visited the Silver Street Kinder-

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garten, became a convert to the cause, and through the members of her Bible class undertook the support of a free kindergarten. From this beginning her work grew into the Golden Gate Kindergarten Association, which through her power of inspiration and her genius for administration has become the largest, wealthiest, best organized, and most flourishing of all philanthropic associations for the extensio of the Froebel system.

Meantime, in 1880, Kate Douglas Wiggin founded the California Kindergarten Training-School and the California Froebel Society. Until 1892 the California Kindergarten Training-School, conducted by Mrs. Riggs and Miss Smith, trained all the directors and student assistants of the Golden Gate Association. Since that time the latter organization has had its own training-school, of which Miss Anna M. Stovall, a pupil of Miss Marwedel's, is principal.

MARIA KRAUS-BOELTE

Mrs. Leland Stanford, the honorary President of the Golden Gate Association, has given $190,000. Mrs. Phebe A. Hearst supports seven of its kindergartens, and has established a free lecture course for mothers and kindergartners. During the seventeen years of its existence the Golden Gate Association has given training to about 30,000 children, and has received in endowments and other forms of contributions $500,000. This organization now supports forty-one kindergartens, each one of which, through visiting committees, mothers' meetings, and social gatherings, has become in a measure a social settlement. According to the testimony of police officials, every district in which one of these beneficent institutions is located rises in the moral scale.

The growth of the work is shown in the following figures: At the close of the first year there were two kindergartens, 109 children enrolled, and the total receipts of the Association were $1,805.70. At the close of the sixteenth year there were 40 kindergartens, 3,588 children enrolled, and the total receipts were $44,205.77.

The Golden Gate Association has published and distributed over 80,000 Annual Reports. The reading of these reports has resulted in the establishment of 300 kindergartens in this and other countries. The exhibit of this Association won the prize at the Chicago Exposition.

It is related of Napoleon Bonaparte that, in a conversation with Madame Campan, he remarked that "the old systems of instruction seemed to be worth nothing," and asked, "What is wanting that the people should be properly educated?" "Mothers," replied Madame Campan. The reply struck the Emperor. "Yes," said he; "here is a system of education in one word. Be it your care to train up mothers who shall know how to educate their children."

Whoever has studied the writings of Froebel knows that the education of mothers was one of the most important features of his ideal endeavor. Practically, however, the work in this direction amounted to very little, until two women of insight, energy, and enthusiasm, Mrs. J. N. Crouse and Miss Elizabeth Harrison, discerned its true significance, and crowned the development of the new education with a triumphant series of kindergarten courses for mothers, and the establishment of a Mothers' Department in the Chicago Kindergarten College.

Those who believe in "the divinity that shapes our ends" will find something providential in the circumstances which brought together a kindergartner of rare enthusiasm and power of inspiration and a woman who, through years of successful experience as a teacher, had been led to face the problems which Froebel solves; who later had been taught by motherhood to feel the needs of mothers, and who is one of those geniuses of the will in whom the currents of energy fairly surge under the impulsion of unrealized ideals.

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The Chicago Kindergarten College was established by Mrs. Crouse and Miss Harrison in 1891. The plan of founding such an institution was suggested to the two friends by Mr. Denton J. Snider, and its creative idea in his mind was "that the great play-song of the great poet is but a development of the little play-song of the little child, and the kindergartner who can feel, see, and connect the two in her heart and in her intellect has indeed become educated and an educator." The College has therefore developed and extended the literary and historic courses begun in St. Louis, and by adding courses in science and art has connected the kindergarten with the total round of man's spiritual activity.

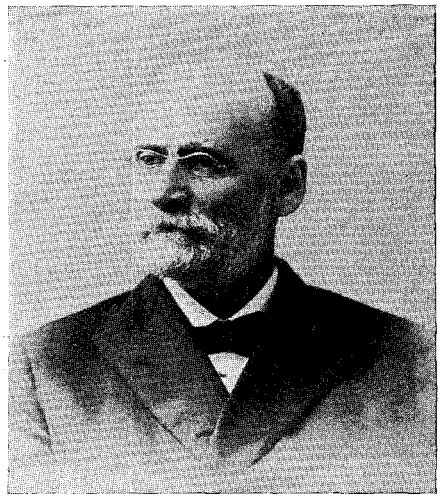
This organization supports a number of kindergartens wherein students learn to apply Froebellian principles. It has a department for kindergartners and kindergartner trainers; departments for mothers, nurses, and primary teachers; also departments of literature and publication, and a philanthropic department. The several branches of training are all in the hands of competent specialists.

In addition to its regular curriculum the College conducts each summer a school

MRS. SARAH B. COOPER

of pedagogy and each winter a literary school.

During the year 1891–92 the mothers' department of the College gave instruction to 725 mothers. The effects of such instruction in enhancing the sanctity of family life and creating a more conscious and consecrated motherhood can hardly be exaggerated. Recently the work of this department has been extended by holding a general convocation of mothers



DR. WILLIAM T. HARRIS

for the discussion of all phases of child-nurture.

The general progress of the Froebellian movement may be judged from the following statistics. In 1892 an inquiry sent out from the Bureau of Education obtained information of the existence of 2,000 private kindergartens. This number has doubtless increased greatly within the past three years.

With regard to public kindergartens information is more definite. Philadelphia, with 125 kindergartens, under the able supervision of Miss Constance Mackenzie, leads all the cities of the United States. St. Louis follows with 98 kindergartens; Boston has 61 kindergartens; Chicago has 40 kindergartens; Milwaukee, 40; New York City, 28; and the system has also been introduced into the public schools of Buffalo, Rochester, Albany, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Syracuse, Des Moines, Los Angeles, Sacramento, and a host of smaller cities and towns. In some of these towns the kindergartens are supported by associations, the public schools merely giving the rooms. Bills providing for the general introduction of the kindergarten into the public-school system have been passed by the Legislatures of Ohio, Illinois, Iowa, California, and Colorado, and it is probable that similar action has been taken in

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other States. Information on this subject is greatly to be desired.

In addition to public and private kindergartens, there exist in many cities flourishing associations which support free kindergartens for poor children, and some of which have a normal department for the training of kindergartners. Conspicuous among these is the Kindergarten Association of Baltimore, under whose auspices Miss C. M. C. Hart conducts a most remarkable training-school, which numbers at present seventy-five pupils, divided into Juniors, Seniors, Post-Graduates, and Alumnæ. The Juniors and Seniors take the usual kindergarten course; the Post-Graduates and Alumnæ study psychology, literature, Froebel's "Education of Man," and have an advanced course in the "Mother-Play." The fact that all these classes are conducted by Miss Hart gives to the work a unity and power which it would be hard to overvalue.

Of other organizations one of the best known is the Chicago Froebel Association, whose President, Mrs. E. W. Blatchford, organized the first free kindergarten in Chicago, and whose training-school is conducted by Mrs. A. H. Putnam, the veteran leader of kindergarten work in Chicago. Chicago is also proud of her Free Kindergarten Association, which supports 18 kindergartens, and has a normal department. New York City has an association which supports 15 kindergartens; Cincinnati one which supports 29 kindergartens (three of which are connected with the public schools). The Louisville Association supports 9 kindergartens, and has a children's department, parents', nurses', Sunday-school, boarding, and normal departments. There are also kindergarten associations in Brooklyn, Buffalo, Utica, Pittsburg, Toledo, Cleveland, Indianapolis, Detroit, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Milwaukee, St. Louis, Grand Rapids, Denver, Salt Lake City, and many other cities and towns. The work done by some of these organizations is most excellent; in others it is not so good; the difference in character being due chiefly to varying ability and insight in the kindergarten trainers, to whom are confided the conduct of normal classes and the supervision of kindergartens.

Kindergarten departments have been established in many leading educational institutions. Prominent among these are the kindergarten department of Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, under the able and energetic direction of Miss Alice E. Fitts, and the kindergarten departments of the Teachers' College and the Workingman's Institute, New York City.

New and promising fields of Froebellian activity are the kindergarten settlement illustrated in the Peabody House, Boston, and the association of the kindergarten with college settlements, as in the work undertaken by the University of Chicago.

In this brief survey of the evolution of the kindergarten I have been forced to confine myself to movements which have either inaugurated or developed specific phases of the Froebellian ideal. I have written under an inward protest, knowing that the success of the kindergarten is due not alone nor even chiefly to the labors of the few who have broken new paths, but to the patient and heroic effort of the many who have converted these straggling paths into commodious highways. It is also with regret that I am forced to omit mention of the many workers who, too young to have participated in the struggle of the past, are wrestling bravely with the problems of to-day and waiting fearlessly the conflicts of to-morrow. Theirs is the greater privilege, for to them is granted the broader outlook and the deeper insight, the joy of present endeavor, the hope of future achievement. They shall rear in open air the structure of which their predecessors could only lay underground the foundation-stones.

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Nannie's Theater Party

By Anna Fuller

Author ot "Pratt Portraits," "A Venetian June," etc.

"YES, my dear, I went to the The*e*ter myself once when I was quite a girl, younger'n you be, I guess. 'Twas Uncle Bijah Lane that took me, 'n' he was so upsot by their hevin' a fun'ral all acted out on the stage that he come home and told Ma 'twa'n't no fit place for young girls to go to, 'n' I ain't never ben inside a the-*e*ter sence. Doos seem good to see play-actin' agin after all these years, I declare it doos!" and Miss Becky took up her sewing which she had laid down in a moment of enthusiasm.

"If you liked it half as well as I like to do it, Miss Becky, you'd like it even better than you do now," replied Lady Macbeth, with a cheerful gusto somewhat at odds with her tragic character.

Nannie Ray, herself still very new to the delights of theater-going, had recently seen a great actress play Lady Macbeth, and, fired with the spirit of emulation, she had been enacting the sleep-walking scene for the benefit of her country neighbor. Miss Becky Crawlin lived only half a mile down the road from the old Ray homestead, where the family were in the habit of spending six months of the year. She and Nannie had always been great cronies, Miss Becky finding a perennial delight in "that child's goings on."

The "child" meanwhile had come to be sixteen years old, but no one would have given her credit for such dignity who could have seen the incongruous little figure perched upon the slippery hair-cloth sofa, twinkling with delight at Miss Becky's encomiums. She wore a voluminous nightgown, from under the hem of which a pink gingham ruffle insisted upon poking itself out; her long black hair hung over her shoulders in sufficiently tragic strands; her cheeks, liberally powdered with flour, gleamed treacherously pink through a chance break in their highly artificial pallor, while portentous brows of burnt cork did their best to make terrible a pair of very girlish and innocent eyes. A touch of realism which the original Lady Macbeth lacked was given by a streak of red crayon which lent a murderous significance to the small brown hand.

"I declare!" her admiring auditor went on, stitching away to make up for lost time, "I can't see but that you do's well's the lady I saw—only she was dressed prettier and went round with a wreath on her head. A wreath's always so becomin'! We used to wear 'em May Day when I was a girl. They was made o' paper flowers, all colors, so's you could suit your complexion, and when it didn't rain I must say we looked reel nice. 'Twas surprisin', though, how quick a few drops o' rain would wilt one o' them paper wreaths right down so's you'd scurcely know what 'twas meant for."

"Tell me some more about the girl with the wreath, Miss Becky," said Lady Macbeth, longing to curl herself up in a corner, but too mindful of her tragic dignity to unbend.

"Well, she looked reel pretty, but she didn't hev *sperit* enough to suit my idees. She was kind o' lackadaisical and namby-pamby, 'n' when her young man sarsed her she didn't seem to hev nothin' to say for herself. I must say 'twas a heathenish kind of a play, anyway, 'n' I ain't s'prised that Uncle Bijah got sot agin it. The language wa'n't sech as I'd ben brought up to, either."

Lady Macbeth had leaned forward and was clasping her knees, thus unconsciously widening the expanse of pink gingham visible beneath the white robe. She was glad she had modified her Shakespeare to suit her listener, though "Out, *dreadful* spot" was not nearly as blood-curdling as the original.

Miss Becky meanwhile had not paused in her narration.

"There was a long-winded young man," she was saying, "him that sarsed his girl. 'n' he went slashin' round, killin' folks off in a kind of an aimless way, an'—"

"It must have been Hamlet that you saw!" cried Nannie, much excited. "Oh, I *do* so want to see Hamlet!"

"Yes, Hamlet; that was it. And then

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there was a ghost in it that sent the shivers down my back; 'n' a king and queen; 'n' the king looked for all the world like Deacon Ember, Jenny Lowe's grandpa that died before you was born, 'n' I declare I *did* enjoy it! 'Twas jest like bein' alive in history times! Why, I ain't had sech shivers down my spine 's the ghost give me, sence that day, till I seen you standin' there tryin' to wash your hands without any water, and your eyes rollin' fit to scare the cat!"

"Would you like to have me do it again for you, Miss Becky?" asked Nan, springing to her feet with renewed ardor; and straightway she stationed herself at the end of the little room and began propelling herself forward, with occasional erratic halts.

The September sunshine came slanting in through the tiny panes of glass at the window, and touched with impartial grace the youthful figure of distracted mien, the worsted tidies on the haircloth furniture, and the neat alpaca occupant of the stuffed "rocker." Again the sewing was forgotten and Miss Becky's glittering spectacles were fixed upon the tragic queen. As the queer little figure stalked solemnly down the room, eyes fixed in a glassy stare, hands wringing one another distressfully; as a moving wail rent the air to the effect that—

"All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand," a most agreeable succession of shivers made a highway of Miss Becky's spine.

"Why don't you go to the theater now, Miss Becky?" Nannie asked, when, having laid aside her tragic toggery, she came in her own person to take her leave. "I should think you'd like to go again."

"Oh, yes, I should be reel tickled to go again, but I ain't got nobody to go with, and, well—there's other reasons besides!"

Nannie blushed to think how inconsiderate she had been, to force her old friend to allude even indirectly to her poverty, and she walked up the dusty road to her own gate filled with compunction and pity. Just outside the gate was a little wilderness of goldenrod and asters. She thought what a pity it was that they should get so gray with dust. Poor things, they could not help it; they had to stay where chance had planted them, unless somebody picked them and carried them away, and even then they left their roots behind them. Somehow they made her think of Miss Becky living her little narrow stationary life all alone in the old tumble-down farm-house. And just at this point in her reflections a delightful scheme entered her head.

Now, Nannie was the recipient of a slender monthly allowance intended for gloves and ruchings, postage-stamps and such "small deer;" and, having spent the last four months far from the allurements of city shops, she happened at this juncture to be in funds. Her stock of gloves, to be sure, was pretty well exhausted, and Christmas was only a few months away. But Miss Becky was nearer still, and Nannie had no hesitation between the two claims. As a natural consequence, it happened that, one pleasant day early in October, Miss Becky, in her best black bonnet, found herself steaming up to Boston, being about to do Nannie "a real favor" by chaperoning her to the theater. Miss Becky was so much oppressed by the gravity of her responsibility that she hardly took in the fact that she was going to the theater herself. They were to see "The Shaughraun," a play which her best friend had assured Nannie was "just great;" and as the train rushed up to town the young hostess was at a loss to decide whether she was happier on her own account or on Miss Becky's. Somehow she was just a little disappointed about Miss Becky, she was so silent and stiff; and when they came out of the station and walked up the crowded city street, the old lady held her by the sleeve and looked bewildered and frightened.

"How long is it since you've been to Boston?" Nannie asked, looking up into the anxious old face framed in by the black silk bonnet which looked twice as old-fashioned as it ever had before.

"Not sence Sophia was married 'n' we came up to select her wedding gownd. I was quite a girl then, and I guess I felt more to home in a crowd than I do now. We don't often hev much of a crowd out our way."

They were among the first to take their seats at the theater. Mr. Ray had got places for them only three rows back from the stage, and, once established there, Nannie felt that they were in a safe haven

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where Miss Becky could get calm and receptive again. At first Miss Becky was almost too overawed to speak, but after a while she got the better of the situation and began telling Nannie all about Sophia and her "true so," and how they got lost on their way to the station and almost missed their train, which was the only train "out" in old times.

"I do hope we sha'n't miss our train to-night, my dear! It doos seem 's though we might 'f they don't begin pretty soon," and the old lady—for a very old lady she seemed to have become all of a sudden—fidgeted in her chair, and twisted her neck to see if the seats were not filling up.

"We sha'n't lose our train, Miss Becky," Nannie assured her. "You know it doesn't go till half-past five o'clock, and the play is always over before five. And even if we did miss it we could take the seven o'clock one."

"Oh, dear, no! I sh'd feel reel bad to miss the train. Why, it gits dark before seven o'clock, 'n' 'twouldn't be safe for us to be goin' round the city streets after dark. We might git garroted or—or *spoken to!* Dear me! I *wish* they would begin."

"If it gets late, Miss Becky, we won't wait for the end of the play," said Nannie, with a very distinct pang at the thought of missing anything.

"I think that *would* be better!" Miss Becky cried, with evident relief. "Don't you think it might be better to go out a little early, anyway? They'll be sech a crowd when everybody tries to go out to once that we might git delayed. *My!* What a sight of people there is a'ready! And up in the galleries too! Ain't you 'most afeared to stay in sech a crowd?"

"Oh, no, Miss Becky. It's just like this always, and nothing ever happens."

"Them galleries don't look strong enough to hold many people. Why, Nannie, see! They ain't any *pillows* under 'em! What do you s'pose keeps 'em up?"

"I don't know, I'm sure, but they're safe enough."

At this point the orchestra struck up a popular tune and silence fell upon Miss Becky. She sat stiff and severe, gazing straight before her, and when Nannie ventured to make a remark she received only a reproving look in reply. How strange it was, Nannie thought. She had meant to give Miss Becky such a treat, and here sat her guest, looking anxious and distressed—yes, more anxious and distressed than she looked a year ago when her cow died. But, then, the play had not begun yet, Nannie reflected with a gleam of hope. When the play had once begun, Miss Becky would forget all her worries and be as "tickled" as she had meant her to be. And when once the curtain had gone up, Nannie at least had no more misgivings. Her fancy was instantly taken captive, first by the charming young officer and his pretty Irish sweetheart, then by the fine old priest, then by Con himself—dear, droll, happy-go-lucky Con, with his picturesque foibles, his bubbling humor, and his phenomenal virtues. From the moment of his entry, with "Tatters" just not at his heels, Nannie was all smiles and tears.

Miss Becky meanwhile sat stiff as a ramrod, with a look of perplexity screwing her wrinkles all out of shape. Her bonnet had got somewhat askew, from her constant effort to keep an eye on those unsupported galleries, and there was a general air of discomfort about her which was the first thing that struck Nannie when, as the curtain fell upon the first act, she turned to look at her.

"Aren't you enjoying it, Miss Becky?" she asked with quick anxiety.

"Oh, yes, I'm hevin' a reel pleasant time. 'Tain't through yet, is it?"

"Why, no, it's only just begun. There's lots more! May Tolby says that Con gets them all out of all their troubles and almost gets killed himself!"

"I sh'd think 'twould take a long time," said Miss Becky. "Are you sure 'tain't 'most five o'clock?"

"Oh, no, it's only three. See! And my watch is fast, too. Wasn't it funny about the letter?"

"Well, I didn't quite understand about that. What made 'em laugh so?"

"Why, that was because he couldn't read, and so he had to make it all up out of his head."

"Well!" said Miss Becky, with strong disapproval, "I don't think he'd ought to hev deceived his mother that way, do you?"

This was a poser; but at that moment the orchestra came to the rescue with a

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new tune, and Nannie was spared the necessity of replying.

After that the play became every moment more exciting and the central figure more entirely captivating, and even between the acts Nannie was preoccupied and unobserving. They had got to the prison scene, with all its ingenious intricacies of plot and stage machinery; Con had accomplished the rescue and was scrambling over the rocks, when suddenly the sharp report of a rifle rang out, followed by another and then another in quick succession. Then Nannie felt her arm clutched convulsively, and she heard Miss Becky's voice saying: "You must come right away, this very minute."

"Oh, please not, Miss Becky," she implored.

But there was a resolute gleam in Miss Becky's eye.

"Come right along, child, come right along with me!" and poor Nannie, to her consternation and chagrin, found herself absolutely obliged to follow.

The whole row of people stood up to let them pass, and every kind of look, glances of amusement and curiosity, of disgust and of sympathy, followed the oddly assorted pair, as they made their way out of the slip and then up the aisle.

Once outside the door the tension of Miss Becky's face relaxed, but she did not waver in her determination.

"There, child!" she said, as they walked down the slight incline of the long passageway to the street. "There! I'm glad I had strength given me to do my duty by you!"

"But, Miss Becky, there wasn't a bit of danger," Nannie protested, bravely keeping the tears back in her cruel disappointment. "Really there wasn't. Won't you *please* go back with me and just stand inside the door and see the end of it? I'm sure they'd let us stand inside the door."

"Nannie Ray," Miss Becky replied, looking very fiercely at the girl's flushed cheeks and imploring eyes, "if you knew as much about firearms as I do you wouldn't ask such a thing. But there! It's jest because you're young and inexperienced that your ma wanted me to come and look after you. I guess she'll be thankful she was so foresighted when she hears of the danger you was in."

In her exaltation and relief of mind Miss Becky marched on regardless of jostling crowds and thronging teams. Her whole attitude had changed. She was no longer the timid, shrinking old woman; she was the responsible chaperon, aware of the importance of her charge, and nothing was ever to convince her that she had not saved Nannie Ray's life on that occasion.

Then Nannie, as became a hostess, accepted the situation with the best grace in the world.

"I tell you what let's do, Miss Becky," she said. "Let's go and get some ice-cream! That is, if you like it."

The stern old face softened and brightened at the suggestion.

"Oh, yes, I like ice-cream, especially vanilla. But—do you think we've got time enough?"

"We've got an hour and a quarter before the train goes. Let's come in here and get it."

From the crowded street they passed in at a doorway and walked between marble counters to what seemed to Miss Becky like a scene in fairyland. Ascending two or three steps on each side of which an antlered stag kept guard, they stepped upon a great carpeted space lighted from above, a space in the middle of which was a fountain springing high into the air and splashing back into a great basin lined with shining shells and pebbles, over and among which goldfish swam and dove like animated jewels. Ferns and palms grew all about the basin, and in among the greenery was a little table where Nannie and her guest sat hidden safe away from the world.

"Well! This doos beat all!" the old lady exclaimed, gazing at the fountain with an expression of rapt delight—just the expression that Nannie had counted upon seeing among the wrinkles.

"Do you like it?" she asked, all her disappointment and chagrin forgotten.

"Like it? Why, it's the most tasty place I ever was in! It's better than any play; it's like bein' in a play yourself! Jest see them pillows supportin' that gallery, 'n' them picters of tropical fruits! 'N' this ice-cream! Why, it's different from what we hev at the Sunday-school picnics! 'Pears to me it's more creamy."

Now at last Miss Becky had lost all thought of the passage of time. She took

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her ice-cream, just a little at a time, off the tip end of her spoon, and with every mouthful the look of content grew deeper. One of the little cakes that were served with the ice cream was a macaroon with a sugar swan upon it—"a reel little statoo of a swan," Miss Becky called it. She could not be persuaded to eat it, but she studied it with such undisguised admiration that Nannie ventured to suggest that she should take it home with her. Again Miss Becky was enchanted. She wrapped it in her pocket-handkerchief and placed it carefully in her reticule, whence it was to emerge only to enter upon a long and useful career as a parlor ornament.

"And now, Miss Becky," Nannie said, as they sat there embowered in palms and ferns, and listened to the plash of the fountain, "didn't you enjoy the play at all?"

"Oh, yes," said Miss Becky, "I had a very pleasant time before they got so reckless with their guns. But I wonder whether they take sech pains with the the-*e*ter 's they used to. Why, when I went with Uncle Bijah that time, they all wore the most elegant clothes; even the men was dressed out in velvets and satins, and they wa'n't anybody on the stage that didn't make a good appearance."

"But, you know, this was a different sort of play, Miss Becky. The folks in 'The Shaughraun' weren't kings and queens, but just every-day people."

"Well, s'posin' they was; I don't see no excuse for that man Con goin' round lookin' so. I sh'd think he might at least git a whole coat to wear when he 'pears before the public."

"I'm afraid you're sorry you came," said Nannie, very meekly, feeling quite ashamed of her poor little party.

"Oh, no, I ain't! Why, child, I'd hev come *barefoot* to see this place here, with the founting a-splashin' and the fishes a-gleamin'! *Barefoot*, I tell ye!"

It was a very forcible expression, yet Nannie was not quite reassured. She still demurred.

"But the play was the principal thing, you know."

"The play? Well, I don't know," said Miss Becky, thoughtfully. "I don't know's I'm so terrible sot on the the-*e*ter 's I thought for. I'd a good deal ruther hev you come over 'n' do that sleep walkin' piece for me. I don't want anything better'n that. 'F I can see you act that once in a while, 'n' hev this here Garding of Eden to think about, a founting playin' right in the house 'n' all, I ain't likely to want for amusement."

The best bonnet was still very much askew, but the pleasant old face within, whose wrinkles had resumed their accustomed grooves, was irradiated with a look of unmistakable beatitude; and somehow it was borne in upon Nannie that her theater party had been a success after all.

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Disraeli and Gladstone

From Mr. Reginald B. Brett's book on "The Queen's Prime Ministers" we learn that Beaconsfield's conquest of the Queen, who at first held him as one of her pet aversions, was due not to "subservience to the will of the monarch," but to "masculine appreciation of her sex." "In trifles Disraeli never forgot the sex of the sovereign. In great affairs he never appeared to remember it."

Partisanship has invested Lord Beaconsfield in later days with the attributes of those artful men who, as i has been said, studied the passions of princes and concealed their own, in order to acquire and retain influence. If Lord Beaconsfield, in his dealings with the sovereign, stooped to the employment of arts, they were of the simplest kind. He once described his method to a friend. 'I never contradict," he said; "I never deny; but I sometimes forget." To the bore or the Pharisee such maxims may seem degrading; but there is many a man, under the pressure of ministerial or domestic sufferings, who will envy the serene philosophy of Lord Beaconsfield.

A personal reminiscence of Mr. Brett's own is thus given:

His (Mr. Disraeli's) personal hatreds were well under control. "I never trouble to be avenged," he once said to the writer; "when a man injures me, I put his name on a slip of paper and lock it up in a drawer. It is marvelous how men I have thus labeled have the knack of disappearing!" In judging men, though not infallible, he seldom erred. Among his opponents, long before they had made a mark, he noticed Lord Rosebery and Sir William Harcourt. The former he took some pains to attract. Of the latter he said, "He is the only man in the House, except myself, who knows the history o his country." When Lord Hartington was making his first speech in Parliament, Mr. Disraeli turned to the colleague sitting next him, and murmured, "This young man will do." Among his friends he showed equal discrimination.

Of Mr. Gladstone this is recorded:

On the 4th of December, 1890, in the middle of the crisis that was destined to wreck his great policy, he was see n sitting quietly in the Library of the House o Commons reading "The Bride of Lammermoor." To some this might seem the calm of indifference, but not to those who heard the deep pathos with which he said, "For the past five years I have rolled the stone patiently up hill, and it has now rolled to the bottom again; and I am eighty-one years old."

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Books and Authors

Andrews's Historical Development of Modern Europe [1]

The history of modern Europe may be written, as Mr. Andrews says, in one of two ways—topically or chronologically. The chronological method necessitates passing from country to country and from national to international affairs, sacrificing continuity of treatment and unity of subject for the purpose of keeping the history of the several States at a "constant level." This method, which is employed by the two ablest historians of modern Europe, Fyffe and Stern, is ill adapted for any but advanced students; because, by "never completing the study of any one movement in any one place," it tends to leave a confused picture in the minds of readers not already familiar with the outlines of modern history. Mr. Andrews, addressing himself to the reading public generally, has adopted the topical method of treatment, which deals with separate movements and subjects as logical wholes, carrying each forward to its issue before turning to the others. His chapters form, in fact, a series of monographs on the French Revolution, Napoleon Bonaparte, reconstruction and the European system, France during the restoration, the struggle against absolutism in Italy, the liberal movement in Germany, the July Monarchy, the revolution of 1848 in France, and revolution and reaction in central Europe. Mr. Andrews's work, while not the product of original research, is based on the best printed authorities, and has the merit of bringing into clear relief the continuous development of the life and thought of modern Europe.

When the Congress of Vienna adjourned, it seemed as if the work of the preceding revolutionary decades had been undone. Governmental absolutism was apparently as firmly established as ever. Banished from the press and legislative assemblies, the spirit of democracy sought refuge in secret political societies. These societies were to be found in all the principal countries of Continental Europe, flourishing in the universities, the armies, among the higher classes and the lower. They handed down to a later generation the democratic ideals of the revolutionary period, and prepared the way for the great democratic movements of the latter half of the century, such as the unification of Germany and Italy and the regeneration of France and Austria. Mr. Andrews very properly devotes the better part of a chapter to the secret political societies of Italy, for the educational work accomplished by the Italian societies may be regarded as typical of that carried on throughout Europe, and their history forms an important part of the history of the political thought of the century.

The most famous of the Italian revolutionary bodies were the Society of Carbonari, or Charcoal-burners, and Young Italy. The former took on an organized form about 1811, during the reign of Murat. It was not confined to Italy, but included the popular elements of neighboring countries, particularly France, Switzerland, and Spain. Individual liberty, constitutional government, and national independence were its cardinal principles. The organization of the society, however, was fatally defective. It was cosmopolitan, and many patriots were willing to risk their lives for Italy, but not for the rest of the world. Furthermore, while democratic in theory, it was thoroughly oligarchic in practice.

Equally impotent as an instrument of action, but vastly more effective as an educational force, was Young Italy. In 1830 Joseph Mazzini was arrested by the authorities of Genoa, because, as he himself says, he "was a young man of talent, fond of solitary walks at midnight, and habitually silent as to the subject of [his] meditations." Mazzini was charged with plotting against the Government, but was released for want of evidence after six months of imprisonment. Hastening to Marseilles, he surrounded himself with exiles from Modena, Parena, and the Romagna, and founded the famous society known as Young Italy. Its organization, aim, and methods were simple and effective. The aim was the unification of Italy under a republican form of government. The method was to arouse the people by the publication of patriotic literature. Members were carefully selected, only persons under forty years of age and of good character being admitted. The society consisted of central and provincial bodies, and had in every city an organizer, aided by propagandists. Only two grades of membership were recognized, the affiliators and the affiliated; and co-operation, mutual trust, and harmony were encouraged within the order. So far as the world at large was concerned, membership was secret, but the aims of the society were public. Success was immediate and astonishing. Young Italy's publications, sent out from Marseilles with every opportunity, took the place of personal influence. In less than a year Young Italy had become the dominant organization throughout the peninsula. "It was the triumph of principle," says Mazzini. "The bare fact that in so short a space of time a handful of young men, themselves sprung from the people, unknown, without means, and openly opposed to the doctrines of those who had hitherto possessed the confidence of the people and directed the popular movement, should find themselves thus

[1] *The Historical Development of Modern Europe: From the Congress of Vienna to the Present Time.* By Charles M. Andrews, Associate Professor of History in Bryn Mawr College. Vol. I. 1815–1850. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.50.

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rapidly at the head of an association sufficiently powerful to concentrate against itself the armed persecution of seven governments, is, I think, in itself enough to show that the banner they had raised was the banner of truth." It is true that the practical attempts of Young Italy to free the nation from foreign and domestic tyrants proved as ineffectual as those of the Carbonari, but the society's literary propaganda laid solid foundations for the work of Cavour and the founders of the Kingdom of Italy.

Books of the Week

[The books mentioned under this head and under that of Books Received include all received by The Outlook during the week ending March 19. This weekly report of current literature will be supplemented by fuller reviews of the more important works.]

LITERATURE

The growing interest in literary study is evidenced by the multiplication of books of literary scholarship, until it begins to be a question whether there may not be danger that text-books will be substituted for literature itself. In nothing, however, is the advance in method more distinctly evident than in the modern book about literature. Professor Saintsbury's *Flourishing of Romance and the Rise of Allegory* illustrates the freshness and vitality of the best writing in this department. This is the initial volume in a series of twelve books which are to cover the successive periods of European history, beginning with the Dark Ages and ending with the present century. The central idea of the series is to treat the literary development of Europe as a whole during these successive periods; for Europe, as Matthew Arnold long ago said, is, for intellectual and spiritual purposes, one great confederation. If all the volumes in this series are as admirable in knowledge, insight, and general interest as Professor Saintsbury's book, literary students will welcome an invaluable addition to their working libraries. Professor Saintsbury has a great field to cover, and shows his sagacity and sound instinct in keeping details well in hand, and giving prominence to the main lines of development. He has to deal with a great formative, but extremely fragmentary, period in literary history. He writes of the Latin hymns; of that enormous volume of French verse which centered about Charlemagne, and which is commonly called "Chansons de Geste;" of the second great body of verse which centers about Arthur, and the third, which centers about Alexander; he describes the making of English verse; he gives an account of the Middle High German poetry, so full of interest to every student of literature; he devotes a long chapter to the Fox and the Rose; he tells the story of Icelandic and Provençal poetry during the early period; and he gives some account of the literature of the Peninsulas. Some of his views are radical, and some of them audacious; as, for instance, his thesis that the legends of Arthur have an English rather than a Celtic origin. The style throughout is vivacious, though often extremely awkward and careless, (for Professor Saintsbury has apparently no ear for his own style); but it has the great advantage of being alive. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

Side by side with this volume comes another, still larger in bulk, Mr. W. P. Ker's *Epic and Romance*, in which the author gives a "general description of some of the principal forms of narrative literature in the Middle Ages and a review of some of the more interesting works in each period." It will be seen, therefore, that Professor Ker, who is at the head of the Department of English Literature in University College, London, traverses somewhat the same ground traveled over by Professor Saintsbury. He writes, however, from a different point of view, taking as his text the literary forms rather than the succession of literary works. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

Still another contribution to literary scholarship is Dr. C. H. Herford's *Age of Wordsworth*, which takes its place in the Handbooks of English Literature, and which covers in rapid narrative the period in English letters between 1798 and 1830, and which deals especially with the revival and reign of romanticism. (Same publishers.)

The centenary of the death of Robert Burns has very naturally led to the reissuance of his works with all the intelligence and largely increased scholarship in which the enthusiastic study of many years has borne fruit. One of these new editions is a revision by William Wallace of the *Life and Works of Robert Burns*, edited by Robert Chambers. It is now forty-five years since this edition first made its appearance. Its distinguishing characteristic was the working out of the conviction that Burns's songs, poems, and letters were so directly the expression of his experiences and feelings that they constituted the true material for his biography, and that they ought to be arranged in such an order as to bring out the biographic effect. Dr. Chambers undertook, therefore, to introduce the different compositions in strictly chronological order in connection with the memoir, thus incorporating the poems in the very life of the poet, summoning about them the conditions under which they were written, and showing their immediate relation to the poet's experiences. Dr. Chambers had accumulated a great amount of biographic material which he was unable to use in this novel treatment of the great Scotch poet, and since the publication of his edition of Burns there has been an extraordinary production of literature relating to the subject, together with the discovery of various poems and letters not hitherto published. Under these circumstances it was wisely decided to issue not only a new but a revised edition of Dr. Chambers's work, which, without departing from the original plan, should correct the text wher-

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ever necessary, amend the notes, and add new matter and new information. The poems, songs, and letters discovered since the publication of the original edition are incorporated in this new edition, with additional biographical and historical memoranda, with copious explanatory notes, and with a marginal glossary of Scotch words. That part of Burns's letter to Moore which is autobiographic is presented in its integrity as the opening chapter of the first volume; fresh light is thrown on many obscure points in the poet's career; an attempt is made to define his theological position; and some unfavorable impressions which have obscured his memory are dissipated. In its new form the work fills four octavo volumes, is printed from large, clear type, with abundant illustrations, and is in all respects, not only a complete presentation of the works of Burns, but also one of the most original and interesting literary documents of the century. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York.)

NOVELS AND TALES

Mrs. Mary H. Catherwood may always be depended upon for sound art in her literary work. Two stories are contained in the book called *The Spirit of an Illinois Town;* the second, "The Little Renault," though short and slight, is more satisfying than the more elaborate tale which gives the book its title. This shorter story is that of a touching incident in the great frontier struggle in which Frontenac and Tonty took part, and is exactly in Mrs. Catherwood's special field of fiction. The longer story has both humor and force, but is a trifle misty in some ways. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

Mr. Robert Herrick, of the University of Chicago, has contributed several rather notable short stories to the magazines, and the longer story which now comes from the press of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, under the title *The Man who Wins*, brings into still more striking relief the qualities which stamp the earlier stories. This volume is a study of family decadence in New England—of the running out of a fine stock, evidenced by depressed physical conditions, the decline of intellectual power, and the decay of moral fiber. The story is a painful one, as all stories of such character must be. It is perhaps unfair to attach to the treatment a certain sense of depression which comes from the group of people described. Mr. Herrick has undoubted literary gifts, and literary feeling as well. His work shows restraint, refinement, insight, and a certain firmness of touch which makes its impression on the reader. One could wish it had a little touch of exuberance, and a little more freedom of movement, but these qualities may come with time.

Balzac's *About Catherine de' Medici*, translated by Clara Bell, finds its place in the new translations of the great novelist now coming from the press of the Macmillan Company, under the general editorship of Professor Saintsbury.

G. P. Putnam & Sons, New York City, have just published a new edition of *Ivanhoe*, illustrated by C. E. Brock, and a new edition of *The Last of the Barons*, with illustrations by Fred Pegram.——The *Twice-Told Tales* have been issued in Maynard's English Classic Series, with explanatory notes, a biographical sketch, and critical opinions unsigned. The volume will serve as an introduction to Hawthorne, and is admirably adapted for use in the school-room.——*The Story of an Ambitious Slave*, by Reginald Rowland (The Peter Paul Book Company, Buffalo N. Y.), is the story of a runaway slave during the closing years of slavery and the Civil War. This man was Rufus Walton, whose political career was cut short because of his marriage to a white woman.

TRAVEL

Dr. A. Donaldson Smith, of Philadelphia, a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, and member of various scientific, medical, and athletic societies, in 1894 undertook, for purposes of hunting, exploration, and scientific research, an expedition from the coast of Somaliland, in northeast Africa, to Lake Rudolf, and thence to Lamu on the East Coast. He traveled in all about 4,000 miles, and penetrated into districts heretofore unexplored. He met adventures and dangers in even unexpected variety. Indeed, he has been severely criticised for putting himself in a position where he was compelled to war with the natives. We see no evidence in this book—*Through Unknown African Countries*—that Dr. Smith was reckless or cruel, yet one cannot forget the fact that the great Masai country explorer, the late Joseph Thomson, gave his testimony that it was quite unnecessary for explorers to wage war—testimony sustained by his own conduct. The book has excellent maps and index, is richly illustrated, and the narrative is perspicuous and readable. (Edward Arnold, New York.)

Three years ago there appeared *Letters from Constantinople*, by Mrs. Max Müller. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York.) A new edition is now issued, enlarged, and containing a few letters from Max Müller.

RELIGIOUS AND THEOLOGICAL

We reserve for further notice the spiritual and beautiful book, *Jesus Christ during His Ministry*, by Professor Edmond Stapfer, and translated by Mrs. Louise Seymour Houghton. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York)——*Practical Studies on the Parables of Our Lord*, by the Rev. B. W. Maturin, one of the Cowley Fathers (Longmans, Green & Co., New York), is a volume of essay-sermons, which makes no attempt at detailed commentary or careful exegesis, but is, none the less, of genuine practical help.

The God-Idea of the Ancients; or, Sex in Religion, by Eliza Burt Gamble (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York), demands fuller notice than can be given it here.

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HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

We reserve for further notice Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts's capitally written *History of Canada*. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co., Boston.)—— The eighth edition of *Cæsar's Gallic War* has been issued by Professor F. W. Kelsey, of the University of Michigan. (Allyn & Bacon, Boston.)

Following Mr. Edward Ingles's remarkably interesting volume, "Southern Sidelights: A Picture of Social and Economic Life in the South during a Generation before the War," Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York, have published a volume on *Southern Statesmen of the Old Régime*, by Professor William P. Trent, of the University of the South. The Southern statesmen characterized are Washington, Jefferson, Randolph, Calhoun, Stephens, Toombs, and Jefferson Davis. All but the first two of these belong distinctively to the South, and their treatment by a professor in a Southern university, himself born in the South—though too late to remember seeing a slave—possesses an unusual interest and value. Both the interest and the value of his essays seem to us to increase as we near our own time. Professor Trent's heart was trained at the South, his head at the North—or at least under the influence of Northern teachers; and both the schoolings were thorough. He is, therefore, singularly qualified to give dispassionate judgment, and we believe that no chapter in the volume will be better received at the North than that in which he most firmly antagonizes Northern prejudices—the chapter on Jefferson Davis.

SCIENCE

Professor W. B. Scott, of Princeton University, has published through the Macmillan Company, New York, *An Introduction to Geology*, a book having its origin in the attempt to write an introductory work upon the lines of Sir Archibald Geikie's little "Class-Book." Professor Scott's work is an admirable expansion of that idea, but it serves hardly so well for those who wish to obtain only an outline of geology as for those who expect to pursue the subject more exhaustively.—— Dr. W. A. Setchell, of the University of California, has compiled an excellent system of *Laboratory Practice for Beginners in Botany*. (The Macmillan Company, New York.) The proper teaching of botany inevitably leads to more accurate observation, together with the faculty of making from observations the proper inferences. In this development Dr. Setchell's book will be a valuable aid.——Professor A. E. Dolbear, of Tufts College, is the author of a treatise on the *First Principles of Natural Philosophy*. (Ginn & Co., Boston.) We note that Dr. Dolbear restores the old name "Natural Philosophy" to its proper place. The author's effort is to direct the attention from the physics of mechanism to the physics of molecules.

Professor Max Müller's valuable *Contributions to the Science of Mythology*, which is the mature work of a great specialist in this field, will be reserved for later notice. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York.)

Two Scientific Books

Taking the results of modern study of the brain and its growth as fundamental, Mr. Halleck, in this little book,[1] urges the education of the central nervous system in childhood. He does not ignore heredity; he admits that brains are born both good and bad. But he believes that, with training and practice, a bad brain may be improved and a good brain may become yet better. As the foundation of thought is the sensory impression, he would have the senses specially trained that thought may have fuller development. Not only must the senses be trained to nice discrimination and in a great range of experiences, but the formation of clear images must be cultivated. With sharpened senses and strengthened imagery must go motor training. The book is practical, and many hints are given in it as to what should be done, and how, in order to accomplish the desired result. To teachers and parents the book should have much value.

The "Illustrated Flora," by Messrs. Britton and Brown,[2] is certainly one of the most important scientific works ever published in the United States. It is the first attempt to present an illustrated flora of any large part of our land. Dr. Britton's name is warrant for the accuracy and scientific value of the work. The area covered is one which nature has well defined. The flora of Canada and the British Possessions is almost identical with that of our Northern and Eastern States, and is not separated from it by any well-marked features. The western limit of the area is the meridian of 102° W.; the southern limit is the south boundary of the States of Virginia and Kentucky. The whole of Nebraska is included. The number of species of flowering plants and ferns known from this area is something over 4,000. Each of these is carefully described and pictured. The drawings are intended for study aids, not for pretty pictures. Parts of most plants only are given, and those in reduced size. But the most characteristic parts have been selected, and in reducing the greatest care has been exercised to retain proportions. The drawings have all been made expressly for the work, and so carefully that a lens not only may but should be used in their study.

"Analytical keys" as helps in identifying genera and species are placed under the various families and genera. So far as we have been able to examine these, they appear to be simple and clear. In the matters of nomenclature and classification the authors have taken advanced position. In these matters the work before us

[1] *The Education of the Central Nervous System.* By Reuben Post Halleck. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.

[2] *An Illustrated Flora of the Northern United States, Canada, and the British Possessions.* By Nathaniel Lord Britton and Addison Brown. Vol. I. Ferns to Carpetweed. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York $3.

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will be found to differ from many worthy books now in use, but when it does so the change will usually be found wise and in the direction of progress; the temporary inconvenience resulting from this will be more than compensated by the longer life which the book will enjoy on account of it.

While Dr. Britton has written the bulk of the text, he has associated several specialists with himself, who have prepared the monographs of the groups in which they are interested. Judge Brown's work appears to have been that of the original planner, an adviser, and a financial helper. The work will be complete in three volumes. Notwithstanding the vastness of the field, the volumes are not of inconvenient size; and notwithstanding the enormous expense of publishing the work, its price is not great.

Literary Notes

—"Time and the Hour," published at 6 Beacon Street, Boston, which is a thoughtful and intelligent comment on men and affairs, has now taken on a new and larger form, and appears in quarto shape with double columns, tastefully printed.

—The New York "Sun" informs us of a delightful sequel to the action for damages brought by M. Zola's publishers for an alleged piracy of that author's works. The following announcement appeared in a Paris newspaper: "M. E. Zolla, wine merchant of Nantes, has the honor of informing his numerous customers that he is in no way related to M. Émile Zola, writer of fiction."

—One of the most striking coincidences in German literature is found in the fact that three of the leading Teutonic poets have simultaneously written works with Christ as the subject. At the Berliner Theater the drama in five acts of "Hairan," by Herr Adolf Wilbrandt, has just been produced. It is in reality the life of the Saviour. The more dramatic Herr Gerhart Hauptmann is now finishing his "Christus." The third work is by Herr Max Kretzer, and is called "Das Gesicht Christi."

—The following, from the pen of Mr. Zangwill, is quoted in the "Bookman:"

> Wherefore do the critics rage?
> 'Tis the Biographic Age.
> Every dolt who duly died
> In a book is glorified
> Uniformly with his betters;
> All his unimportant letters
> Edited by writers gifted,
> Every scrap of MS. sifted,
> Classified by dates and ages,
> Pages multiplied on pages,
> Till the man is—for their pains—
> Buried 'neath his own Remains. . . .

—Mr. Harold Frederic writes from London that Englishmen hear only the most delightful accounts of Colonel John Hay, and are prepared to see him maintaining to the full the high standard they have come to expect in American representatives to the Court of St. James's. Messrs. Lowell, Phelps, and Bayard have created a vocation for the American Ambassador as a sort of independent yet kindly commentator on British manners, morals, and ideals, who shall always talk well, but also say things nobody else is in quite the position to say. It was announced a few days ago that an English publisher had secured the right to produce an English edition of Colonel Hay's "Pike County Ballads," but other houses here of old piratical traditions awakened to the fact that no copyright exists on them, and so we are promised a number of rival editions and a cutting of each other's throat.

—M. Brunetière, the eminent French critic who is now visiting this country, has accepted an invitation from the "Cercle Français" of Harvard University to lecture under its auspices. In this connection we may be permitted to point out that the college plays thus far given by the "Cercle Français" are worthy of special commendation. For the seventh time in its history the club will give this year a Molière performance. The play this time is to be "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme." The "Cercle Français" of Harvard was founded in 1886. The meetings of the club take place bi-weekly. Members are eligible only after having obtained proficiency in French or after having done something of signal benefit to the organization. At the meetings addresses in French are given by lecturers of deserved reputation.

Books Received

For week ending March 19

ALLYN & BACON, BOSTON

Kelsey, Francis W. Cæsar's Gallic War. $1.25.

EDWARD ARNOLD, NEW YORK

Smith, A. Donaldson, M.D. Through Unknown African Countries. $5.

J. GORDON COOGLER, COLUMBIA, S. C.

Coogler, J. Gordon. Purely Original Verse. 50 cts.

THOMAS Y. CROWELL & CO., NEW YORK

Trent, William P. Southern Statesmen of the Old Régime. $2.

GINN & CO., BOSTON

Dolbear, A. E. First Principles of Natural Philosophy.

LAMSON, WOLFFE & CO., BOSTON

Roberts, Charles G. D. A History of Canada.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., NEW YORK

Burns, Robert. His Life and Works. Edited by Robert Chambers. Revised by William Wallace. 4 Vols. $2.50 each.

Maturin, B. W. Practical Studies on the Parables of Our Lord. $1.50.

Hale, William B. The New Obedience. $1.25.

Müller, Mrs. Max. Letters from Constantinople. $1.75.

Müller, Rt. Hon. Prof. F. Max. Contributions to the Science of Mythology. 2 Vols. $8.

THE MACMILLAN CO., NEW YORK

Herford, C. H. The Age of Wordsworth. 90 cts.

Schopenhauer, Arthur. On Human Nature. Translated by T. Bailey Saunders. 90 cts.

Balzac, Honoré de. About Catharine de' Medici. Translated by Clara Bell. Preface by George Saintsbury. $1.50.

Ker, W. P. Epic and Romance. Essays on Medieval Literature. $4.

Scott, William B. An Introduction to Geology. $1.90.

Setchell, William A. Laboratory Practice for Beginners in Botany. 90 cts.

MAYNARD, MERRILL & CO., NEW YORK

Hawthorne, Nathaniel. Twice-Told Tales. 24 cts.

THE PETER PAUL BOOK CO., BUFFALO

Rowland, Reginald. An Ambitious Slave.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK

Scott, Sir Walter, Bart. Ivanhoe. $1.

Lytton, Lord. The Last of the Barons. $1.

Gamble, Eliza B. The God-Idea of the Ancients. $2.25.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

Saintsbury, George. The Flourishing of Romance and the Rise of Allegory. $1.50.

Stapfer, Edmond. Jesus Christ during his Ministry. Translated by Louise S. Houghton. $1.25.

Herrick, Robert. The Man Who Wins. 75 cts.

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The Religious World

The Archbishops' Reply

At the time of Archbishop Benson's death last autumn the minds of the Anglican prelates were engaged upon Pope Leo's letter denying the validity of English orders. The answer of the Archbishops of England is now made known, and is, of course, signed by the new Archbishop of Canterbury and by the Archbishop of York. It is addressed "to the whole body of Bishops of the Catholic Church," and is appropriately published in both Latin and English. The Archbishops contend that controversies about English orders are not new, and that the opinion of the Roman pontiffs about the matter has always been uncertain; they commend the present Pope's unexampled manner in approaching the question, though the arguments urged by him are sufficiently old. The Pope's judgment hinges on two points—the practice of the Court of Rome, and the form and intention of the Anglican rite. There are several pages of Anglican defense concerning the practice when Pole was legate, and in the case of Gordon. The Archbishops agree with the Pope as regards intention "as far as it is externally manifested," not as conjecturally inferred from the use of that liberty in reforming ordinals, a liberty belonging to each particular church. After declaring that too much stress must not be laid upon the scholastic doctrine of the matter and form of sacraments, the Archbishops answer the arguments about the forms necessary in creating presbyters and bishops by drawing a comparison from the forms used at Rome in the third and sixth centuries. Pope Leo's decree (that the Anglicans of 250 years ago were wrongly ordained) not only overthrows Anglican orders, say the Archbishops, but those of the Orientals and those of his own communion. There is nothing to hinder the inevitable inference that all who have been similarly ordained have received no orders. If the Anglican Fathers who used in 1550 the forms which the Pope says are null, and were unable to reform them a century later, the Roman Fathers come under the same law. The last words are impressive:

> We acknowledge that the things which our brother Pope Leo XIII. has written from time to time in other letters are sometimes very true and always written with a good will. For the difference and debate between us and him arises from a diverse interpretation of the self-same Gospel which we all believe and honor as the only true one. We also gladly declare that there is much in his own person that is worthy of love and reverence. But that error, which is inveterate in the Roman Communion, *of substituting the visible head for the invisible Christ*, will rob his good words from any fruit of peace. Join with us, then, we entreat you, most reverend brethren, in weighing patiently what Christ intended when he established the ministry of his Gospel.

The words which we have italicized mark the apparently insurmountable obstacle which, even though agreement on the matter of orders might be reached, would still hinder the union of the two bodies.

The Free Church Congress

The greatest event of the whole religious world during the past year has been the meeting of the Free Church Congress which convened in London on Tuesday, March 9, and continued its sessions throughout the week. The Free Church Congress represents all the evangelical churches of England, with the exception of the Establishment. It has been in existence but five years, yet already represents over 11,000 churches and over 7,000,000 of people. It marks the longest step which has ever been taken toward practical Christian union. It is the coming together in one body of representatives of the various denominations, in which all signs of division lines are substantially obliterated, and whose one object is the advancement of the kingdom of God along lines in which all are equally interested. The Established Church cannot, of course, at present be in the body because it is not a free church; it represents union with the State; but many of its leaders are in sympathy with the movement, and such men as Canons Gore and Scott-Holland and the Bishop of London entertained eminent "Free Churchmen" during their stay in London. The object of the movement is primarily spiritual, but it cannot fail to have a great effect upon the question of Church and State in Great Britain. The Free Church Congress is just such a body as would be seen in this country if Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Methodists, Baptists, and all evangelical denominations were to come together, sink their differences, and ask only how best they might promote the common work. While many ecclesiastical leaders have been formulating plans looking toward the reunion of Christendom, these Free Churchmen have quietly and without ostentation done the most toward its realization of any body of Christians in modern times. This Congress is so significant, and prophesies such great things for the future, that we devote two or three paragraphs to its consideration.

The Free Church Leaders

Perhaps the most significant day of the Congress was the first, on which were heard five great denominational leaders. The retiring President was the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, undoubtedly the most prominent Wesleyan in Great Britain, and one of the most prominent in the Methodist body of the world. After the delivery of his address as retiring President, he welcomed as his successor the genial and gifted Rev. J. Monro Gibson, D.D., pastor of the St. John's Wood Presbyterian Church, London. Dr.

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Gibson's address followed, and he was succeeded later by the Rev. J. Guinness Rogers, D.D., the veteran Congregationalist, who, now that Dr. Dale has gone, better than any other man represents the aggressive spirit of English Congregationalism. He in turn was followed by Dr. John Clifford, of the Westborne Park Baptist Church, London. Dr. Clifford is by far the greatest denominational leader among the Baptists of the world. Few men in England have larger or more vital influence than he. It had been expected that the sermon before the Congress would be preached by Dr. Alexander Maclaren, of Manchester, but he was detained by illness, and at the last moment his place was taken by Dr. Joseph Parker, whose sermon was on "The Suicide of Isolation." Speaking of the sermon which was delivered, and of that which they failed to hear because of Dr. Maclaren's illness, Dr. Robertson Nicoll, of the "British Weekly," says: "It is with a peculiar feeling that one listens to Dr. Parker and to Dr. Maclaren. When these are removed—may the day be far distant!—there will, so far as I can see, be no really great preachers left in England." This is the testimony of an expert. There is no better judge than Dr. Nicoll, and he places far in advance of all others of every Church Drs. Parker and Maclaren. The names which we have mentioned are only typical. Among the others who took part in the exercises were the Revs. Charles A. Berry, D.D., Congregational; C. H. Kelly, Wesleyan; Principal Oswald Dykes, D.D., Presbyterian, and others equally eminent representing various denominations. All reports unite in saying that every sectarian difference disappeared, and that all met together as the members of one Church.

Significance of the Congress

The editorial comments of the English papers on this great convention are encouraging. We find such remarks as these: "The most striking feature of the occasion was the absolute unanimity of both platform and audience. . . . In the assembly itself, so heterogeneous, made up of Methodists of all sections, of Presbyterians, Baptists, Congregationalists, and what not, the oneness of sentiment seemed absolute." Again: "The Free Churches are at last united, and their union is going to be felt as a new and determining force in every department of English life. That is the real message of the Council." Still again: "Out of this great movement is growing also, as one of its most remarkable results, a new idea of Catholicism. . . . In the National Council of Free Churches of to-day, the world, it is not too much to say, has had placed before it for the first time the working plan of the only Church Union which Christendom can ever expect to secure, or which it would be good for it to have." These quotations indicate the impression which has been made by the Congress on English Nonconformity. It has been supposed that the Nonconformists were in a minority, but recent statistics have proved that they are already in the majority when classed together. This Congress shows that in the future they will move together. That fact will not fail of having a great influence on the future of Christianity throughout the English-speaking world. The reports of this Congress, as given in the "Christian World," the "British Weekly," and the "Independent," which are the only ones we have seen, are worthy of careful study on the part of all who would be informed concerning the most important events in the religious history of our time.

Southern Presbyterians

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church South will meet at Charlotte, N. C., May 20. The business which is most prominently mentioned in connection with the approaching meeting concerns a possible reunion of the Church South with the Church North. The subject will be presented by commissioners from the Presbytery of Louisville. The Northern Church has been ready for such a reunion for several years. It has been believed, however, that the difficulties growing out of the war would keep the Churches apart indefinitely. Another question which, it is said, will come before the Assembly concerns the organization of colored Presbyteries. It is said that the motive for them is the welfare of the colored people. Concerning that, however, it may be said at least that the motive is open to reasonable doubt. Sooner or later the Northern and Southern Presbyterian Churches will unite. There is a widespread desire for such union, but we imagine that it will not be quickly consummated. The Southern Church is far more conservative than the Northern. It is doubtful if many of the leaders of the Church in the North would submit to the dictation of such conservatism, and equally doubtful whether the Southern Presbyterians would consent to union on any other basis. What, however, will be difficult to achieve as a matter of arrangement will no doubt in due time be accomplished by a process of growth.

President Jordan on Revivals

In a previous issue of The Outlook we spoke of the excitement on the Pacific coast caused by some reported utterances of President Jordan, of the Leland Stanford University, on the subject of "Revivals." We have not seen the sermon to which reference was made, but we have recently read a verbatim report of a sermon entitled "Revivals and Their Effect," delivered in the chapel of the University on February 14. In that sermon we find nothing to criticise. It is a strong and earnest plea in behalf of sanity in religion. There is nothing destructive in the discourse. The preacher says: "Religion of one form or another must be the central axis of the successful life." On that strong emphasis is

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placed. But President Jordan does object to mere emotion. We quote his words as follows:

> But mere emotion without purpose of action is not religion. Excitement of the nerves for the mere pleasure of excitement has no ennobling influence. It tends to weaken the will, to enfeeble the mind, to produce that condition of spiritual lassitude which shows itself in chronic conversion. When one "falls from grace" readily, he has not far to fall. Yet even these persons are entitled to gentle judgment. They would have fallen farther had they been let alone.

If the sum of Dr. Jordan's offense is contained in this extract, then there has been a great deal of smoke with a very little fire. Elsewhere Dr. Jordan said: "The lesson for us is that one should be temperate in all things; that religion shows itself in lofty ideals steadily followed; in a clean life and a pure heart." The whole address is on a high plane, and not only beyond criticism, but worthy of approval by all who value rational and consecrated character more than mere sentiment or transient feeling.

Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting

The fortieth anniversary of the daily noon prayer-meeting known as the Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting will be celebrated on the 23d of September next. In view of the fact, it has been determined to prepare an anniversary fund. It is desired appropriately to honor the work of Mr. Lamphier, the founder of the meeting, and also to help the services and extend the influence of the meeting. To this end it has been proposed that a portrait of the venerable founder of the meetings be secured and hung in the chapel. Several pledges and payments toward this object have already been made, and the cause has received general and hearty commendation. Those who desire to have a part in this work may send their gifts by draft or money-order to Mr. C. F. Cutter, Secretary and Treasurer, 113 Fulton Street, New York. We have spoken of the desire of the meeting to honor Mr. Lamphier, and he is worthy of all praise for what he has accomplished. No mention of this meeting, however, would be at all adequate which did not recognize the tireless and self-sacrificing services of Mr. Cutter in connection with it. He has given himself to this cause with rare zeal and constancy, and to him very largely its success in recent years is due.

Dr. Harnack and the New Theology

Those conservative journals of Berlin, the "Kreuz-Zeitung" and the "Reichsbote," have recently been engaged in sharp polemics against the new Protestantism, as expounded by that eminent teacher, Professor Adolf Harnack, of the University of Berlin. The "Reichsbote" is specially severe, declaring the Harnack programme one that undermines Protestantism and leads inevitably to atheism and materialism. It says that the new scheme completely emancipates the Church and its theology from the Bible, and is a radical rejection of the fundamentals of Christianity. The Outlook has recently called attention to the fact that the number of theological students in Germany is on the decrease, and also to the fact that the lectures of Professor Harnack are listened to by crowded audiences, many of the hearers coming from other Faculties than the theological. Perhaps one reason of the lecturer's popularity is found in the enthusiasm with which he has expounded his ideas on the future of Protestantism. He was recently asked to condense these ideas into an address; he did so, and delivered the address at a convention of German theological liberals. The convention was held at Eisenach, and we find a capital summary of the address in a recent number of the New York "Literary Digest." Dr. Harnack declares that traditional Protestantism is a Church based entirely upon certain articles of faith drawn from the Holy Scriptures; hence there exists a fixed relation between theology and the Church. The creed is the foundation of the Church. Now, scientific research in the world of theology has made theology independent of the control of the traditional authority. Attempts that have been made to prevent this secularization have ended in failure. Modern Protestantism consequently has a new theology, and one largely divorced from the supremacy of the Church. Two things, however, have been preserved and brought over from the old Protestantism; first, that religion is nothing else than an attitude of the heart, trusting in God; and, secondly, that in Protestantism this trust in God is found most intimately united with the simplest and plainest morals.

Notes

The Rev. David Gregg, D.D., pastor of the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church in Brooklyn, has just sailed for a six months' absence abroad. He carries with him the memory of a most delightful Sunday, the last before his sailing, when seventy-three persons united with his church on confession of faith and thirty by letter, making a total of one hundred and three. Those who united on confession were chiefly young people from the Sunday-school and from the chapels of the church.

The School for Christian Workers at Springfield, Mass., has voted to change its name to Bible Normal College. The new name is thought to better express the character of the work. The physical department will be dropped, and the Sunday-school and missionary departments strengthened. Mr. George E. Dawson, a graduate of Michigan University, who has been a student at Leipsic, and who takes his degree of Ph.D. at Clark University in June, has been secured as instructor in Psychology, Pedagogy, and Sociology.

Mrs. Dale, the widow of the Rev. R. W. Dale, D.D., of Birmingham, England, who died about two years ago, met with a distressing death March 11 from burns received two days before. She had just gone for her health to Bath, where the accident occurred. She was too severely injured to explain its cause, but it is supposed that she was reading in bed with a candle. The verdict at the inquest was "accidental death." Mrs. Dale was an active partner in her husband's work at Carr's Lane, Birmingham, and deservedly esteemed. She was sixty-seven years of age.

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President Low on the Cretan Question

American feeling with regard to the struggle in Crete was so well expressed by President Seth Low, of Columbia, in his speech at a meeting held this city two weeks ago, that The Outlook takes pleasure in reprinting it in full:

The primary object of this meeting is to arouse interest in the condition of the Cretan refugees in Greece. It is hoped that when the facts are understood the American people will be willing to contribute liberally to help the people of Greece to carry this heavy and unusual burden. Several years ago, as President of the Archæological Institute of America, I was interested in excavations that were being carried on in Crete, and in that way I became somewhat aware of the condition of the Cretan people. Accordingly, it was natural that I should hear, at an early stage, of the present troubles and of the great distress prevailing in the island. Information concerning the unhappy condition of affairs there reached me several months ago, and at that time I wrote a letter to the papers telling what I had heard. Since then events have moved rapidly, and now the whole world knows both of the distress in Crete and of the gallant efforts of Greece, at every hazard to itself, to find some permanent remedy for Crete from the chronic evils of Turkish misrule. His blood must run cold indeed that has not been stirred by the heroic action of little Greece in rushing to the relief of Crete in the face of armed and protesting Europe. It may well be believed that the reliance of Greece in this enterprise is not upon the strength of her own arm, but upon the justice of her cause. She may safely appeal to the considerate judgment of mankind for the sanction of her undertaking. The civilized world has small confidence in a European concert that has been able only to maintain the peace, but has not been able to preserve the Armenians from being massacred by the thousand. I venture to say that Americans at least, almost without exception, are glad that Greece has taken her life in her hands and has dared to say to armed Europe that, whatever becomes of Greece or of Crete, the experience of Armenia shall not be repeated in Crete while Greece is able to protest. National greatness depends upon the capacity of a people for self-sacrifice in the hour of need. Judged by that standard, Greece, small as she is, in her relation to this Cretan matter deserves well to rank among the Great Powers of Europe. It is earnestly to be hoped that she shall not have accepted these risks nor poured out her blood and treasure in vain. Her appeal is to the public opinion of the civilized world, and we in America would be false to ourselves, false to our history, false to our aspirations, if at such a moment we did not reply to Greece, in words of no uncertain sound, that she has unreservedly our sympathy, our applause, and our prayers. The political power of ancient Greece was obliterated centuries ago; but historic Greece is the inspiration still of the poet, the architect, and the philosopher. It is delightful to find that in the modern representatives of this ancient people there still burns a fire capable of ennobling the world; for I count it a service to mankind when a nation small in numbers dares to take its life in its hand, and, even at the risk of national extinction, to call the world's attention to a wrong that must be righted, and to pursue a course that must compel in the end the righting of the wrong.

I have said that Greece to-day is a small country. Her population is hardly more than two millions and a quarter; and yet upon this population, besides the risks and expenses of military interference in behalf of Crete, there has suddenly been devolved the necessity of caring for more than seventeen thousand refugees, most of them women and children, who have been obliged to flee from Crete for safety. Few of them have any means of support, and for months to come, at least, these people must be cared for where they have sought a refuge, in Greece itself. Earnestly, therefore, I plead with the people of the city of New York, and with all to whom my words may come, that they should contribute liberally to the help of Greece in this hour of need. I am authorized to say that Mr. James Woodward, Jr., the President of the Hanover Bank, will act as Treasurer of the Cretan Fund, and all those who are willing to help Greece at this time and to help the Cretans will be kind enough to send their contributions there.

Notes and Queries

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address.*

In reply to a correspondent who draws back in horror from "Lot's proposal with regard to his daughters," Genesis xix., 8, you answer (March 20) that the story is "undoubtedly legendary." Is that real escape from the difficulty? Even if the story be legend, how could a legend exist which imputed to a father such horrible thought as is supposed? There is no satisfactory escape that way. Whether the story be legendary or not, it is a story to be explained. Lot's proposal simply means: "You might as well expect me to allow dishonor to my daughters as to my guests; you cannot expect either. I shall be true host as I am true father." The thought is not expressed as we should express it. The expression is not modern nor Western. It is ancient and Eastern. I have been told by missionaries that the idea which lies in this explanation is the impression which the passage always makes on the minds of their Eastern converts, and that they keenly enjoy the sharp and decisive retort. Lot may not have been as good as could be wished, but he was not as vile as many readers of Genesis have been disposed to think him. With more light on the times in which the Bible was written, we may be very glad to keep what we are, because of our ignorance, tempted to throw away.

W. I. M.

Besides Dr. White's "Warfare of Science with Theology," to which we referred, a note in the Appendix to Professor W. R. Smith's "Old Testament in the Jewish Church" adds to the evidence for the legendary character of the narrative.

Can you tell me the meaning of Hebrews vi., 4–6; also x., 26? Does it mean that if one is a Christian and willfully sins, there is no real repentance for him?—that he cannot be a Christian again? There are other similar passages, but Christ's "seventy times seven" is different. E.

These sayings are best understood as specially intended for those times, when there was a sharp and wide division between the Church and the surrounding Judaism and paganism. To go back at such a time was most likely to be a final and irrecoverable relapse. Such a case, however, must be classed, according to Jesus' saying, among the things that are impossible with men but possible with God. Generally speaking, the question at any time concerning a person who has relapsed from Christian faith is not a question of God's grace toward him, but of his capability of return to it. In the light of this principle such passages must be interpreted.

In the Notes and Queries column, February 27, you answer a question thus: "By belief in a personal God we should say that Christians do not mean an embodied and localized deity, etc. What they [Christians] do mean is that which Herbert Spencer calls the Infinite

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and Eternal Energy, etc." Then it seems that you Christians had all along been worshiping "the Unknown God" until *Its* name was *revealed* to you by the synthetic philosopher, sometimes styled the arch-agnostic.
S. W.

"S. W." might with equal fairness interpret St. Paul as saying to the Athenians: "The Deity I have hitherto worshiped has first been revealed to me by your altar-inscription as 'the Unknown God.'" We simply followed St. Paul's method with those philosophers. He began by establishing a common ground with them in the declaration that their Unknown God was the God he knew. He then proceeded to define what they left undefined. Similarly, we adopted Mr. Spencer's statement as a common ground for us with him and his disciples. Then we proceeded, as "S. W." omits to observe, to define the "Infinite and Eternal Energy" as conscious life and spirit, according to the teaching of Christ.

Is there not an abridged Bible for family reading? The writer would prize one that follows the Revised Version, but could be read to children without tiring them with tautology and genealogy, or shocking them with what in other books would be obscenity.
F. M. H.

We have frequently recommended for this purpose "Scriptures Hebrew and Christian" (Putnams, New York).

Would you advise the ordinary layman who has no knowledge of Greek or Hebrew to use the International Critical Commentaries, or are they for the student alone? F. B.

If he has the opportunity, we should advise him to try them, with the expectation that he would have to skip some things as baffling, but would find more or less that would be helpful.

As I also used to enjoy singing "The Might with the Right," under a teacher who was proud of his Scotch descent, I am glad to copy the words of the song for "W. H. M." Both words and music can be found in "The Repertoire," a collection of songs for high schools by the late George F. Root, of this city. It is published by the John Church Company, 74 W. Fourth St., Cincinnati. S. W. L.

"W. H. M.," in The Outlook for March 20, asks for an old song which may be found in Lowell Mason's "Boston School Song Book," published in 1841. No author's name is given. The tune is ascribed to Dr. Calecott. I inclose a copy of the words, which seem well suited to our own times. E. S. G.

We will forward the poem on receipt of "W. H. M.'s" address.

What is the pronunciation of the i in the Scotch dialect words licht (light), michty (might), sicht (sight), etc.? Is it short, as in *sick*, or long, as in *sight?*
H.

It is short, as in *sick*, but we have heard it pronounced in Scotland like the *e* in *neck*.

I wish to find who the author of a poem is, or its title. The following is an extract:

"Built of tears and sacred flames,
And virtue reaching to its aims;
Built of furtherance and pursuing,
Not of spent deeds, but of doing."
C. E. R.

Can you get for me through Notes and Queries the poem which begins something like this:

"God has his best gifts for those who are willing,
He has his second best for those who will not take his best." S. H.

Who is the author of the following lines, and where can they be found?

"I have read somewhere in an ancient book
Of an old cathedral over the sea;
A wonder of art, whose every nook
Is full of a charming mystery.

"That up, high up, on the topmost point
Of tower, and roof, and belfry gray,
Which the gracious summer winds anoint,
And the birds frequent on their airy way,

"There are wonders of sculpture rare and fine—
Flower, and fruit, and trailing vine;
And beautiful angels, with folded wings,
Cut from the stone like living things."
P. M. E. T.

"E. C. R.," asking for "Shut-In" (March 20 number of The Outlook), can find the lines in "The Devil's Dream on Mount Aksbeck," by Thomas Aird (p. 36). (William Blackwood & Sons, 1856.) *

Good Deeds

In the quarter-century since the death of George Peabody his magnificent gift of $2,500,000 for workingmen's houses in London has increased to $6,000,000. It is interesting to note that in these houses the death-rate of infants is four per cent. below the average death-rate in London. Last year the Trustees of the Peabody Fund provided over eleven thousand rooms, besides bath-rooms, lavatories, and laundries; nearly twenty thousand persons occupied them.

The African Methodists of the State of Illinois are about to build a church at Springfield, the capital of the State, in honor of Abraham Lincoln. It will be named the Lincoln Memorial Church, and will cost $80,000. In it there are to be three memorial windows. The largest of these will be dedicated to Lincoln, and the two smaller to John Brown and Frederick Douglass. A still more interesting feature will be a memorial room in which are to be kept all sorts of slavery relics, including portraits of the most eminent abolition leaders, an auction-block, the Lovejoy printing-press, and the rope which was used in the hanging of John Brown.

The lavish gifts of the late Baron Hirsch have been imitated by his widow. She has founded a laboratory for the Pasteur Institute at Paris by the gift of 2,000,000 francs ($400,000). She has recently given an equal sum for the pension fund of the Oriental Railways. It may be remembered that in the building of these railways Baron Hirsch laid the foundation of his great fortune. Baroness Hirsch has also given a million francs to found a hospital in London, and several beneficent institutions in Paris have also received notable donations from her. The number of institutions in France, England, and Austria which within

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the past two months have been enriched by the charity of this lady is so large, and the individual sums of these gifts have been so generous, that she is reported to have distributed 12,000,000 francs ($2,400,000) in this way since the beginning of the year.

Mrs. Booker T. Washington, the wife of the Principal of Tuskegee Institute, in Alabama, has been accomplishing a good work of late in the institution of an entirely novel Sunday-school class—a class in house-cleaning. Every Sunday Mrs. Washington goes over to a neighboring plantation and takes one of the negro cabins as a sample of how such work must be done. She washes, cleans, sweeps, dusts, and puts things generally to rights. This is the object-lesson. Each Sunday she notices the improvements which may have been made during the week in the other cabins. Those improvements have now become so marked that the owner of the plantation has set apart a cabin for Mrs. Washington's perpetual use, which serves as a model for the other cabins. Recently the owner of the plantation expressed a desire for a school to be started on the plantation, and this Mrs. Washington has also started—no school having before been nearer than eight miles.

About People

—The lecturer on modern Greek at the Paris Sorbonne, Professor Psichari, is himself a Greek by birth, and has lately been most energetic in prejudicing the minds of the university students and others in favor of the Greek cause in Crete and Macedonia. He has also enlisted in his cause the forces of the Socialist party, an enlistment somewhat out of keeping with the views of his illustrious father-in-law, Ernest Renan.

—The place of Dr. von Holst, the famous historian, at the University of Chicago this session is being taken by a young man of unusual attainments, Dr. Frederick Bancroft. Dr. Bancroft is a graduate of Amherst and of the School of Political Science of Columbia University. He spent several years abroad, studying at the Universities of Berlin, Göttingen, Freiburg, Geneva, and the École Libre des Sciences Politiques in Paris. At Freiburg he first met Dr. von Holst. Dr. Bancroft has published, among other books, "The History of the Negro in Politics," and is about completing a sketch of the political career of William H. Seward.

—The New York "Times" says that efforts are being made to sell to the Government for $50,000 the farm of 112 acres near Hodgenville, Kentucky, on which Abraham Lincoln was born. The present owner of the property is a New York man, who bought it not many years ago for $3,000. The little one-room log cabin which for a time served as Thomas Lincoln's home stands to-day practically as it was in 1809, but it contains no furniture or other relics dating anywhere near back to that year After the Lincolns moved to Indiana, a family named Creal lived on the farm for many years, and some of them are still residents of the town.

—Edhem Pasha, the general commanding the Turkish forces on the Greek frontier, is the same man who recently won for himself such universal execration in Asia Minor by his conduct while at the head of the Turkish soldiery there. It may not be known that Edhem owes his very title of Field-Marshal to the infamous part he played in the Zeitun massacre; indeed, at Constantinople he is regarded as primarily responsible for many of the Armenian outrages.

—In the current issue of the "Temple Magazine" Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P., offers a warning to the member of Parliament who is blessed—or cursed—with a thirst for asking questions. One of this type, long since dead, used to repeat with great good humor a story which told against himself. During the course of a recess he was delivering an address to his constituents, and in order to impress them with a due sense of his public services he emphasized the fact that in the last session he had put to Ministers more than three hundred questions. He paused to study the effect of his statement, and a voice from the furthest part of the gallery called out: "Why, what a hignorant bloke you must be!"

—It was Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, of Boston, the husband of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, who once uttered the prophecy: "The Sultan must go across the Hellespont." Commenting on Dr. Howe's part in the story of modern Greece, the Boston "Transcript" tells how, inspired by the example of Byron, the gallant young man, fresh from his studies in Brown University, and with his new Harvard degree of M.D., set forth to fight for Greece. In 1826 he took part in an invasion of Crete, and afterward, in this country, raised money for the Greek cause. The Outlook would add that Dr. Howe served as surgeon in the Greek army, and later as the head of the surgical service which he established in Greece. After his return from the United States, where he had obtained help for the famine-threatened Greeks, he founded a colony on the isthmus of Corinth, but, in consequence of prostration by swamp-fever, was obliged in 1830 to leave the country.

—The late Professor James Joseph Sylvester had a somewhat curious professorial experience, oscillating between Great Britain and this country. He was first Professor of Natural Philosophy at University College in London; he then came to America and was made Professor of Mathematics in the University of Virginia. After a short interval he returned to England and ultimately accepted the chair of Mathematics at the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich. Five years later he became a professor at the Johns Hopkins University, at Baltimore, Md. He was

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the founder and first editor of the "American Journal of Mathematics." In December, 1883, he was elected Professor of Geometry at Oxford. He was a prolific contributor to English, French, and Italian journals of a scientific nature. The New York "Times" recalls an incident in his career at Johns Hopkins in which one of his personal characteristics was made the occasion of a brilliant and graceful tribute to the scholar. At a dinner where he was to speak for the University he confessed that, instead of preparing his response, he had yielded to temptation and passed the previous evening at the opera, of which he was passionately fond, and with that excuse he gave up and sat down. Whereupon the Chairman, Mr. Bonaparte, of Baltimore, promptly covered the professor's confusion by the remark: "This, gentlemen, is but another instance of the fidelity of our distinguished guest to the motto of his life, 'Opera, non verba.'"

For the Little People

How Margery Saw the Circus

By Mary Allaire

Margery was perfectly happy, for her father had said he would take her to the circus when it came to town. For days Margery had insisted on taking her walks, when she left the carriage, up and down the main street of the village, that she might see the pictures of the coming glory: fairies, in gay dresses that floated like wings behind them, standing on the backs of plunging horses as easily as Margery stood on the sidewalk; other fairies and knights driving in wagons like tubs on very thick wheels, with the dust rising behind them like flames; elephants that rang bells and sat on enormous stools as if in school; dogs that wore clothes with ease and managed canes; men and women who flew through the air like birds, while lions, tigers, panthers, bears, and monkeys seemed to fill the streets, though they were paper and were pasted fast to the fence. Margery talked and thought of nothing but the circus. Every doll had been told of those wonderful things in the village over and over again.

"Remember, Margery, you are not to go outside the gate without Mary," said Margery's gentle mamma, who was like a grown-up little girl in spite of her long dresses and her bonnets.

"If you do, Margery, you cannot go to the circus," said Margery's papa, who played ball and tennis and golf, and jumped fences, and rode a bicycle, and looked like a big boy. Margery nodded her head that she understood, and her papa and mamma drove away to the station.

Margery was accustomed to her papa being away every day; she understood that there was somewhere a "business" that he had to watch; it was very mysterious. Margery's mamma rarely left her alone, and she and Margery played together like little girls. How long and lonesome the day would be! Margery thought yesterday that it would be perfectly delightful to have a whole day without lessons, but it was very lonely, not at all what she thought it would be. She went up to the play room and sat down. There was not a sound. At last Margery said:

"I'll play take Alice to the circus." But it sounded as if she had spoken only because she was tired of the silence. Slowly she dressed Alice, putting on all clean clothes, and her best street dress.

"The circus is beautiful, and you will see a great many things—elephants and monkeys from Africa, and tigers from—from—away off, and people flying right over your head, and dogs that

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walk"—Margery remembered that dogs walked, but these dogs walked on two legs, so she corrected herself at once. "Fairy ladies going right through rings, and elephants that walk on boards smaller than their feet." Margery sighed, for she realized how very paltry her description was of the wonders she had never seen, and knew only from the pictures on the bill-boards.

But something strange occurred. Margery walked toward the gate, and—and—she was on the road walking toward the bill-board, and whispering to Alice. "We will not be gone long, we'll hurry," Margery said, as she almost flew over the ground, with Alice in her arms.

"I can only take one doll to the circus, so it is quite fair," and Margery held her head up. "Alice shall see the pictures, and Catherine, because she has lost her foot, shall see the real circus."

But Margery's cheeks were very red, and she did not look toward the window of her mamma's dear friend as she passed.

At last everything was forgotten, as Margery stood in front of the bill-board and explained the marvels to Alice. The wagons and carriages were flying up and down the street, and the men and women who brushed past the little girl were too busy to notice her. She was very warm and tired, for she had walked a long distance for such a little girl. She was thirsty and dusty, and wondered where all the people were who stopped her mamma and talked to her when they drove into town. Nobody knew her, and suddenly Margery thought this a very large, lonesome world, in spite of all the people. She turned to go home, but there were so many corners that she could not decide which way to go. "All roads lead to Rome," quoted Margery. She heard her papa say that, that very morning. She did not know where Rome was, but if all roads led there, why, she could take any road for home. She walked on and on. By and by Margery was so tired she sat down on the grass near a fence. She tried hard not to cry, but the tears would come. Two children, a boy and a girl, passed along; they stopped and looked at her, said "Cry-baby!" and walked on, looking over their shoulders, and made believe cry. Poor Margery threw herself down on the grass and sobbed. How hungry she was! and, oh! how tired! It was very still, no houses were in sight, and no people passed. At last a kind voice said, "Why, here is a dear little mamma and her child lost!" Margery raised her head, and—there was her mamma's dear friend in her bicycle dress.

"Why, Margery Babbott!" and Margery felt herself loved and kissed and petted, which made her cry the harder. "How shall I get you home, dear? You cannot walk, you are too tired."

"Aunt Molly," as Margery called her, looked up and down the road. "Well, dearheart, we'll wait; somebody will pass."

Presently Margery told the story of desire to show the circus to Alice. Aunt Molly did not say a word. A wagon passed, and Aunt Margery asked the driver to take Margery, herself, and the bicycle home. She told him of a back road that would take them home more quickly.

When they reached home the house was locked and fastened, for Mary had found the gate open and Margery gone. Aunt Molly took Margery with her to her home, and sent people out to find poor, frightened Mary. She was found at last, and came for Margery. Margery threw her arms around her, saying, "I did not mean to be naughty." Mary was white and still; she could not speak, but took the little girl home. That afternoon Margery told her story over again to her papa and mamma sitting in her mamma's lap.

Her papa asked her if she had forgotten what he said.

"No, papa," answered Margery, and when she looked in his face she knew she would not see the circus. She buried her head in her mamma's neck, and cried as no one had ever heard her. Her papa left the room.

The next week the circus tents were pitched in the lots down the road from Margery's house. She could see the gleaning tents, and the gilded wagons, and the people hurrying twice each day, but Margery got no nearer the circus than the fence that bounded what her papa called Margery's playground. The day after the circus left Margery told Catherine, as she walked around her playground, "You did not see it, dear, because I was naughty."

Two Maidens

By Gertrude M. Cannon

I know a winsome little maid,
So fair to see—
Her face is like a dainty flower.
So lovingly
She looks upon this world of ours,
And all who pass,
That sweet content makes beautiful
My little lass.

I know another maiden well,
She might be fair—
Her cheek is like a rose-leaf soft,
Like gold her hair.
But, ah! her face is marred by frowns,
Her eyes by tears,
For none can please. I dread to think
Of coming years.

Would you, dear, grow to beauty rare
In thought and deed?
Then learn the lesson these two teach
To those who heed,
And in your heart, as life begins,
Give this truth place:
'Tis only lovely thoughts can make
A lovely face.

—*St. Nicholas.*

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The Home Club

The Perfect Attainment

In the February Magazine Number of The Outlook a letter appeared written by Delphine Hanna, Director of the Woman's Gymnasium at Oberlin College. The subject of the letter was in part a criticism on an article which appeared in this department urging women to forget, in walking and standing, their shoulders, to put their hips back, and to hold their heads up. Or, to quote directly from the article, "Forget your shoulders, put your hips back, and your head up, and instantly the spine assumes its proper curves. . . . In this lies the secret of poise in standing and grace in walking." Miss Hanna said in her letter that this statement contained a truth and an error. The "Winged Victory" which we publish with this item represents Miss Hanna's ideal for position in movement. It is certainly true that the ideal of the beautiful kept constantly before the child's mind educates its eye, and a child who is taught that this profile of the matchless figure represents the ideal to be attained in motion will overcome the too common tendencies of stooping, of dropping the shoulders, and of throwing the abdomen into prominence. Movement is very largely a mental conception of the ideal.

THE WINGED VICTORY (NIKE OF SAMOTHRACE)
Original in he Louvre, Paris. A fine cast of this classic statue stands in the beautiful court of Drexel Institute in Philadelphia

A Mother's Suggestion

Recently the problem of a little girl of six who will play contentedly with one child, but will refuse to play with two, was presented for solution to the mothers of the Home Club. The following answers have been received:

Dear Outlook: On reading a paragraph in your issue of February 20 with the heading "A Question for Mothers," a solution of the problem there presented occurred instantly to my mind. In the case of the "little girl of six years," I should propose or invent a game which could not be played successfully with less than three children. The little girl would see that number three did not supplant her, but was necessary as a helper. A few interesting games of this sort would soon make this little girl forget that she ever had any such feelings as are described in the paragraph mentioned. Do not talk with the child on the subject, or let her imagine that you are taking special notice of her "grief," or jealousy I should call it. Enter upon the scene of difficulty with the request that these three or more children shall try a new game you have invented for them. "Spring the thing" suddenly upon them, and you may be surprised to see how quickly they will all respond to your request. I write as one who has had experience in training children, and who has been rather successful in interesting them in their hours of play.

H.

The writer of the above stated that it was not for publication. She will pardon its appearance, which is justified by its practicability and suggest-veness. Another writer suggests that the little girl is jealous; jealousy undermines character; the battle should be begun at once, and the child taught by analogy, drawn from nature, that all good comes from the co-operation of many. No one has pointed out a way for a neighbor to reach the child and help her, without appearing to interfere with the mother, who is not at all conscious of the child's burden or fault, whichever one terms it.

Another correspondent writes:

Dear Outlook: "A Question for Mothers" (Feb. 20) contains a problem which might be solved thus: Ethel's mother invites Charlie and Mary, the child who is laboring under such a misapprehension of social relations. Arrange to have Charlie arrive first. Select a favorite play—if dolls, have one for Ethel, one for Charlie, and one put to sleep for Mary. Mary comes: "We are so glad you have come. We were playing your baby was asleep, now she is awake, etc. Some serve a little play tea-party where everything is arranged in *threes*, so she can see it would not be conplete unless Charlie *stayed* (even) after she came. Repeat, if necessary, with variations on play. When the spirit of "the more the merrier" has become impressed upon her, plan to have Mary the second guest, as in the original situation. Suggest a game like "Pussy wants a corner," which requires at least three players. Oh! but we can't play that until Charlie comes, because two cannot change

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corners and catch and all. "Here he comes!" the children are quite certain to exclaim. If not, the mother can suggest, in a way which makes their spontaneity no less genuine, "Now you can play it." And if John comes it will be still better.

Had no mention been made of her kindergarten experience, I should have thought that just what she needed. From observation of some eight hundred children, I am sure the normal kindergarten child welcomes all and feels that each has her place.

As, in the kindergarden, we study the family life of birds and animals, that the child may through observation of others come to see his own family relation, so let Mary be the *third* guest, that she may see her former position in that of Charlie, who preceded her, but who remains to play with his hostess and her last guest.

KINDERGARTNER.

We claim too much for the kindergarten. We talk and write of it as though it contained a magic which overcame the evils of inheritance and environment. It is a factor in a child's development, playing a greater or lesser part as its principles and spirit surround the child during the first ten years of its life. If the limit of the kindergarten influence is a half-equipped kindergartner, who finds in the profession an easy and respectable way of earning her living; who follows the direction of her trainers, or carries out, without modification or adjustment, a set programme that is given her, and drops her responsibility when she leaves her kindergarten, the kindergarten is merely a place where little children meet and go through certain movements, sing a little, and are kept more or less in order. There is no magic in the kindergarten. Its value depends on the application of its spirit and principles in the education and training of little children. The little girl referred to is one of a group, all kindergarten children, who show as many faults common to children of their class as do the children who have not had their kindergarten training. The Sunday-school has been charged with removing from the parents the sense of responsibility in regard to the religious training of their children. The kindergarten is doing that in many homes to-day. It has been accepted as a sort of machine which stamps the child with certain moral qualities. The mother who does not attend the mother class, nor make herself familiar with its literature, is not touched by its spirit, and is to that extent limiting the good it offers her child. A kindergarten child needs the same careful watching, guiding, training, that children needed before the kindergarten became a household word. It possesses no magic, it performs no miracle. It holds a secret readily unfolded to the consecrated lover of children. Like every other philosophy, its presentation to the ignorant depends on the clearness of apprehension of its truths by its disciples. The training of a child is not a matter of three hours spent with an expert, but of unflagging effort to understand the child and guide him into the larger life and world that lies about and before him. Froebel, by his clear insight, his genius, born of a deep spiritual nature and a great love for children, wrote a book to help mothers. Its interpreters are many, and too rarely are they inspired. Let each intelligent mother go to this source of truth—the mother-play—and follow her child each step in its progress.

The Successful Hostess

In recognition of what some men call public service, a dinner was recently given to a politician, attended by a thousand men. According to reports, this dinner must have met the standard that is often quoted as the highest development of life—"simple living and high thinking." The speeches were orations, abounding in the sentences that always bring applause, while the dinner was of the plainest; the diners being compelled to obey the law of hygiene and leave the table hungry. Mr. Chauncey Depew, who the "Times" recognizes as "the Dean of diners-out," was interviewed on this dinner. He laid down a law for entertaining which, if applied to our housekeeping, would reduce the worry and friction, and make housekeeping and entertaining a pleasure where it is too often a burden and care. Briefly, "Never attempt that for which you have not the facilities. Do not attempt to do that which you do not know how to do." Mr. Depew attributed the failure of the material side of the dinner to the lack of knowledge of those who assumed the responsibility of providing for it. It may sound ridiculous, but it is true that to entertain successfully there should be a number of dress rehearsals, both as to the menu and the service. The thing that makes any form of entertainment vulgar is pretension—the attempt to imitate some one else; keeping within the lines of the known and the attainable without straining the brain or the purse is the secret of successful entertaining.

Nose, Ears, and Teeth

Dr. F. B. Eaton, in the "Laryngoscope," says that most disagreeable forms of catarrh are brought about by a too violent use of the handkerchief, and advises that children be taught to use the handkerchief gently. For the care of the ears Dr. Eaton advises cleanliness, and stuffing of the ears with cotton in surf-bathing.

By people who are compelled to work in an atmosphere of dust, the doctor says, inhalers should be worn; and he adds that when one is accustomed to their use they are not disagreeable. The "Medical Age" contained an article not long ago on the care of children, in which it was advised that children from the time their teeth appear should be taken to a dentist at least once every six months. The article protests against the too early removal of the first teeth of children, which accounts often for the second set of teeth being crooked and out of line. The deciduous teeth rarely become sensitive until about the fourth year, and if mothers are careful and teach children not to crush with the teeth hard substances, such as nuts and cheap candies, injury to the deciduous teeth may be prevented.

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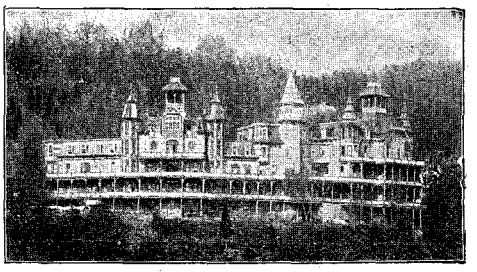

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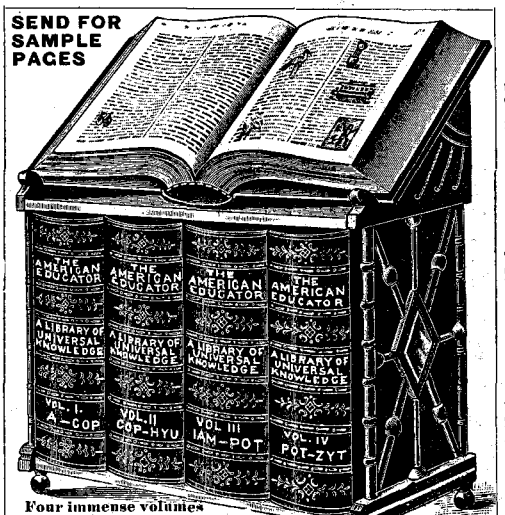

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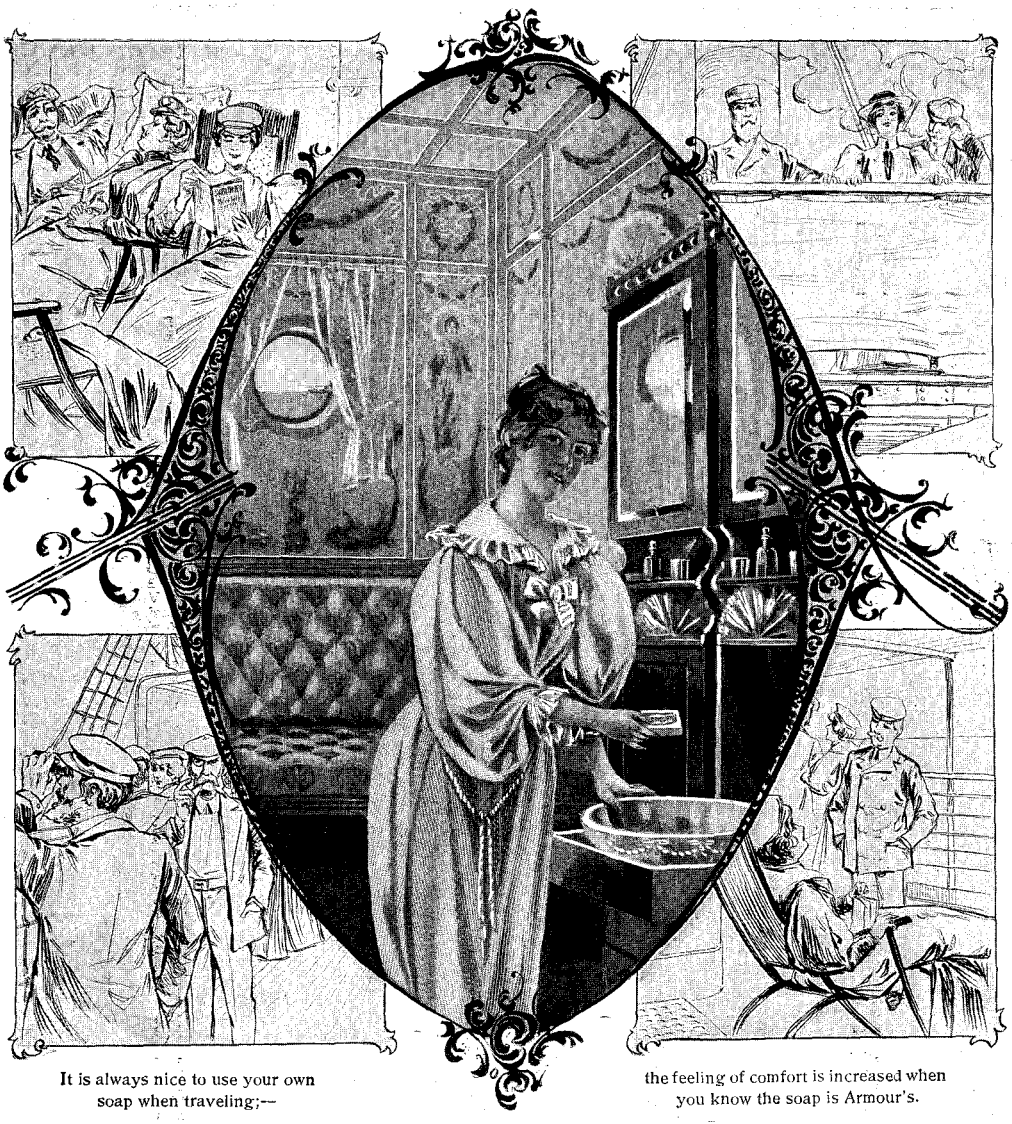

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